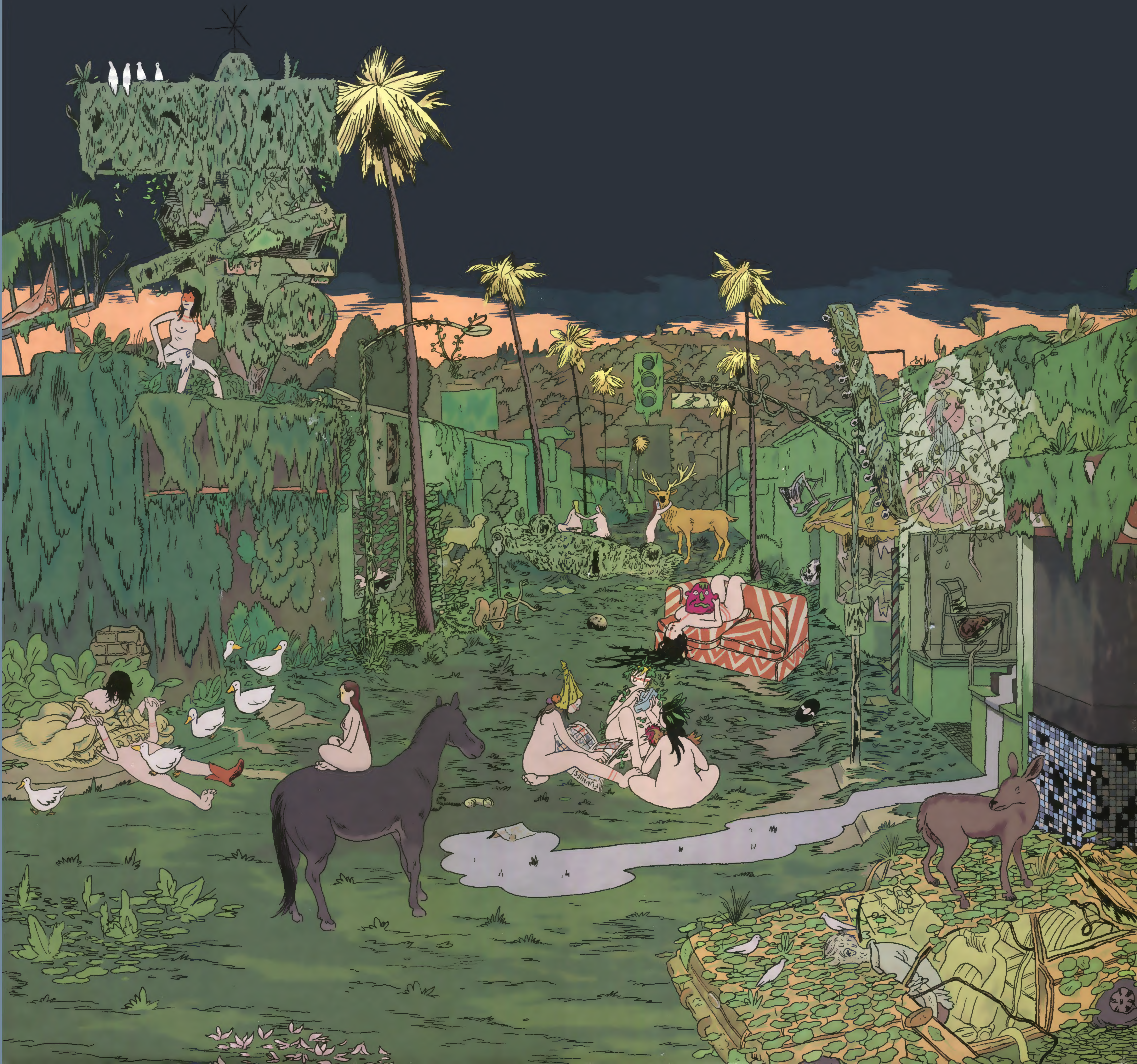
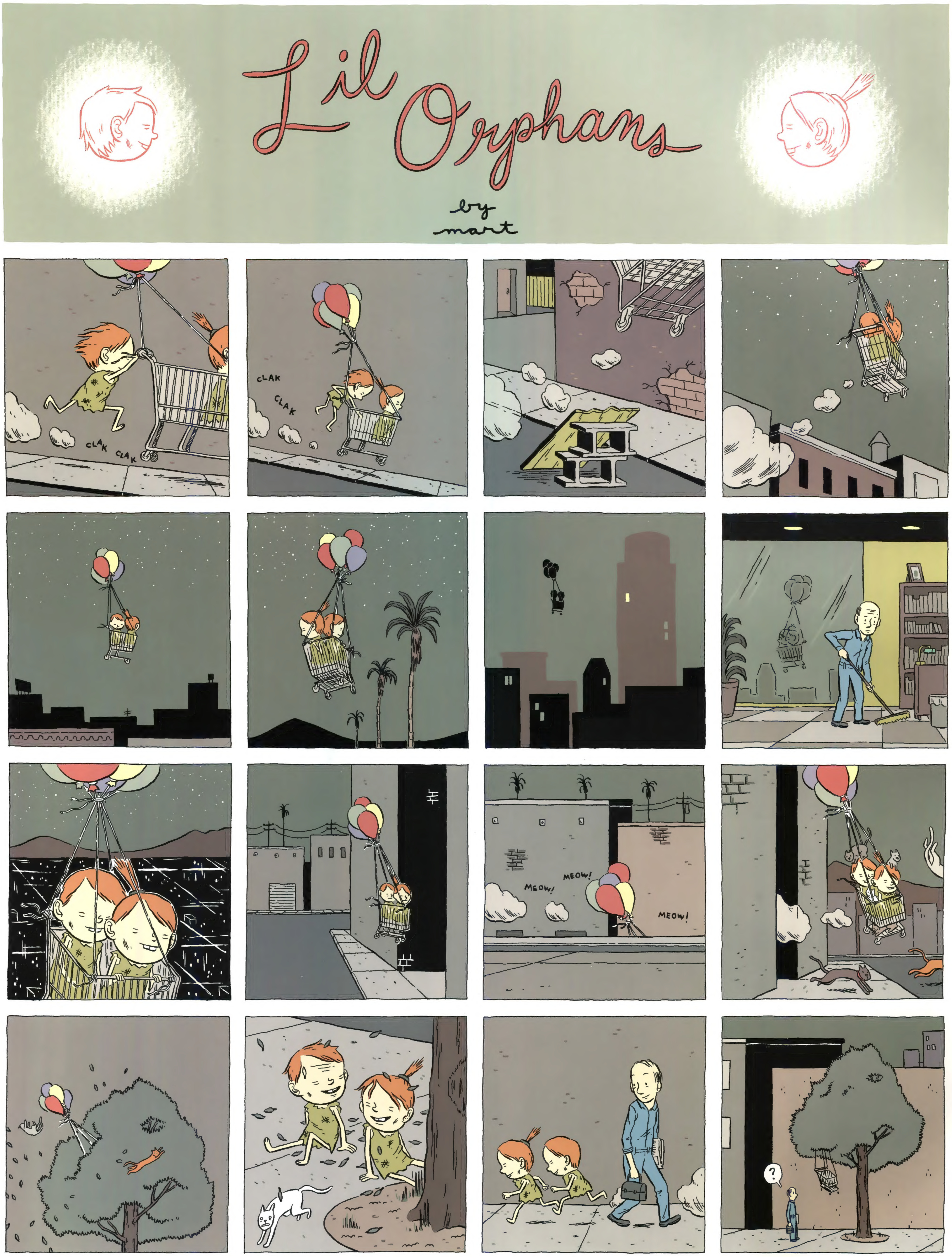
KRAMERS ERGOT

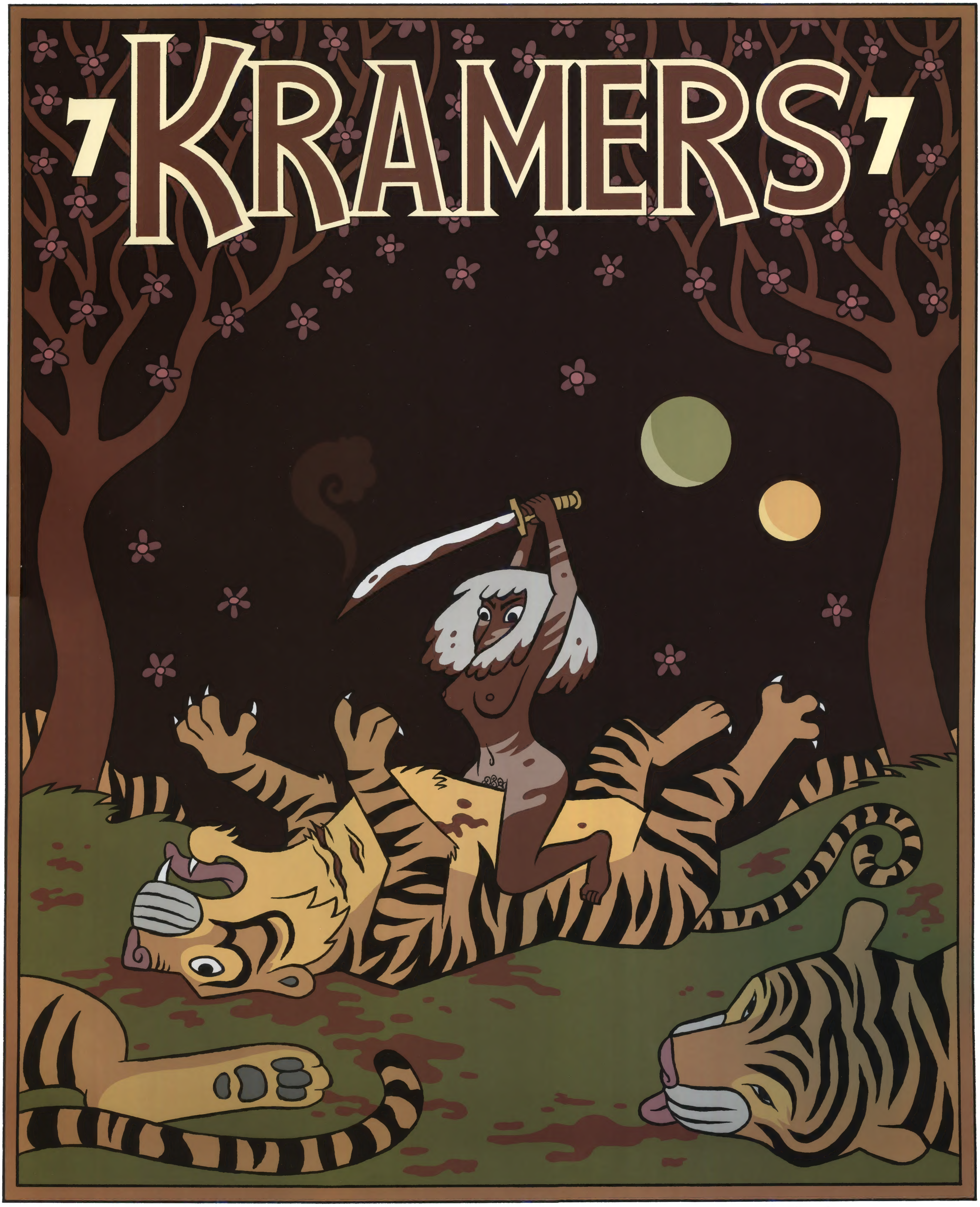


Lil Orphans

by
mart


CLAK
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK
MEOW!
MEOW!
MEOW!
?

7 KRAMERS 7



BUENAVENTURA PRESS

RICK ALTERGOTT: 53
JOHN BRODOWSKI: 29
DAN ZETTWOCH: 40-41
CHRIS CILLA 14-15
DAVID HEATLEY: 37-39
BLANQUET 65
BEN KATCHOR: 59-72
JONATHAN BENNETT: 81
MATTHEW THURBER: 54-55
GEOFF McFETRIDGE 13
JAMES McSHANE: 19
DANIEL CLOWES: 17
TED MAY (COLOR BY: NICK MAIN) 8
FRANK SANTORO: 60-61
WILL SWEENEY 70-71
LEIF GOLDBERG: 64
XAVIER ROBEL 86-87
JESSE McMANUS: 52
SOUTHER SALAZAR 88
MATT GROENING: 85
SETH 62-63
JOHNNY RYAN 42
GABRIELLE BELL: 96
ANNA SOMMER: 78-79
WALT HOLCOMBE TITLE PAGE, 25
ANDERS NILSEN: 32-34
MATT FURIE 31
SAMMY HARKHAM COVER, 69
AAPO RAPI: 7
JAIME HERNANDEZ: 30 (COLOR BY TIM HENSLEY)
RICHARD SALA 51
MARTIN CENDREDA: 0
BLEX BOLEX: 66-68
C.F. 20-21
CAROL TYLER 36
SHOBOSHOBO ENDPAGES, CONTENTS PAGES
ERIC HAVEN: 44-45
MAT BRINKMAN: 43
TOM GAULD 9-12
J. BRADLEY JOHNSON: 18
RON REGÉ, JR. 92-95
FLORENT RUPPERT & JEROME MULOT 76-77
HELGE REUMANN: 82-83
SHARY BOYLE: 4-5, BACK COVER
JACOB CIOCCI: 28
ADRIAN TOMINE 74-75
JOHN HANKIEWICZ 56-58
JOHN PHAM 84
CHRIS WARE: 26-27
KIM DEITCH 22-24
CONRAD BOTES 46-47, 97
JOSH SIMMONS: 48-50
TIM HENSLEY 16
JOE DALY: 91
JERRY MORIARTY 6, 89, 90
KEVIN HUIZENGA 73
BEN JONES & PSHAW 80
IVAN BRUNETTI 35

KRAMERS ERGOT 7
ISBN 978-0-9800039-5-6

EDITED BY SAMMY HARKHAM
EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE BY ALVIN BUENAVENTURA

PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE BY JORDAN RAE. ADDITIONAL HELP FROM JONATHAN BENNETT, JOHN KURAMOTO, AND KEN PARILLE

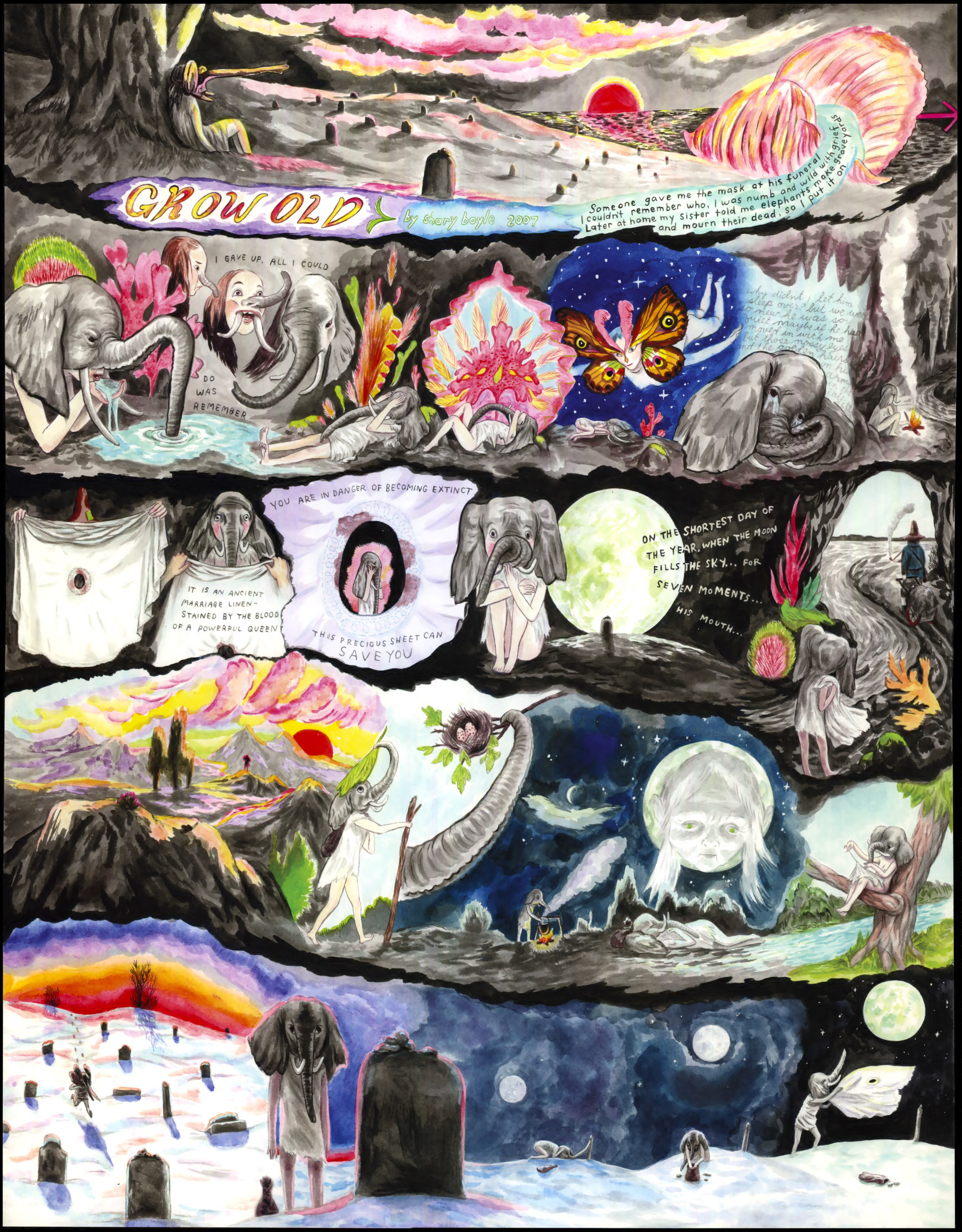
SPECIAL THANKS TO PETER MARESCA.
IN MEMORY OF WILL ELDER, RORY ROOT, AND DAVE STEVENS

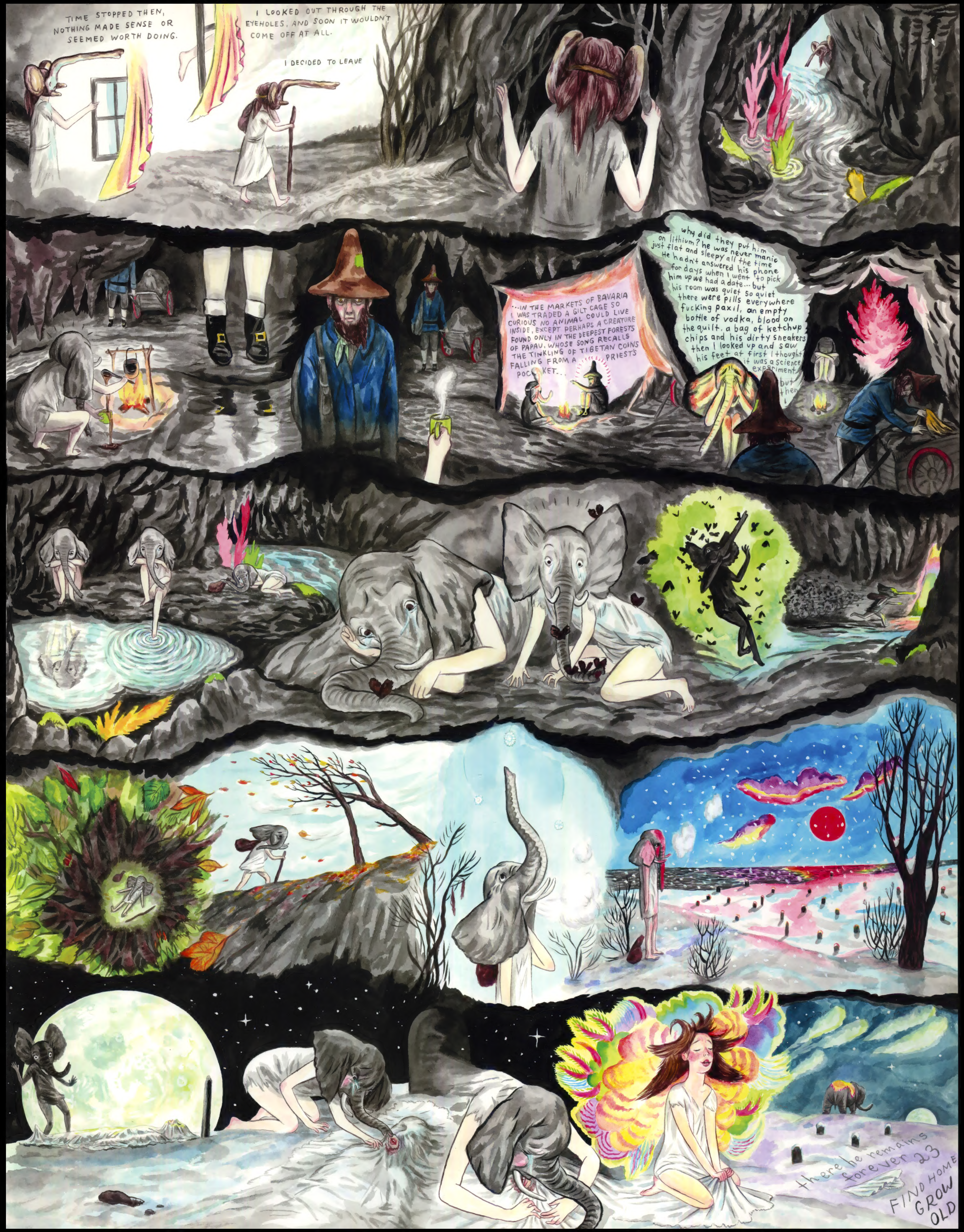
PUBLISHED BY BUENAVENTURA PRESS
P.O. BOX 23661
OAKLAND, CA 94623, US

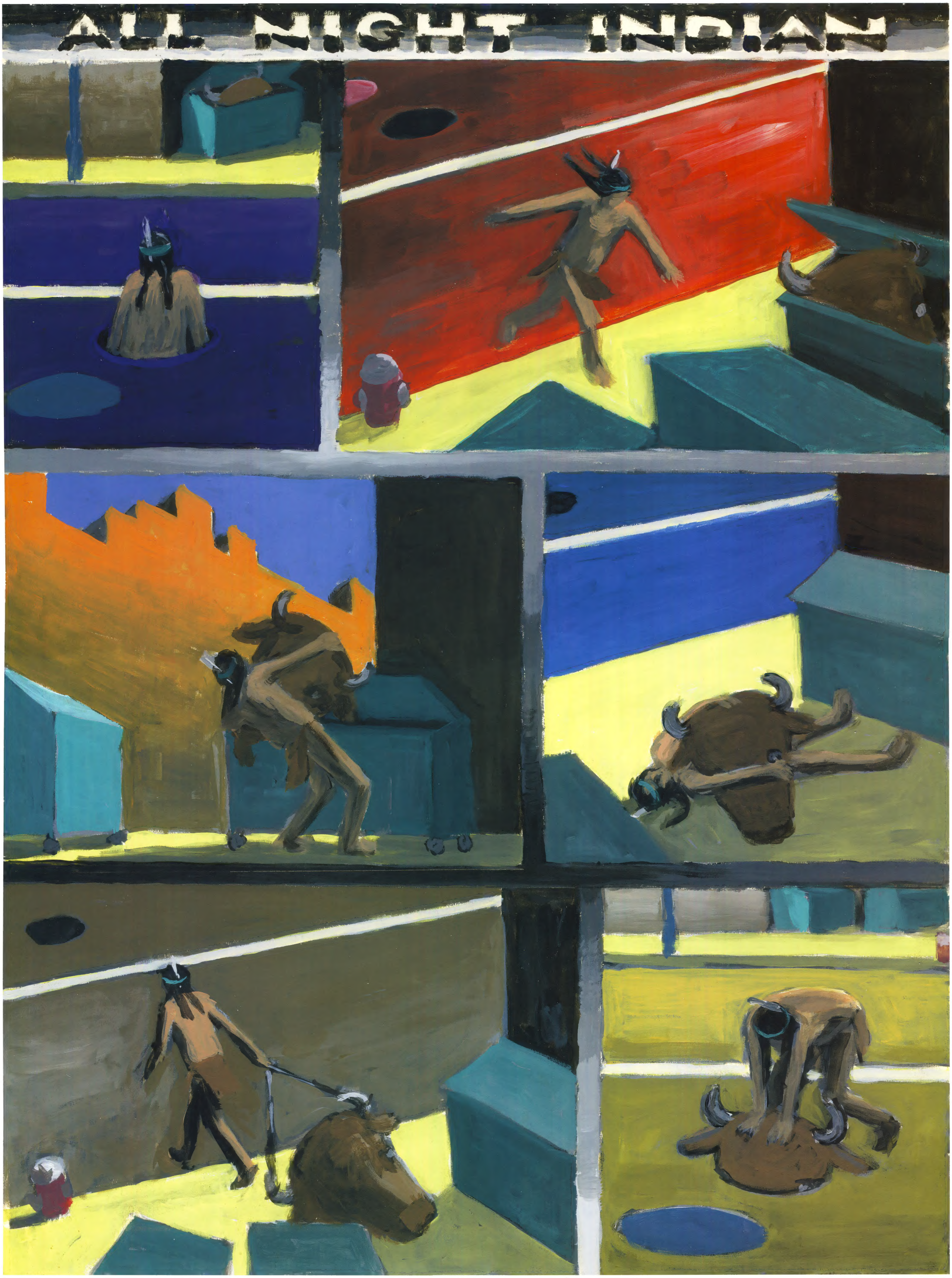
WWW.BUENAVENTURAPRESS.COM

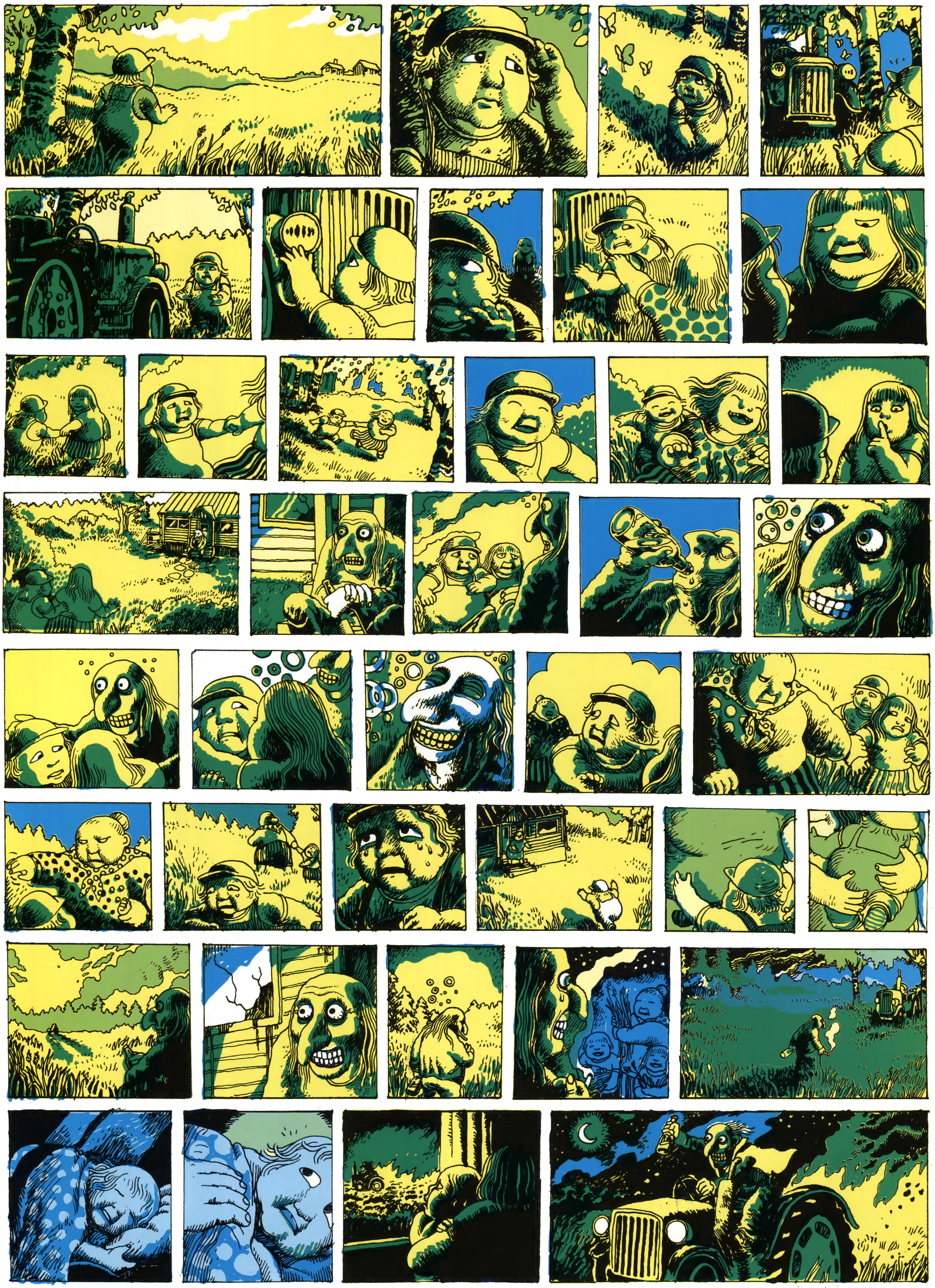
FIRST PRINTING
PRINTED IN MALAYSIA
ALL COMICS © COPYRIGHT 2008 BY THEIR RESPECTIVE CARTOONISTS

THIS BOOK MAY NOT BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART, IN ANY FORM WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER AND CARTOONIST


GROW OLD
by shary boyle 2007
Someone gave me the mask at his funeral
I couldn't remember who, I was numb and wild with grief
Later at home my sister told me elephants make graveyards
and mourn their dead, so I put it on
I GAVE UP. ALL I COULD
DO
WAS
REMEMBER
why didnt I let him
sleep over? but we we
so new he was so
quiet maybe if he had
moved in with me
but those mossy eyes
and the golden hairs
on his
arms
in the
late
YOU ARE IN DANGER OF BECOMING EXTINCT
IT IS AN ANCIENT MARRIAGE LINEN - STAINED BY THE BLOOD OF A POWERFUL QUEEN
THIS PRECIOUS SHEET CAN SAVE YOU
ON THE SHORTEST DAY OF THE YEAR, WHEN THE MOON FILLS THE SKY... FOR SEVEN MOMENTS... HIS MOUTH...

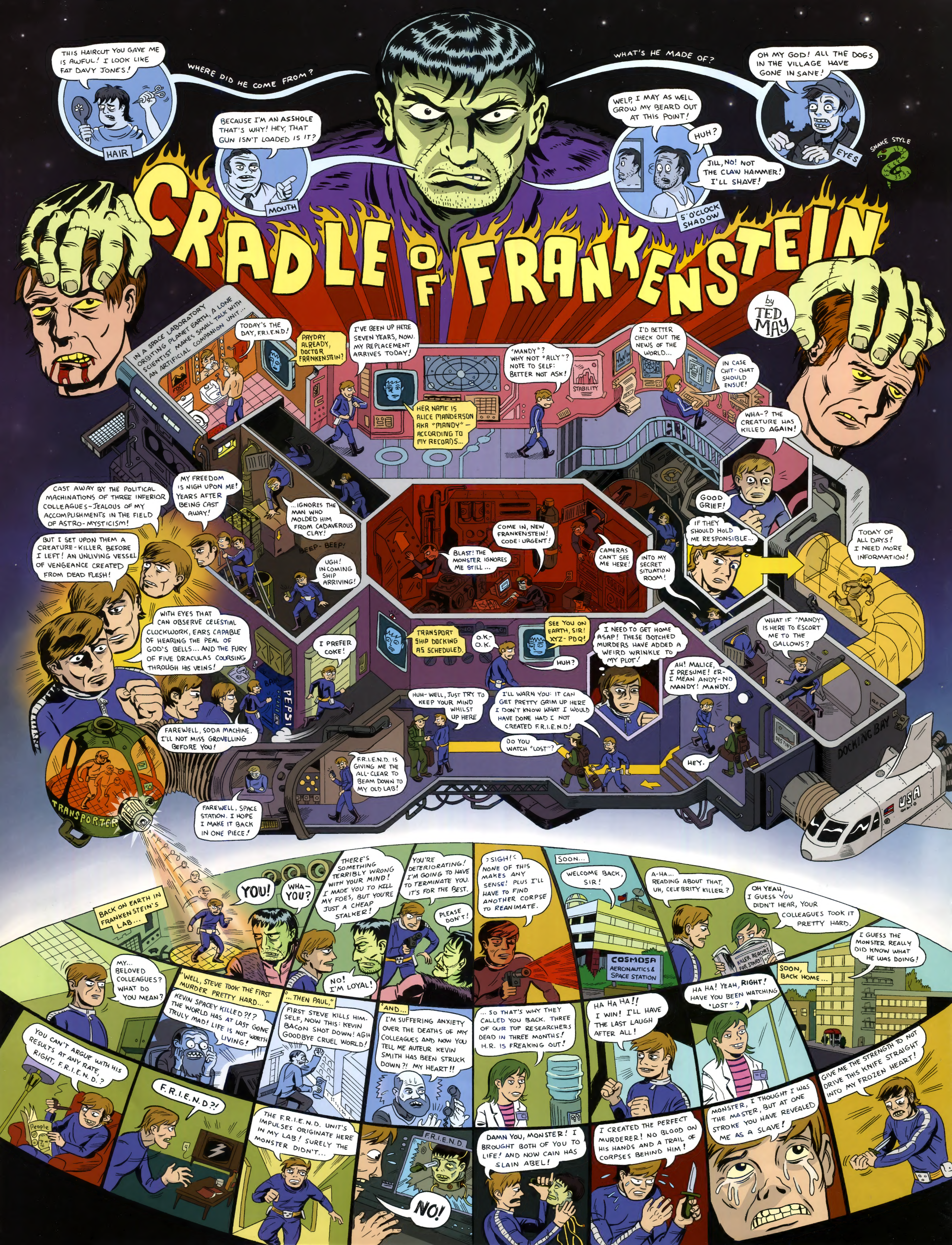

TIME STOPPED THEN, NOTHING MADE SENSE OR SEEMED WORTH DOING.
I LOOKED OUT THROUGH THE EYEHOLES, AND SOON IT WOULDN'T COME OFF AT ALL.
I DECIDED TO LEAVE
...IN THE MARKETS OF BAVARIA I WAS TRADED A GILT CAGE SO CURIOUS NO ANIMAL COULD LIVE INSIDE, EXCEPT PERHAPS A CREATURE FOUND ONLY IN THE DEEPEST FORESTS OF PAPAU, WHOSE SONG RECALLS THE TINKLING OF TIBETAN COINS FALLING FROM A PRIEST'S POCKET...
why did they put him on lithium? he was never manic just flat and sleepy all the time He hadn't answered his phone for days when I went to pick him up we had a date... but his room was quiet so quiet there were pills everywhere fucking paxil, an empty bottle of vodka, blood on the quilt, a bag of ketchup chips and his dirty sneakers then I looked up and saw his feet at first I thought it was a science experiment
but then I
there he remains forever 23
FIND HOME
GROW
OLD


ALL NIGHT INDIAN

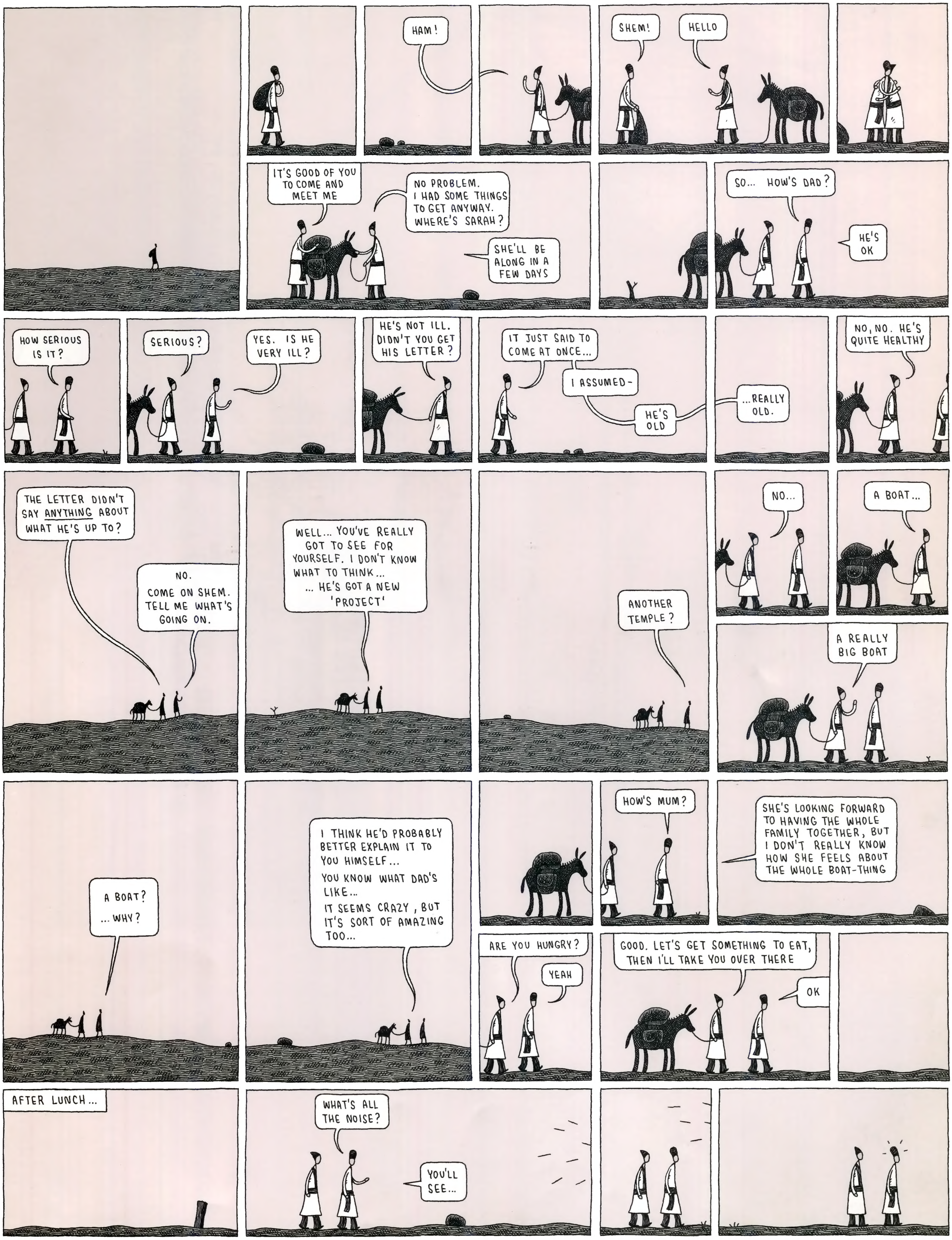


CRADLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

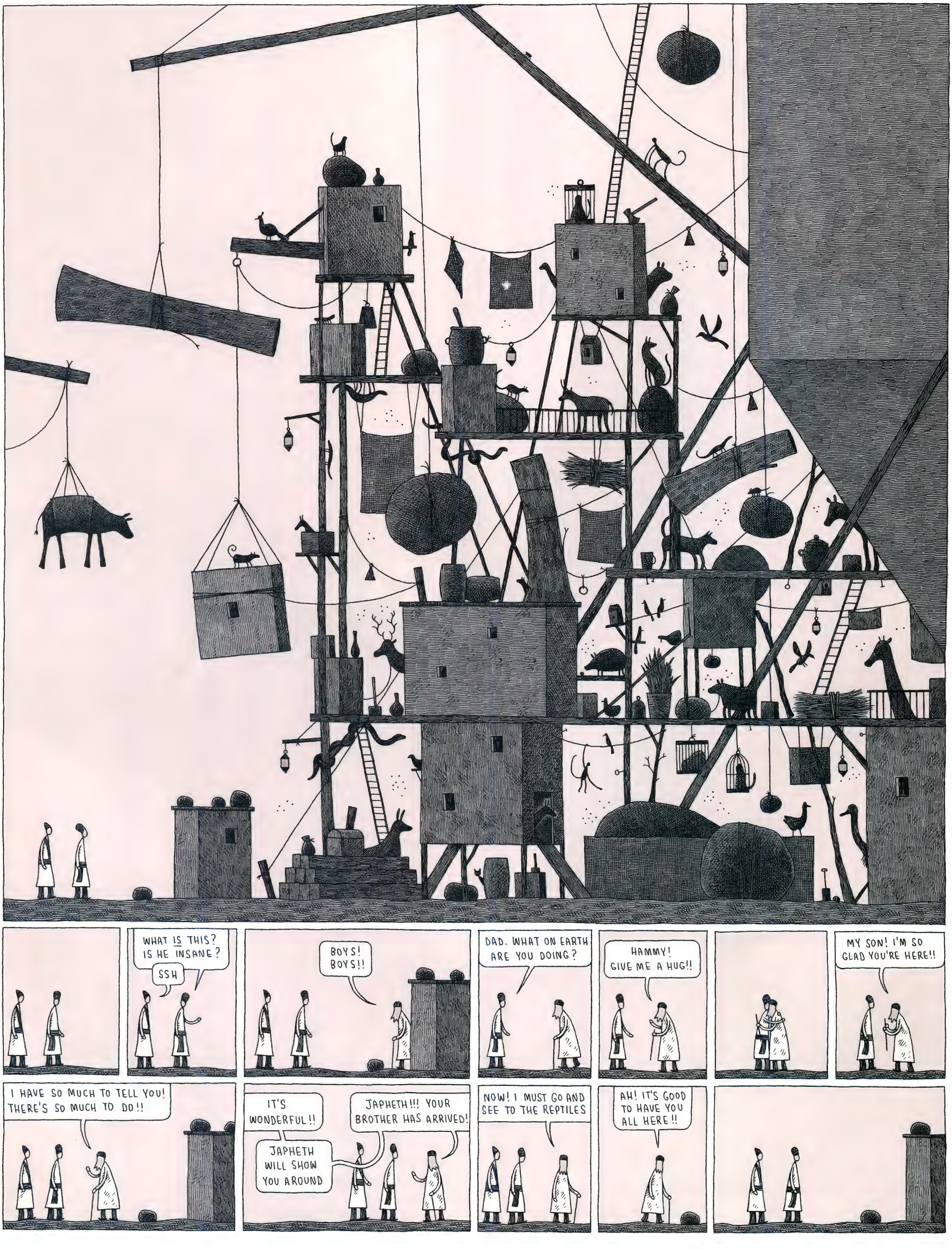
by TED MAY


WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
WHAT'S HE MADE OF?
THIS HAIRCUT YOU GAVE ME IS AWFUL! I LOOK LIKE FAT DAVY JONES!
HAIR
BECAUSE I'M AN ASSHOLE THAT'S WHY! HEY, THAT GUN ISN'T LOADED IS IT?
MOUTH
WELP, I MAY AS WELL GROW MY BEARD OUT AT THIS POINT!
HUH?
JILL, NO! NOT THE CLAW HAMMER! I'LL SHAVE!
5 O'CLOCK SHADOW
OH MY GOD! ALL THE DOGS IN THE VILLAGE HAVE GONE INSANE!
EYES
SNAKE STYLE
IN A SPACE LABORATORY ORBITING PLANET EARTH, A LONE SCIENTIST MAKES SMALL TALK WITH AN ARTIFICIAL COMPANION UNIT...
FOCUS
TODAY'S THE DAY, F.R.I.E.N.D!
PAYDAY ALREADY, DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN?
I'VE BEEN UP HERE SEVEN YEARS, NOW. MY REPLACEMENT ARRIVES TODAY!
HER NAME IS ALICE MANDERSON AKA "MANDY" — ACCORDING TO MY RECORDS...
"MANDY"? WHY NOT "ALLY"? NOTE TO SELF: BETTER NOT ASK!
STABILITY
I'D BETTER CHECK OUT THE NEWS OF THE WORLD...
IN CASE CHIT-CHAT SHOULD ENSUE!
WHA-? THE CREATURE HAS KILLED AGAIN!
GOOD GRIEF!
IF THEY SHOULD HOLD ME RESPONSIBLE...
TODAY OF ALL DAYS! I NEED MORE INFORMATION!
CAST AWAY BY THE POLITICAL MACHINATIONS OF THREE INFERIOR COLLEAGUES — JEALOUS OF MY ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN THE FIELD OF ASTRO-MYSTICISM!
BUT I SET UPON THEM A CREATURE-KILLER BEFORE I LEFT! AN UNLIVING VESSEL OF VENGEANCE CREATED FROM DEAD FLESH!
MY FREEDOM IS NIGH UPON ME! YEARS AFTER BEING CAST AWAY!
...IGNORES THE MAN WHO MOLDED HIM FROM CADAVEROUS CLAY!
BEEP-BEEP!
UGH! INCOMING SHIP ARRIVING!
COME IN, NEW FRANKENSTEIN! CODE: URGENT!
BLAST! THE MONSTER IGNORES ME STILL...
CAMERAS CAN'T SEE ME HERE!
INTO MY SECRET SITUATION ROOM!
WITH EYES THAT CAN OBSERVE CELESTIAL CLOCKWORK, EARS CAPABLE OF HEARING THE PEAL OF GOD'S BELLS... AND THE FURY OF FIVE DRACULAS COURSING THROUGH HIS VEINS!
I PREFER COKE!
PEPSI
TRANSPORT SHIP DOCKING AS SCHEDULED.
O.K.- O.K.
SEE YOU ON EARTH, SIR! XYZ-PDQ!
HUH?
I NEED TO GET HOME ASAP! THESE BOTCHED MURDERS HAVE ADDED A WEIRD WRINKLE TO MY PLOT!
AH! MALICE, I PRESUME! ER- I MEAN ANDY- NO MANDY! MANDY.
WHAT IF "MANDY" IS HERE TO ESCORT ME TO THE GALLOWS?
FAREWELL, SODA MACHINE. I'LL NOT MISS GROVELLING BEFORE YOU!
HUH- WELL, JUST TRY TO KEEP YOUR MIND WHILST UP HERE
I'LL WARN YOU: IT CAN GET PRETTY GRIM UP HERE I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE HAD I NOT CREATED F.R.I.E.N.D!
DO YOU WATCH "LOST"?
HEY.
DESTINY
DOCKING BAY
F.R.I.E.N.D. IS GIVING ME THE ALL-CLEAR TO BEAM DOWN TO MY OLD LAB!
TRANSPORTER
FAREWELL, SPACE STATION. I HOPE I MAKE IT BACK IN ONE PIECE!
USA
BACK ON EARTH IN FRANKENSTEIN'S LAB...
YOU!
WHA- YOU?
THERE'S SOMETHING TERRIBLY WRONG WITH YOUR MIND! I MADE YOU TO KILL MY FOES, BUT YOU'RE JUST A CHEAP STALKER!
NO! I'M LOYAL!
YOU'RE DETERIORATING! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TERMINATE YOU. IT'S FOR THE BEST.
PLEASE DON'T!
>SIGH!< NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE! PLUS I'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER CORPSE TO REANIMATE.
SOON...
WELCOME BACK, SIR!
COSMOSA AERONAUTICS & SPACE STATION
A-HA... READING ABOUT THAT, UH, CELEBRITY KILLER?
OH YEAH, I GUESS YOU DIDN'T HEAR, YOUR COLLEAGUES TOOK IT PRETTY HARD.
KILLER REACHES FOR STARS!
MY... BELOVED COLLEAGUES? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
"WELL, STEVE TOOK THE FIRST MURDER PRETTY HARD..."
KEVIN SPACEY KILLED?!? THE WORLD HAS AT LAST GONE TRULY MAD! LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING!
"...THEN PAUL,"
FIRST STEVE KILLS HIMSELF, NOW THIS: KEVIN BACON SHOT DOWN! AGH GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD!
"AND...
I'M SUFFERING ANXIETY OVER THE DEATHS OF MY COLLEAGUES AND NOW YOU TELL ME AUTEUR KEVIN SMITH HAS BEEN STRUCK DOWN?! MY HEART!!
...SO THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED YOU BACK. THREE OF OUR TOP RESEARCHERS DEAD IN THREE MONTHS! H.R. IS FREAKING OUT!
HA HA HA!! I WIN! I'LL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH AFTER ALL!
HA HA! YEAH, RIGHT! HAVE YOU BEEN WATCHING "LOST"?
I GUESS THE MONSTER REALLY DID KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING!
SOON, BACK HOME...
YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH HIS RESULTS AT ANY RATE, RIGHT, F.R.I.E.N.D.?
People
F.R.I.E.N.D?!
THE F.R.I.E.N.D. UNIT'S IMPULSES ORIGINATE HERE IN MY LAB! SURELY THE MONSTER DIDN'T...
F.R.I.E.N.D.
NO!
DAMN YOU, MONSTER! I BROUGHT BOTH OF YOU TO LIFE! AND NOW CAIN HAS SLAIN ABEL!
I CREATED THE PERFECT MURDERER! NO BLOOD ON HIS HANDS AND A TRAIL OF CORPSES BEHIND HIM!
MONSTER, I THOUGHT I WAS THE MASTER, BUT AT ONE STROKE YOU HAVE REVEALED ME AS A SLAVE!
GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO NOT DRIVE THIS KNIFE STRAIGHT INTO MY FROZEN HEART!

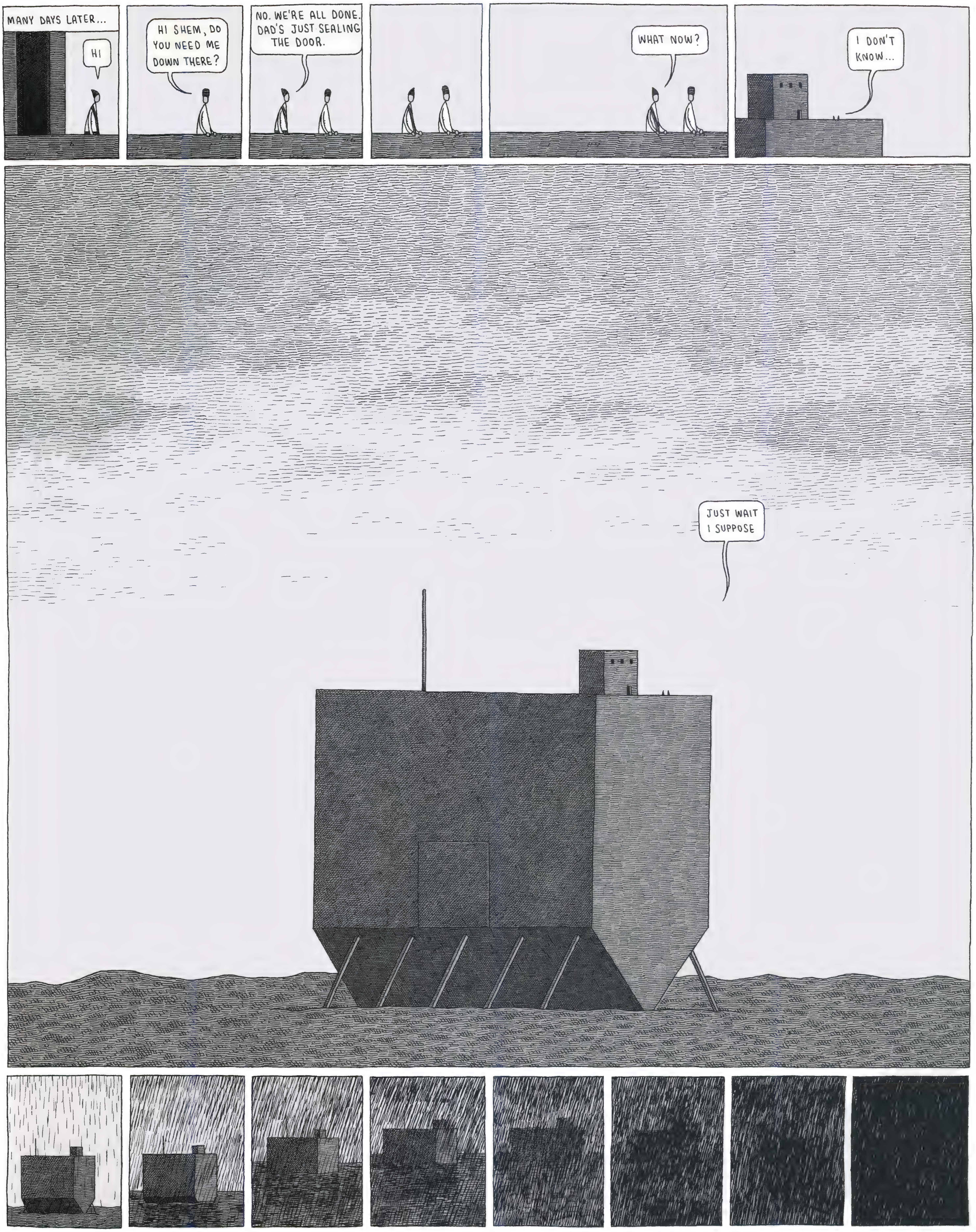
"I WILL BLOT OUT MAN WHOM I HAVE CREATED FROM THE FACE OF THE GROUND, MAN AND BEAST AND CREEPING THINGS AND BIRDS OF THE AIR, FOR I AM SORRY THAT I HAVE MADE THEM."


HAM!
SHEM!
HELLO
IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO COME AND MEET ME
NO PROBLEM. I HAD SOME THINGS TO GET ANYWAY. WHERE'S SARAH?
SHE'LL BE ALONG IN A FEW DAYS
SO... HOW'S DAD?
HE'S OK
HOW SERIOUS IS IT?
SERIOUS?
YES. IS HE VERY ILL?
HE'S NOT ILL. DIDN'T YOU GET HIS LETTER?
IT JUST SAID TO COME AT ONCE...
I ASSUMED-
HE'S OLD
...REALLY OLD.
NO, NO. HE'S QUITE HEALTHY
THE LETTER DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT HE'S UP TO?
NO. COME ON SHEM. TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON.
WELL... YOU'VE REALLY GOT TO SEE FOR YOURSELF. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK... ... HE'S GOT A NEW 'PROJECT'
ANOTHER TEMPLE?
NO...
A BOAT...
A REALLY BIG BOAT
A BOAT? ... WHY?
I THINK HE'D PROBABLY BETTER EXPLAIN IT TO YOU HIMSELF... YOU KNOW WHAT DAD'S LIKE... IT SEEMS CRAZY, BUT IT'S SORT OF AMAZING TOO...
HOW'S MUM?
SHE'S LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING THE WHOLE FAMILY TOGETHER, BUT I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW SHE FEELS ABOUT THE WHOLE BOAT-THING
ARE YOU HUNGRY?
YEAH
GOOD. LET'S GET SOMETHING TO EAT, THEN I'LL TAKE YOU OVER THERE
OK
AFTER LUNCH...
WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?
YOU'LL SEE...

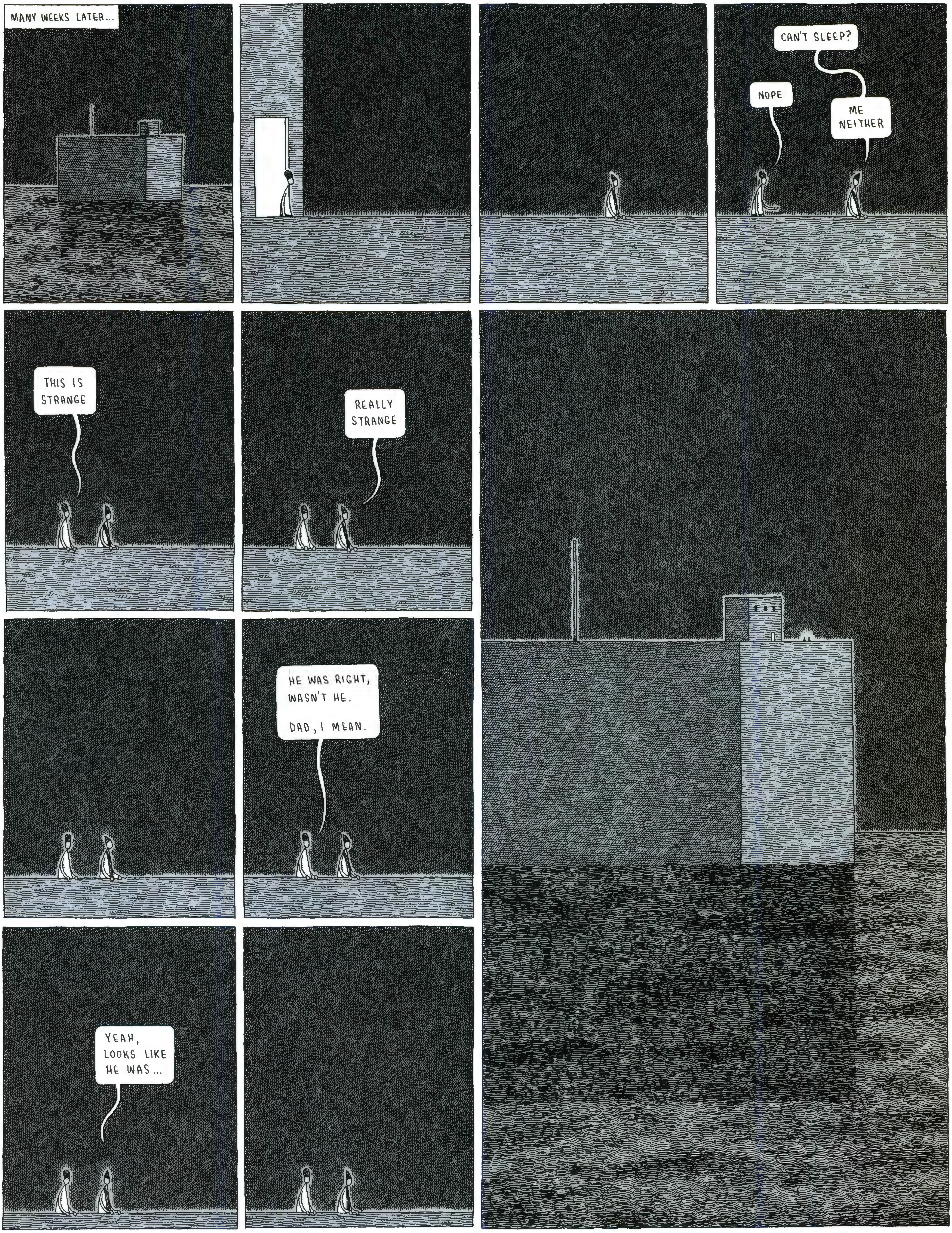
"NOAH, I HAVE SEEN THAT YOU ARE RIGHTEOUS, MAKE YOURSELF AN ARK AND TAKE INTO IT YOUR WIFE, YOUR SONS AND YOUR SONS' WIVES"


WHAT IS THIS? IS HE INSANE?
SSH
BOYS! BOYS!!
DAD. WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?
HAMMY! GIVE ME A HUG!!
MY SON! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!!
I HAVE SO MUCH TO TELL YOU! THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO!!
IT'S WONDERFUL!!
JAPHETH!!! YOUR BROTHER HAS ARRIVED!
JAPHETH WILL SHOW YOU AROUND
NOW! I MUST GO AND SEE TO THE REPTILES
AH! IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU ALL HERE!!

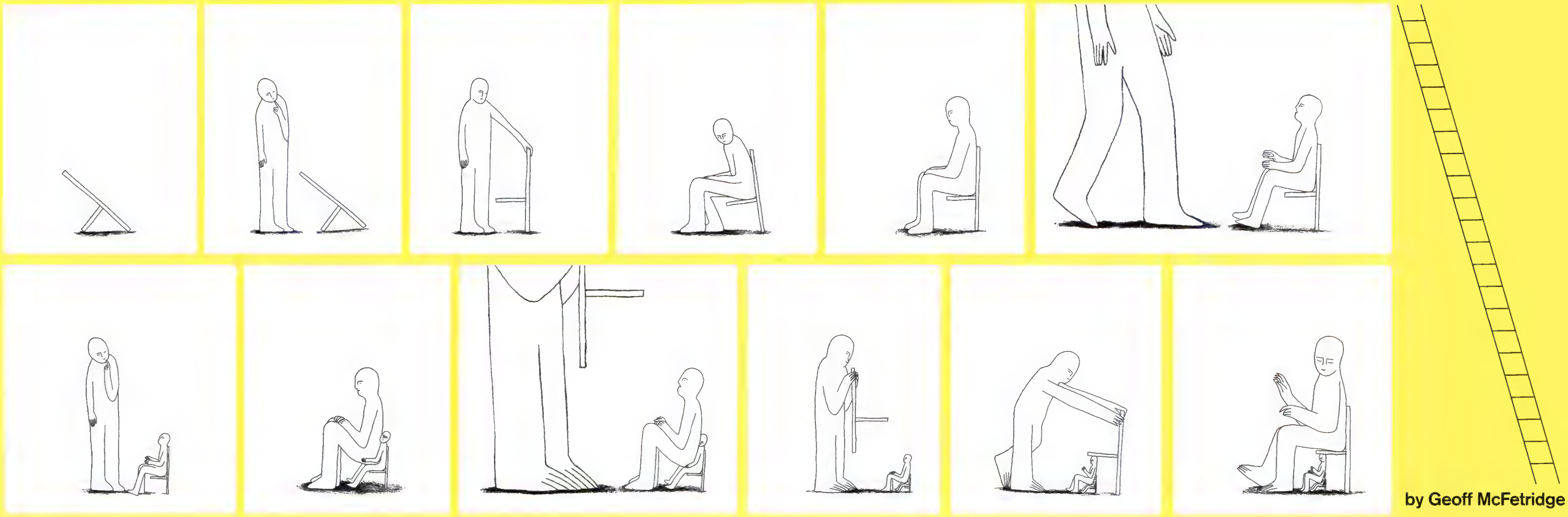
"AND OF EVERY LIVING THING OF ALL FLESH, YOU SHALL BRING TWO OF EVERY SORT INTO THE ARK TO KEEP THEM ALIVE WITH YOU."


MANY DAYS LATER...
HI
HI SHEM, DO YOU NEED ME DOWN THERE?
NO. WE'RE ALL DONE. DAD'S JUST SEALING THE DOOR.
WHAT NOW?
I DON'T KNOW...
JUST WAIT I SUPPOSE

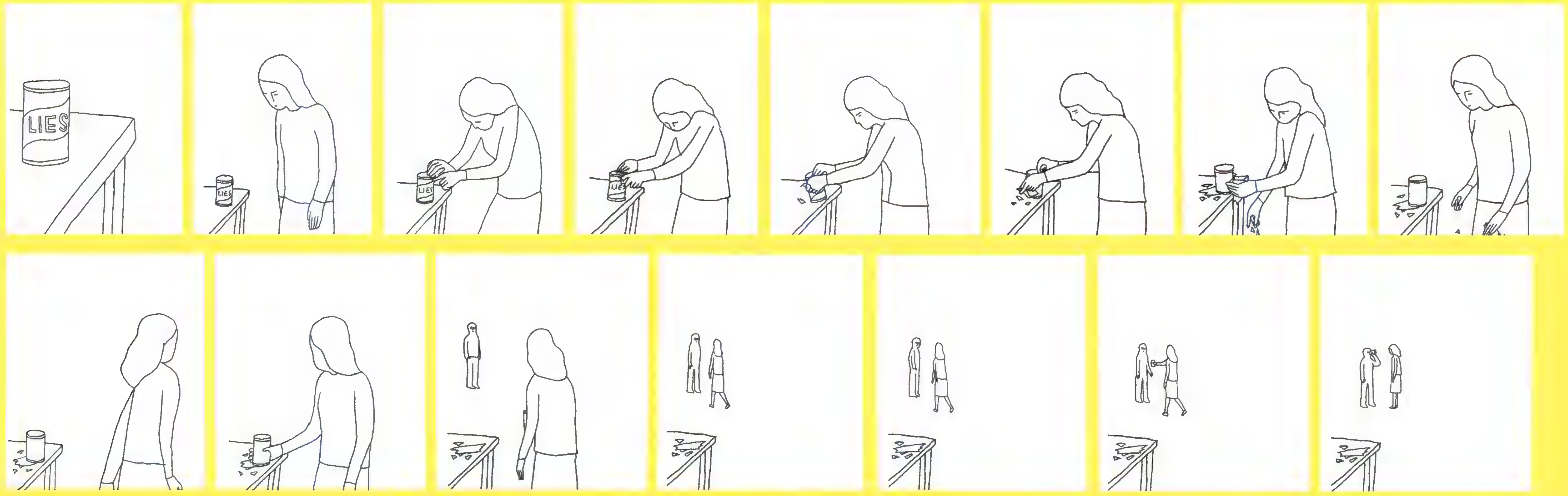
"I WILL SEND RAIN UPON THE EARTH FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS AND EVERYTHING I HAVE MADE I WILL BLOT OUT"

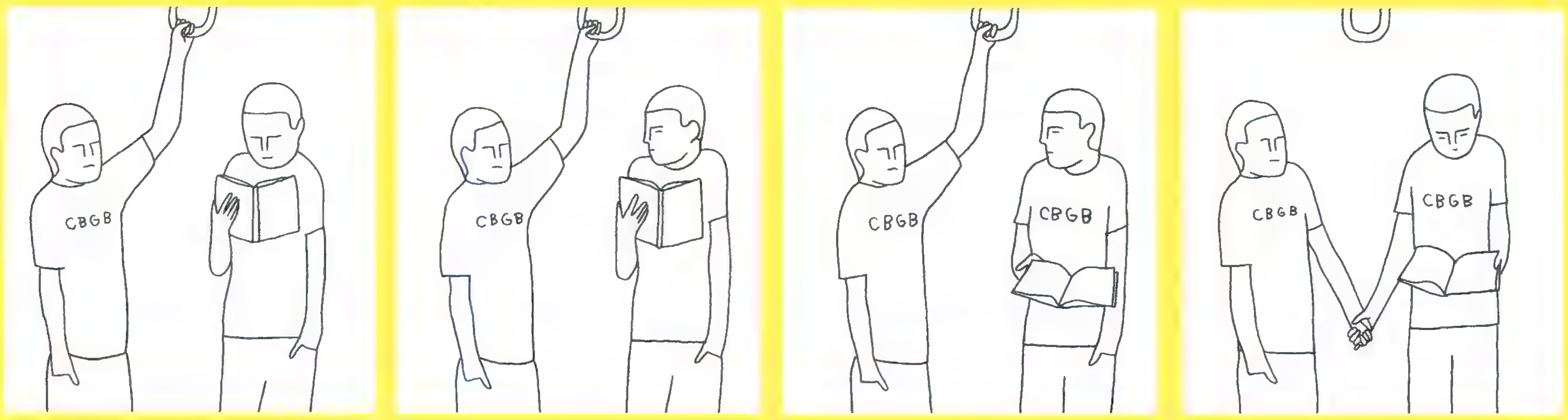

MANY WEEKS LATER...
CAN'T SLEEP?
NOPE
ME NEITHER
THIS IS STRANGE
REALLY STRANGE
HE WAS RIGHT, WASN'T HE.
DAD, I MEAN.
YEAH, LOOKS LIKE HE WAS...

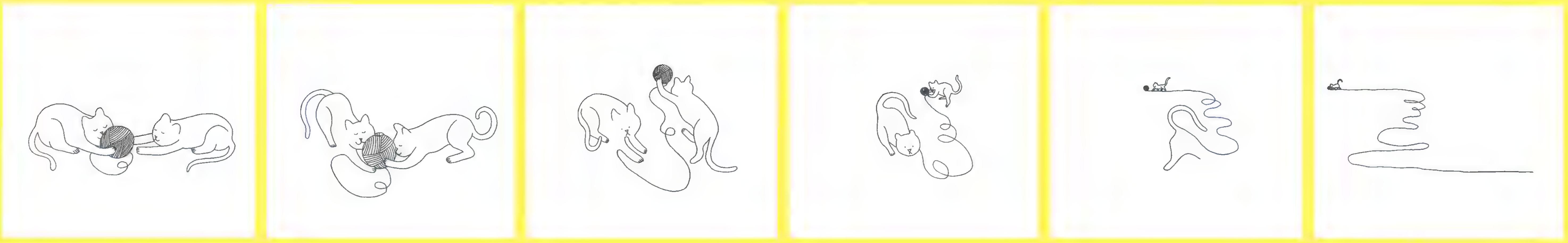
A Ladder of Lines

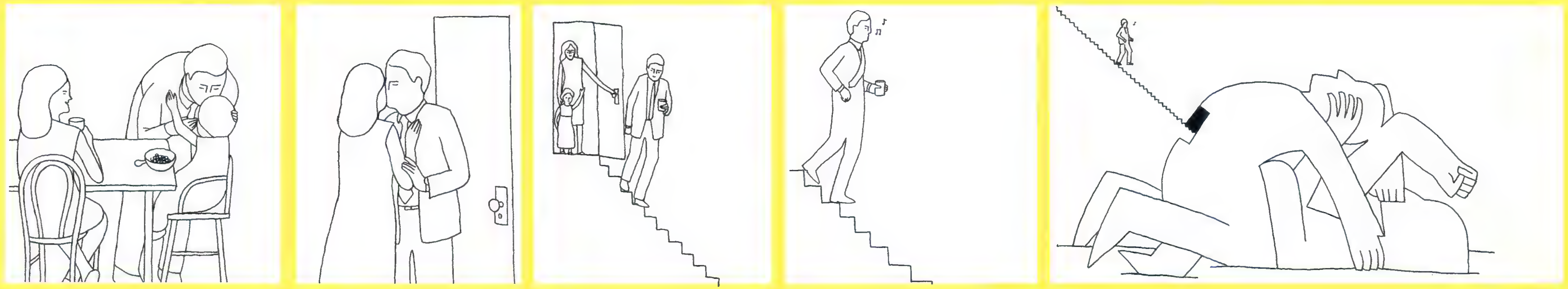


by Geoff McFetridge


LIES
LIES
LIES
LIES


CBGB
CBGB
CBGB
CBGB
CBGB
CBGB





GM2008

CONCRETE EPHEMERA

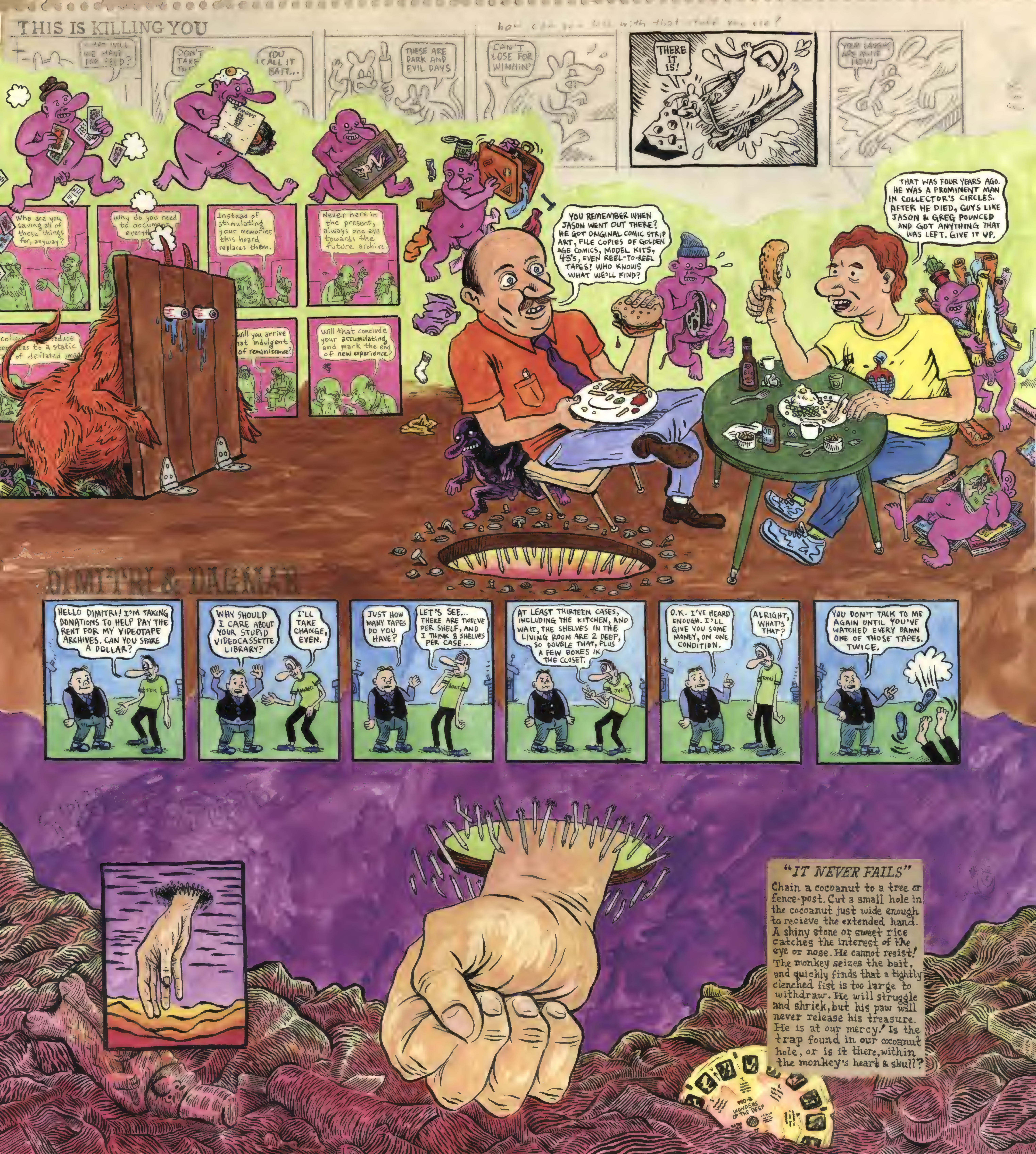
GWANGJU PORTLAND TUCSON

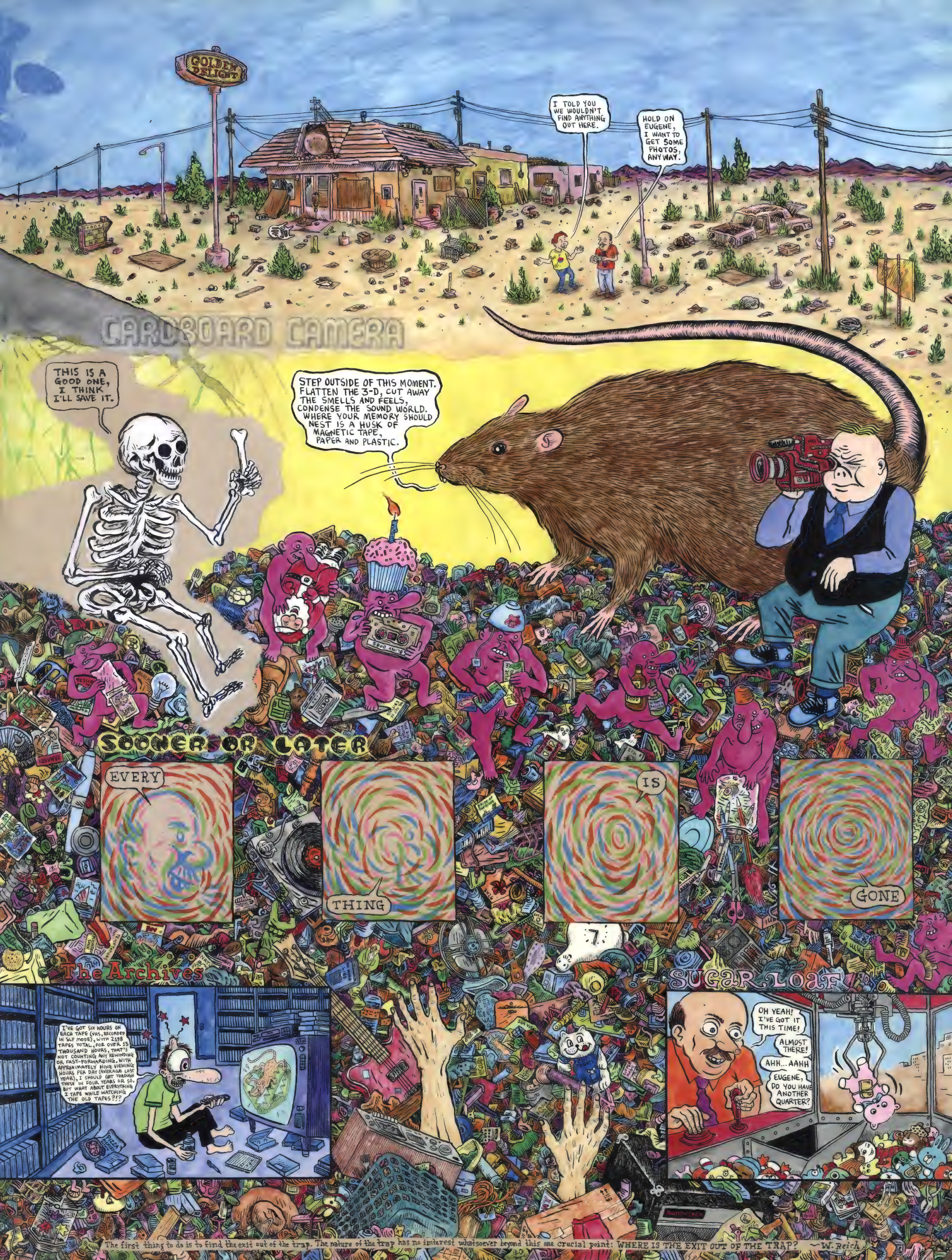
MMVI

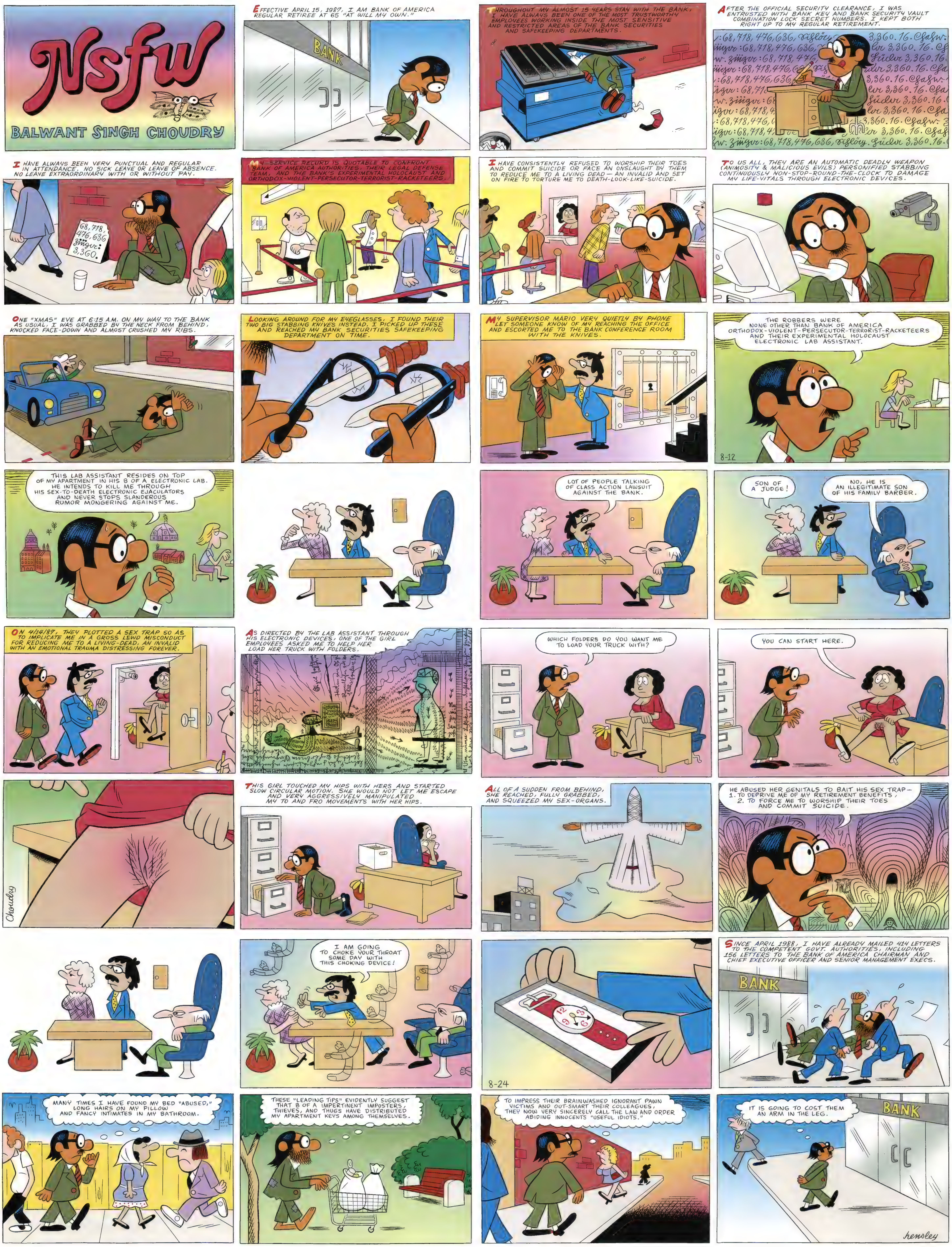
7¢ U.S.A.

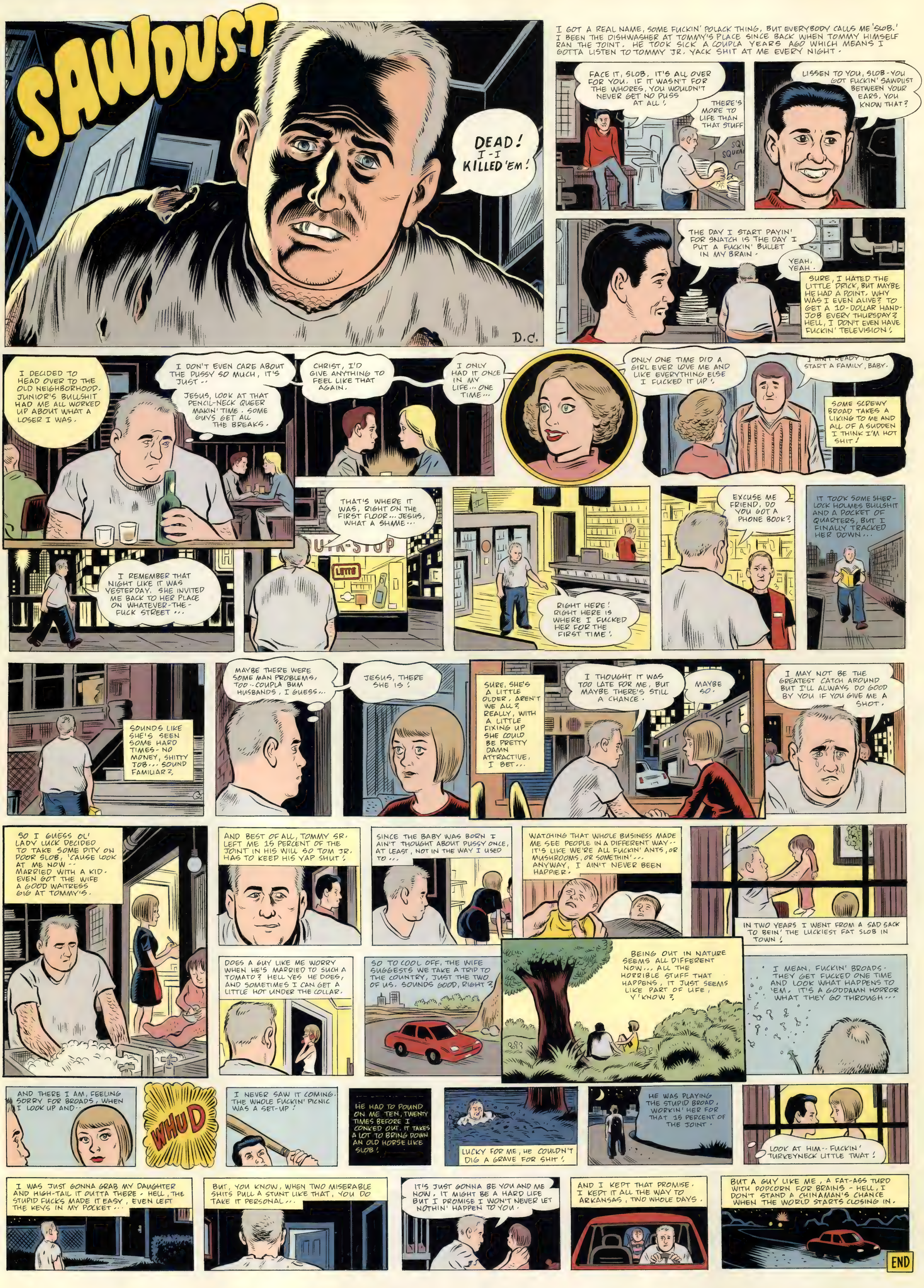
FIST TRAP

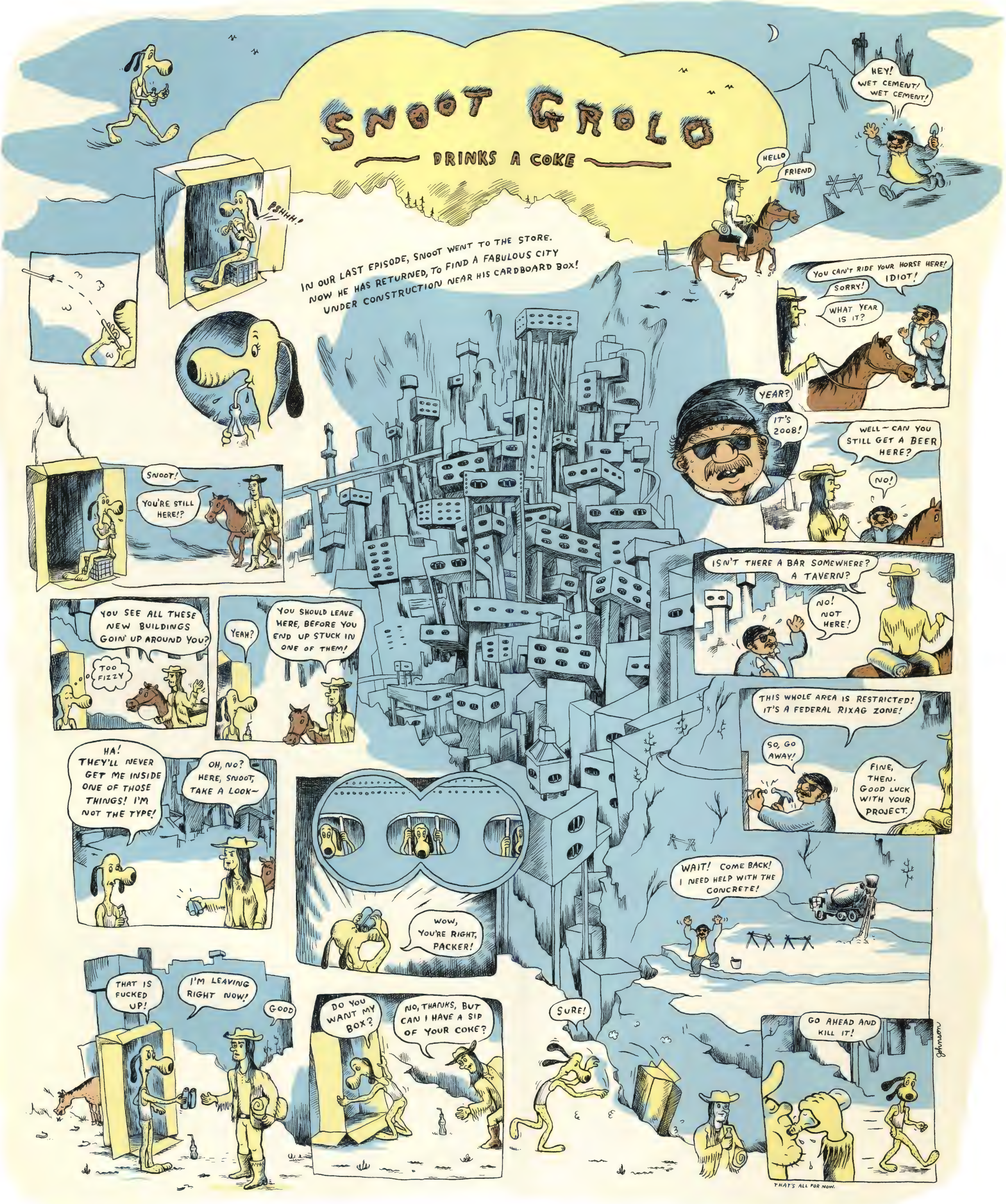
C. CILLA

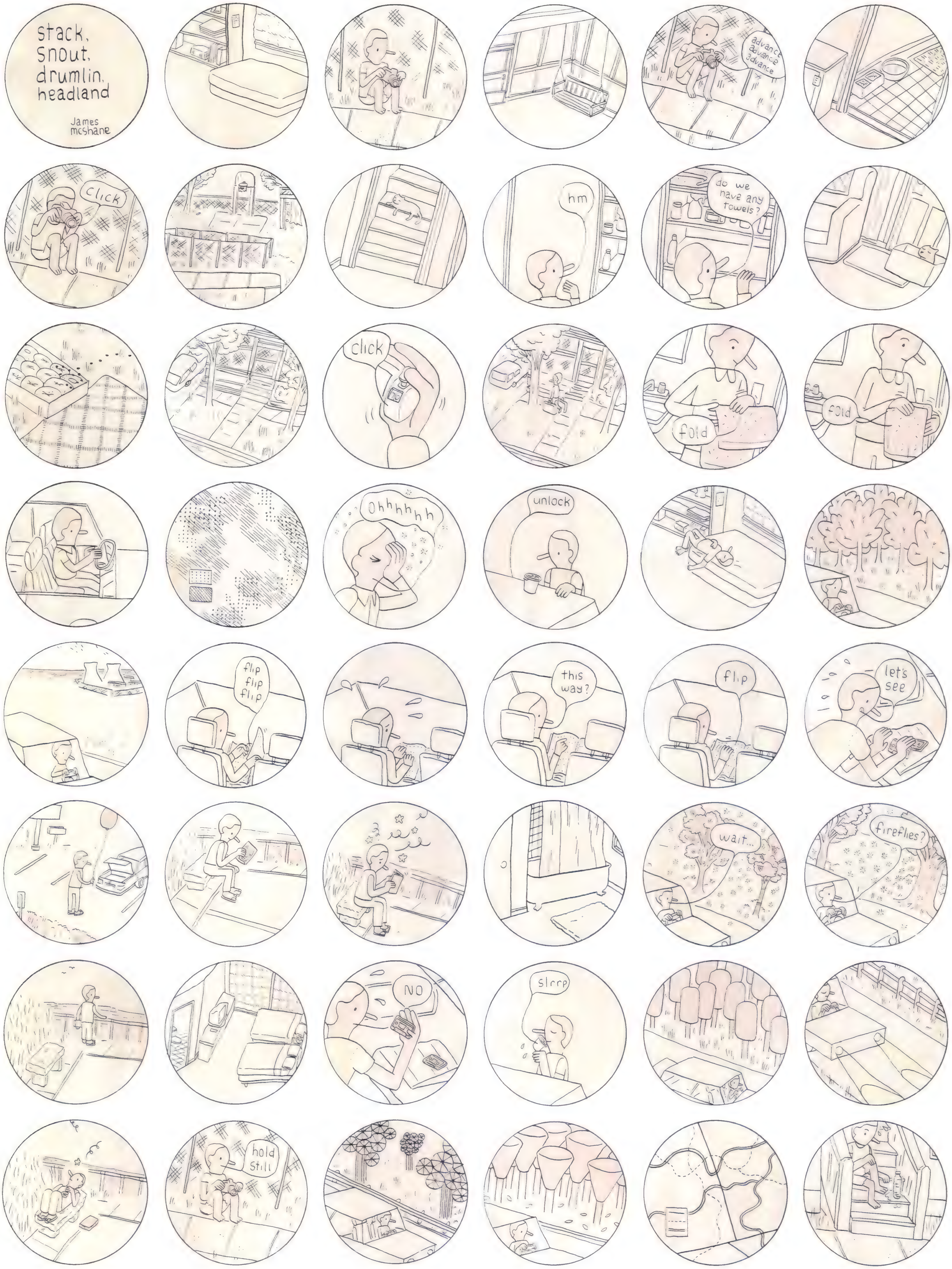

THIS IS KILLING YOU
how can you live with that stuff you see?
WHAT WILL WE HAVE FOR FEED?
DON'T TAKE THE
YOU CALL IT BAIT...
THESE ARE DARK AND EVIL DAYS
CAN'T LOSE FOR WINNIN'
THERE IT IS!
YOUR LAUGHS ARE MINE NOW!
MINGUS
Who are you saving all of these things for, anyway?
Why do you need to document everyth
Instead of stimulating your memories this hoard replaces them.
Never here in the present, always one eye towards the future archive.
collec reduce ces to a static of deflated imag
will you arrive hat indulgent of reminiscence?
Will that conclude your accumulating, and mark the end of new experience?
YOU REMEMBER WHEN JASON WENT OUT THERE? HE GOT ORIGINAL COMIC STRIP ART, FILE COPIES OF GOLDEN AGE COMICS, MODEL KITS, 45'S, EVEN REEL-TO-REEL TAPES! WHO KNOWS WHAT WE'LL FIND?
THAT WAS FOUR YEARS AGO. HE WAS A PROMINENT MAN IN COLLECTOR'S CIRCLES. AFTER HE DIED, GUYS LIKE JASON & GREG POUNCED AND GOT ANYTHING THAT WAS LEFT. GIVE IT UP.
DIMITRI & DAGMAR
HELLO DIMITRI! I'M TAKING DONATIONS TO HELP PAY THE RENT FOR MY VIDEOTAPE ARCHIVES. CAN YOU SPARE A DOLLAR?
TDK
WHY SHOULD I CARE ABOUT YOUR STUPID VIDEOCASSETTE LIBRARY?
I'LL TAKE CHANGE, EVEN.
MAXELL
JUST HOW MANY TAPES DO YOU HAVE?
LET'S SEE... THERE ARE TWELVE PER SHELF, AND I THINK 8 SHELVES PER CASE...
SONY
AT LEAST THIRTEEN CASES, INCLUDING THE KITCHEN, AND WAIT, THE SHELVES IN THE LIVING ROOM ARE 2 DEEP, SO DOUBLE THAT, PLUS A FEW BOXES IN THE CLOSET.
JVC
O.K. I'VE HEARD ENOUGH. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME MONEY, ON ONE CONDITION.
ALRIGHT, WHAT'S THAT?
TOZAI
YOU DON'T TALK TO ME AGAIN UNTIL YOU'VE WATCHED EVERY DAMN ONE OF THOSE TAPES. TWICE.
"IT NEVER FAILS"
Chain a cocoanut to a tree or fence-post. Cut a small hole in the cocoanut just wide enough to recieve the extended hand. A shiny stone or sweet rice catches the interest of the eye or nose. He cannot resist! The monkey seizes the bait, and quickly finds that a tightly clenched fist is too large to withdraw. He will struggle and shriek, but his paw will never release his treasure. He is at our mercy! Is the trap found in our cocoanut hole, or is it there, within the monkey's heart & skull?
990-B WONDERS OF THE DEEP

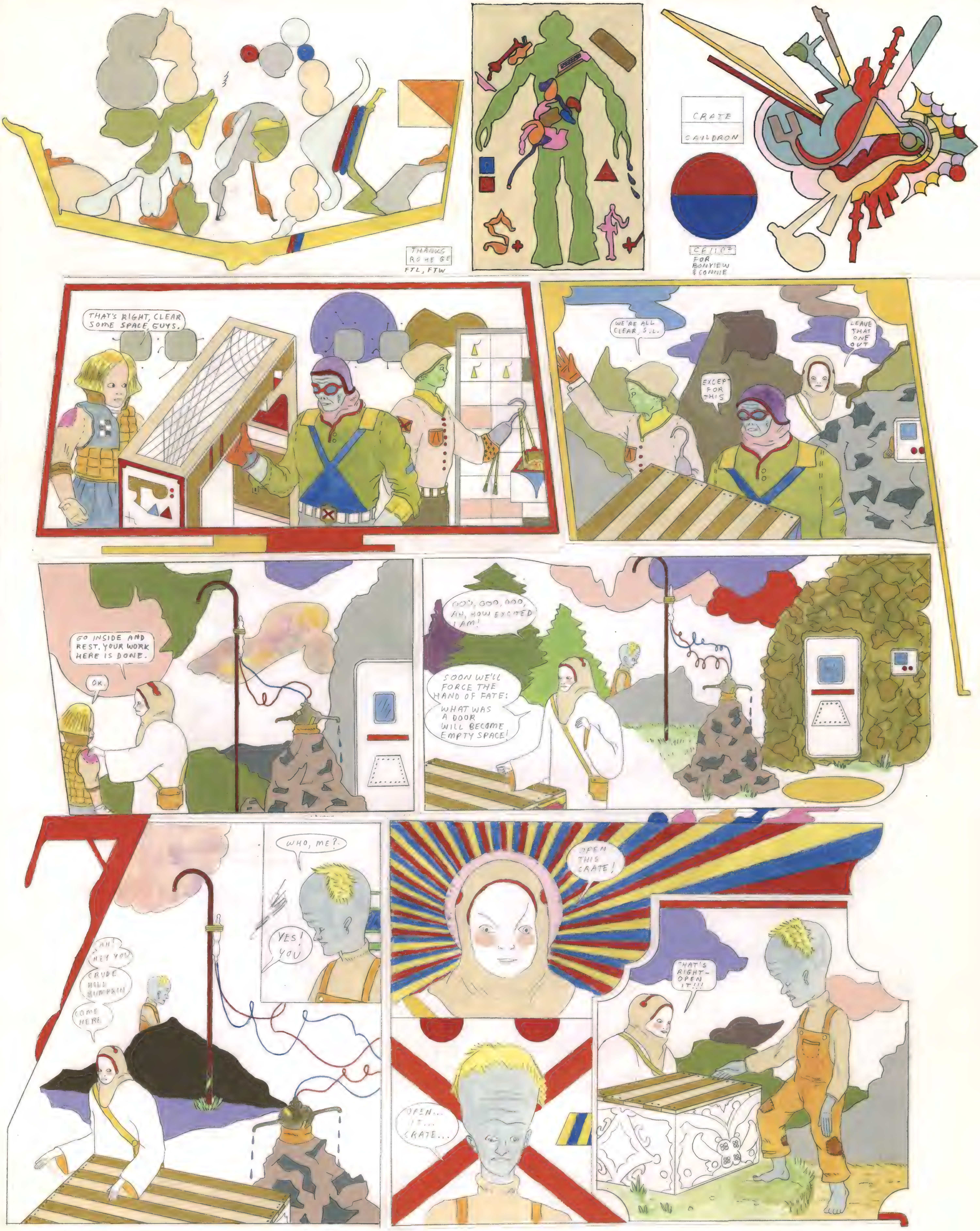

GOLDEN DELIGHT
I TOLD YOU WE WOULDN'T FIND ANYTHING OUT HERE.
HOLD ON EUGENE, I WANT TO GET SOME PHOTOS, ANYWAY.
CARDBOARD CAMERA
THIS IS A GOOD ONE, I THINK I'LL SAVE IT.
STEP OUTSIDE OF THIS MOMENT. FLATTEN THE 3-D, CUT AWAY THE SMELLS AND FEELS, CONDENSE THE SOUND WORLD. WHERE YOUR MEMORY SHOULD NEST IS A HUSK OF MAGNETIC TAPE, PAPER AND PLASTIC.
SOONER OR LATER
EVERY
THING
IS
GONE
7
The Archives
I'VE GOT SIX HOURS ON EACH TAPE (VHS, RECORDED IN SLP MODE), WITH 2198 TAPES TOTAL, FOR OVER 13 THOUSAND HOURS, THAT'S NOT COUNTING ANY REWINDING OR FAST-FORWARDING. WITH APPROXIMATELY NINE VIEWING HOURS PER DAY (AVERAGE LAST YEAR), I SHOULD GET THROUGH THESE IN FOUR YEARS OR SO. BUT WHAT ABOUT EVERYTHING I TAPE WHILE WATCHING THE OLD TAPES?!?
PIZZA
SUGAR LOAF
OH YEAH! I'VE GOT IT THIS TIME!
ALMOST THERE!
AHH... AAHH
EUGENE, DO YOU HAVE ANOTHER QUARTER?
The first thing to do is to find the exit out of the trap. The nature of the trap has no interest whatsoever beyond this one crucial point: WHERE IS THE EXIT OUT OF THE TRAP? ~W. Reich


Nsfw
BALWANT SINGH CHOUDRY
EFFECTIVE APRIL 15, 1987, I AM BANK OF AMERICA REGULAR RETIREE AT 65 "AT WILL MY OWN."
BANK
THROUGHOUT MY ALMOST 15 YEARS STAY WITH THE BANK, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST TRUSTWORTHY EMPLOYEES WORKING INSIDE THE MOST SENSITIVE AND RESTRICTED AREAS OF THE BANK SECURITIES AND SAFEKEEPING DEPARTMENTS.
AFTER THE OFFICIAL SECURITY CLEARANCE, I WAS ENTRUSTED WITH BANK KEY AND BANK SECURITY VAULT COMBINATION LOCK SECRET NUMBERS. I KEPT BOTH RIGHT UP TO MY REGULAR RETIREMENT.
I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN VERY PUNCTUAL AND REGULAR IN ATTENDANCE. NO SICK LEAVE OR LEAVE OF ABSENCE. NO LEAVE EXTRAORDINARY WITH OR WITHOUT PAY.
68,718, 476,636 zjiigvr: 3,360.
MY SERVICE RECORD IS QUOTABLE TO CONFRONT BANK OF AMERICA AUTHORITIES, THEIR LEGAL DEFENSE TEAM, AND THE BANK'S EXPERIMENTAL HOLOCAUST AND ORTHODOX-VIOLENT-PERSECUTOR-TERRORIST-RACKETEERS.
I HAVE CONSISTENTLY REFUSED TO WORSHIP THEIR TOES AND COMMIT SUICIDE OR FACE AN ONSLAUGHT BY THEM TO REDUCE ME TO A LIVING DEAD — AN INVALID AND SET ON FIRE TO TORTURE ME TO DEATH-LOOK-LIKE-SUICIDE.
TO US ALL, THEY ARE AN AUTOMATIC DEADLY WEAPON (ANIMOSITY & MALICIOUS EVILS) PERSONIFIED STABBING CONTINUOUSLY NON-STOP-ROUND-THE-CLOCK TO DAMAGE MY LIFE-VITALS THROUGH ELECTRONIC DEVICES.
ONE "XMAS" EVE AT 6:15 A.M. ON MY WAY TO THE BANK AS USUAL, I WAS GRABBED BY THE NECK FROM BEHIND, KNOCKED FACE-DOWN AND ALMOST CRUSHED MY RIBS.
LOOKING AROUND FOR MY EYEGLASSES, I FOUND THEIR TWO BIG STABBING KNIVES INSTEAD. I PICKED UP THESE AND REACHED MY BANK SECURITIES SAFEKEEPING DEPARTMENT ON TIME.
MY SUPERVISOR MARIO VERY QUIETLY BY PHONE LET SOMEONE KNOW OF MY REACHING THE OFFICE AND ESCORTED ME TO THE BANK CONFERENCE ROOM WITH THE KNIVES.
THE ROBBERS WERE NONE OTHER THAN BANK OF AMERICA ORTHODOX-VIOLENT-PERSECUTOR-TERRORIST-RACKETEERS AND THEIR EXPERIMENTAL HOLOCAUST ELECTRONIC LAB ASSISTANT.
8-12
THIS LAB ASSISTANT RESIDES ON TOP OF MY APARTMENT IN HIS B OF A ELECTRONIC LAB. HE INTENDS TO KILL ME THROUGH HIS SEX-TO-DEATH ELECTRONIC EJACULATORS AND NEVER STOPS SLANDEROUS RUMOR MONGERING AGAINST ME.
LOT OF PEOPLE TALKING OF CLASS ACTION LAWSUIT AGAINST THE BANK.
SON OF A JUDGE!
NO, HE IS AN ILLEGITIMATE SON OF HIS FAMILY BARBER.
ON 4/24/87, THEY PLOTTED A SEX TRAP SO AS TO IMPLICATE ME IN A GROSS LEWD MISCONDUCT FOR REDUCING ME TO A LIVING-DEAD, AN INVALID WITH AN EMOTIONAL TRAUMA DISTRESSING FOREVER.
AS DIRECTED BY THE LAB ASSISTANT THROUGH HIS ELECTRONIC DEVICES, ONE OF THE GIRL EMPLOYEES ASKED ME TO HELP HER LOAD HER TRUCK WITH FOLDERS.
WHICH FOLDERS DO YOU WANT ME TO LOAD YOUR TRUCK WITH?
YOU CAN START HERE.
Choudry
THIS GIRL TOUCHED MY HIPS WITH HERS AND STARTED SLOW CIRCULAR MOTION. SHE WOULD NOT LET ME ESCAPE AND VERY AGGRESSIVELY MANIPULATED MY TO AND FRO MOVEMENTS WITH HER HIPS.
ALL OF A SUDDEN FROM BEHIND, SHE REACHED, FULLY GRABBED, AND SQUEEZED MY SEX-ORGANS.
HE ABUSED HER GENITALS TO BAIT HIS SEX TRAP — 1. TO DEPRIVE ME OF MY RETIREMENT BENEFITS, 2. TO FORCE ME TO WORSHIP THEIR TOES AND COMMIT SUICIDE.
I AM GOING TO CHOKE YOUR THROAT SOME DAY WITH THIS CHOKING DEVICE!
12 3 6 9
8-24
SINCE APRIL 1988, I HAVE ALREADY MAILED 414 LETTERS TO THE COMPETENT GOVT. AUTHORITIES, INCLUDING 156 LETTERS TO THE BANK OF AMERICA CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER AND SENIOR MANAGEMENT EXECS.
BANK
MANY TIMES I HAVE FOUND MY BED "ABUSED," LONG HAIRS ON MY PILLOW AND FANCY INTIMATES IN MY BATHROOM.
THESE "LEADING TIPS" EVIDENTLY SUGGEST THAT B OF A IMPERTINENT IMPOSTERS, THIEVES, AND THUGS HAVE DISTRIBUTED MY APARTMENT KEYS AMONG THEMSELVES.
TO IMPRESS THEIR BRAINWASHED IGNORANT PAWN VICTIMS AND OUT-SMART THEIR COLLEAGUES, THEY NOW VERY SINCERELY CALL THE LAW AND ORDER ABIDING INNOCENTS "USEFUL IDIOTS."
IT IS GOING TO COST THEM AN ARM IN THE LEG.
BANK
hensley

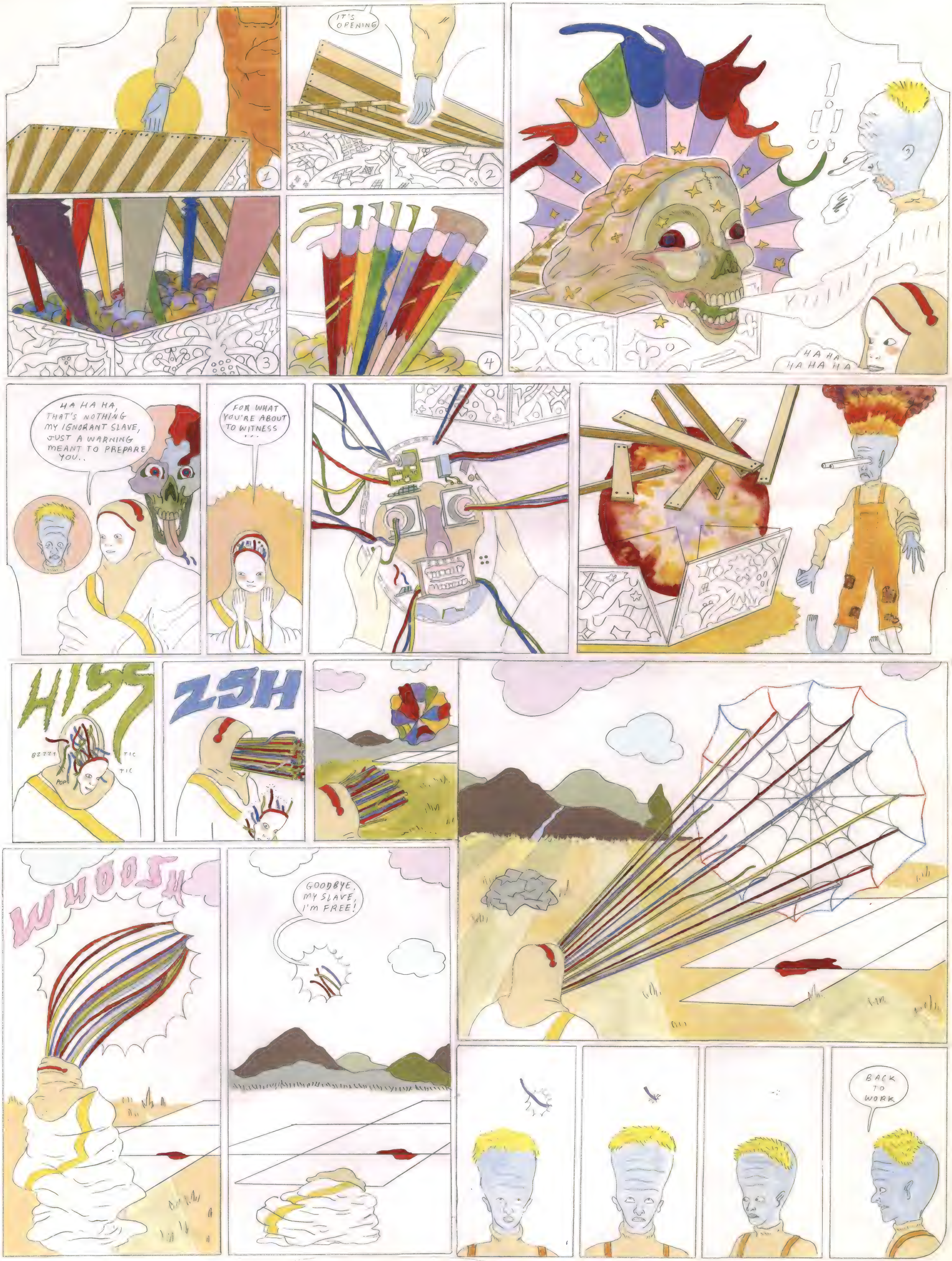

SAWDUST
DEAD! I-I KILLED 'EM!
D.C.
I GOT A REAL NAME, SOME FUCKIN' POLACK THING, BUT EVERYBODY CALLS ME 'SLOB.' I BEEN THE DISHWASHER AT TOMMY'S PLACE SINCE BACK WHEN TOMMY HIMSELF RAN THE JOINT. HE TOOK SICK A COUPLA YEARS AGO WHICH MEANS I GOTTA LISTEN TO TOMMY JR. YACK SHIT AT ME EVERY NIGHT.
FACE IT, SLOB, IT'S ALL OVER FOR YOU. IF IT WASN'T FOR THE WHORES, YOU WOULDN'T NEVER GET NO PUSS AT ALL!
THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN THAT STUFF
SQU SQUEAK
LISSEN TO YOU, SLOB - YOU GOT FUCKIN' SAWDUST BETWEEN YOUR EARS, YOU KNOW THAT?
THE DAY I START PAYIN' FOR SNATCH IS THE DAY I PUT A FUCKIN' BULLET IN MY BRAIN.
YEAH, YEAH.
SURE, I HATED THE LITTLE PRICK, BUT MAYBE HE HAD A POINT. WHY WAS I EVEN ALIVE? TO GET A 10-DOLLAR HAND-JOB EVERY THURSDAY? HELL, I DON'T EVEN HAVE FUCKIN' TELEVISION!
I DECIDED TO HEAD OVER TO THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. JUNIOR'S BULLSHIT HAD ME ALL WORKED UP ABOUT WHAT A LOSER I WAS.
I DON'T EVEN CARE ABOUT THE PUSSY SO MUCH, IT'S JUST..
JESUS, LOOK AT THAT PENCIL-NECK QUEER MAKIN' TIME. SOME GUYS GET ALL THE BREAKS.
CHRIST, I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO FEEL LIKE THAT AGAIN.
I ONLY HAD IT ONCE IN MY LIFE... ONE TIME...
ONLY ONE TIME DID A GIRL EVER LOVE ME AND LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE I FUCKED IT UP!
I AIN'T READY TO START A FAMILY, BABY.
SOME SCREWY BROAD TAKES A LIKING TO ME AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I THINK I'M HOT SHIT!
I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY. SHE INVITED ME BACK TO HER PLACE ON WHATEVER-THE-FUCK STREET...
THAT'S WHERE IT WAS, RIGHT ON THE FIRST FLOOR... JESUS, WHAT A SHAME...
UIK-STOP
LOTTO
RIGHT HERE! RIGHT HERE IS WHERE I FUCKED HER FOR THE FIRST TIME!
EXCUSE ME FRIEND, DO YOU GOT A PHONE BOOK?
IT TOOK SOME SHERLOCK HOLMES BULLSHIT AND A POCKET OF QUARTERS, BUT I FINALLY TRACKED HER DOWN...
SOUNDS LIKE SHE'S SEEN SOME HARD TIMES - NO MONEY, SHITTY JOB... SOUND FAMILIAR?
MAYBE THERE WERE SOME MAN PROBLEMS, TOO.. COUPLA BUM HUSBANDS, I GUESS...
JESUS, THERE SHE IS!
SURE, SHE'S A LITTLE OLDER, AREN'T WE ALL? REALLY, WITH A LITTLE FIXING UP SHE COULD BE PRETTY DAMN ATTRACTIVE, I BET...
I THOUGHT IT WAS TOO LATE FOR ME, BUT MAYBE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE.
MAYBE SO.
I MAY NOT BE THE GREATEST CATCH AROUND BUT I'LL ALWAYS DO GOOD BY YOU IF YOU GIVE ME A SHOT.
SO I GUESS OL' LADY LUCK DECIDED TO TAKE SOME PITY ON POOR SLOB, 'CAUSE LOOK AT ME NOW -- MARRIED WITH A KID. EVEN GOT THE WIFE A GOOD WAITRESS GIG AT TOMMY'S.
AND BEST OF ALL, TOMMY SR. LEFT ME 15 PERCENT OF THE JOINT IN HIS WILL SO TOM JR. HAS TO KEEP HIS YAP SHUT!
SINCE THE BABY WAS BORN I AIN'T THOUGHT ABOUT PUSSY ONCE, AT LEAST, NOT IN THE WAY I USED TO...
WATCHING THAT WHOLE BUSINESS MADE ME SEE PEOPLE IN A DIFFERENT WAY.. IT'S LIKE WE'RE ALL FUCKIN' ANTS, OR MUSHROOMS, OR SOMETHIN'... ANYWAY, I AIN'T NEVER BEEN HAPPIER.
IN TWO YEARS I WENT FROM A SAD SACK TO BEIN' THE LUCKIEST FAT SLOB IN TOWN!
DOES A GUY LIKE ME WORRY WHEN HE'S MARRIED TO SUCH A TOMATO? HELL YES HE DOES, AND SOMETIMES I CAN GET A LITTLE HOT UNDER THE COLLAR.
SO TO COOL OFF, THE WIFE SUGGESTS WE TAKE A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY, JUST THE TWO OF US. SOUNDS GOOD, RIGHT?
BEING OUT IN NATURE SEEMS ALL DIFFERENT NOW... ALL THE HORRIBLE STUFF THAT HAPPENS, IT JUST SEEMS LIKE PART OF LIFE, Y'KNOW?
I MEAN, FUCKIN' BROADS - THEY GET FUCKED ONE TIME AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENS TO 'EM. IT'S A GODDAMN HORROR WHAT THEY GO THROUGH...
AND THERE I AM, FEELING SORRY FOR BROADS, WHEN I LOOK UP AND--
WHUD
I NEVER SAW IT COMING. THE WHOLE FUCKIN' PICNIC WAS A SET-UP!
HE HAD TO POUND ON ME TEN, TWENTY TIMES BEFORE I CONKED OUT. IT TAKES A LOT TO BRING DOWN AN OLD HORSE LIKE SLOB!
LUCKY FOR ME, HE COULDN'T DIG A GRAVE FOR SHIT!
HE WAS PLAYING THE STUPID BROAD, WORKIN' HER FOR THAT 15 PERCENT OF THE JOINT.
LOOK AT HIM -- FUCKIN' TURKEYNECK LITTLE TWAT!
I WAS JUST GONNA GRAB MY DAUGHTER AND HIGH-TAIL IT OUTTA THERE - HELL, THE STUPID FUCKS MADE IT EASY, EVEN LEFT THE KEYS IN MY POCKET...
BUT, YOU KNOW, WHEN TWO MISERABLE SHITS PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT, YOU DO TAKE IT PERSONAL...
IT'S JUST GONNA BE YOU AND ME NOW. IT MIGHT BE A HARD LIFE BUT I PROMISE I WON'T NEVER LET NOTHIN' HAPPEN TO YOU.
AND I KEPT THAT PROMISE. I KEPT IT ALL THE WAY TO ARKANSAS, TWO WHOLE DAYS.
BUT A GUY LIKE ME, A FAT-ASS TURD WITH POPCORN FOR BRAINS - HELL, I DON'T STAND A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE WHEN THE WORLD STARTS CLOSING IN.
END


SNOOT GROLO
DRINKS A COKE
IN OUR LAST EPISODE, SNOOT WENT TO THE STORE. NOW HE HAS RETURNED, TO FIND A FABULOUS CITY UNDER CONSTRUCTION NEAR HIS CARDBOARD BOX!
PSHHH!
HELLO
FRIEND
HEY! WET CEMENT! WET CEMENT!
YOU CAN'T RIDE YOUR HORSE HERE! IDIOT!
SORRY!
WHAT YEAR IS IT?
YEAR?
IT'S 2008!
WELL — CAN YOU STILL GET A BEER HERE?
NO!
ISN'T THERE A BAR SOMEWHERE? A TAVERN?
NO! NOT HERE!
THIS WHOLE AREA IS RESTRICTED! IT'S A FEDERAL RIXAG ZONE!
SO, GO AWAY!
FINE, THEN. GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR PROJECT.
WAIT! COME BACK! I NEED HELP WITH THE CONCRETE!
SNOOT!
YOU'RE STILL HERE!?
YOU SEE ALL THESE NEW BUILDINGS GOIN' UP AROUND YOU?
TOO FIZZY
YEAH?
YOU SHOULD LEAVE HERE, BEFORE YOU END UP STUCK IN ONE OF THEM!
HA! THEY'LL NEVER GET ME INSIDE ONE OF THOSE THINGS! I'M NOT THE TYPE!
OH, NO? HERE, SNOOT, TAKE A LOOK~
WOW, YOU'RE RIGHT, PACKER!
THAT IS FUCKED UP!
I'M LEAVING RIGHT NOW!
GOOD
DO YOU WANT MY BOX?
NO, THANKS, BUT CAN I HAVE A SIP OF YOUR COKE?
SURE!
GO AHEAD AND KILL IT!
Johnson
THAT'S ALL FOR NOW.

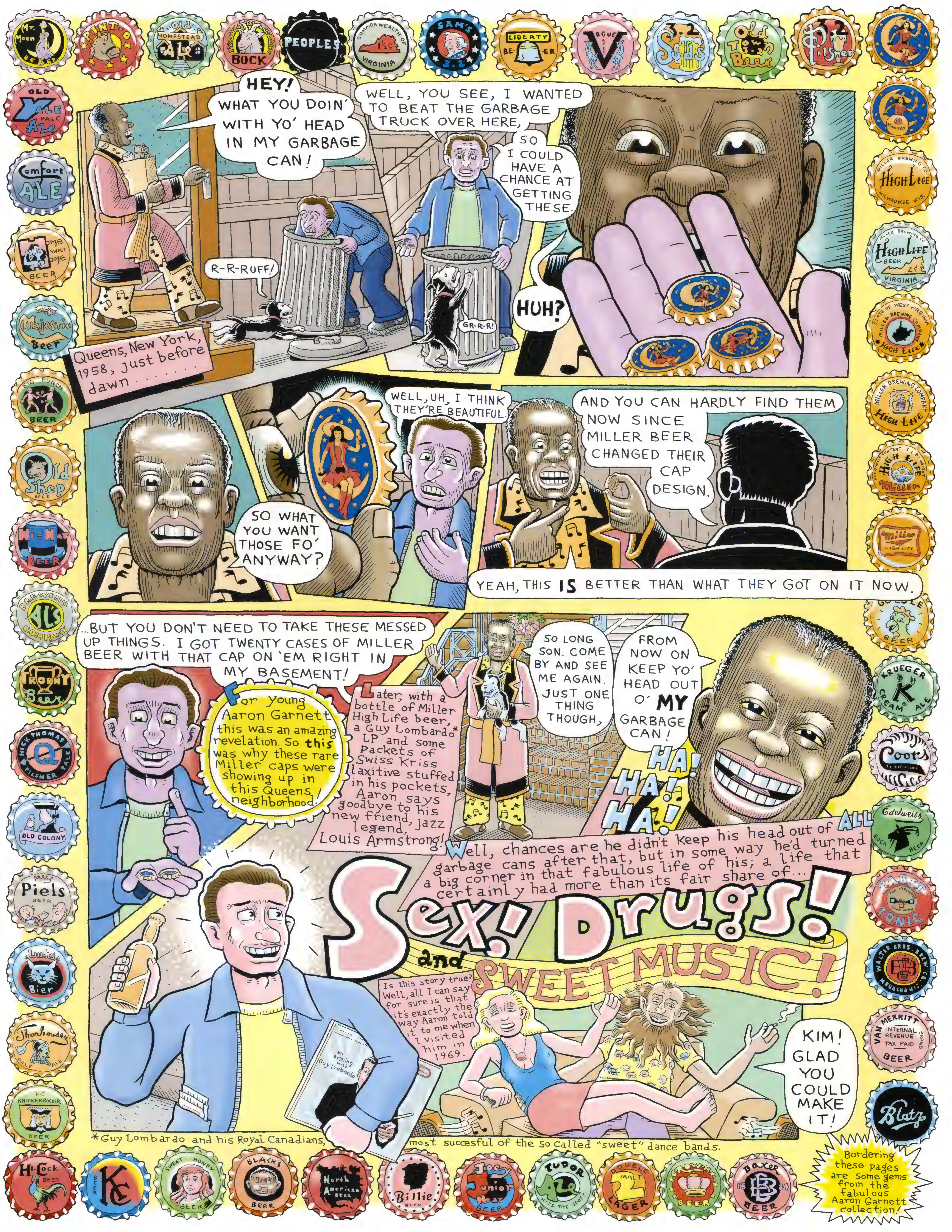

stack, snout, drumlin, headland
James mcshane
advance advance advance
click
hm
do we have any towels?
click
fold
fold
Ohhhhhh
unlock
flip flip flip
this way?
flip
let's see
wait...
fireflies?
NO
slrrp
hold still

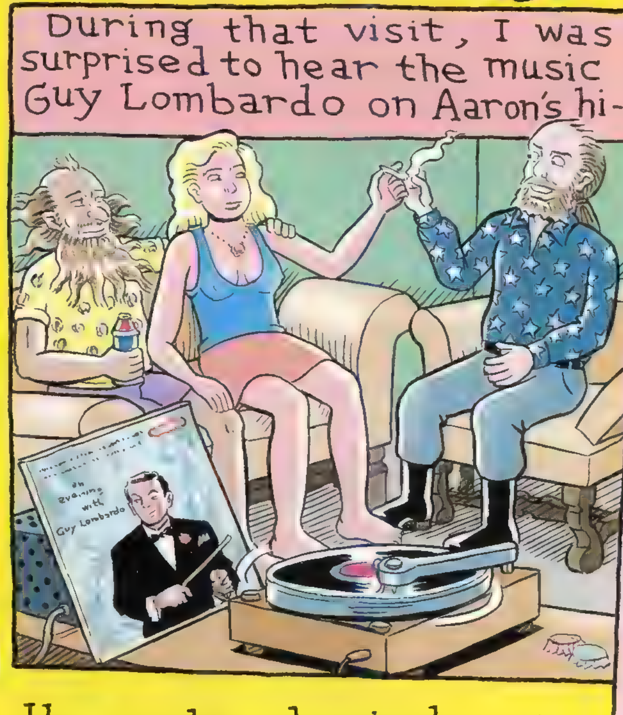

THANKS RO HE GE
FTL, FTW
CRATE
CAULDRON
CF11 07
FOR BONYIEW & CONNIE
THAT'S RIGHT, CLEAR SOME SPACE, GUYS.
WE'RE ALL CLEAR, S.L.
EXCEPT FOR THIS
LEAVE THAT ONE OUT
GO INSIDE AND REST, YOUR WORK HERE IS DONE.
OK.
OOO, OOO, OOO, AH, HOW EXCITED I AM!
SOON WE'LL FORCE THE HAND OF FATE: WHAT WAS A DOOR WILL BECOME EMPTY SPACE!
AH! HEY YOU
CRUDE HILL BUMPKIN
COME HERE.
WHO, ME?
YES! YOU
OPEN THIS CRATE!
OPEN... IT... CRATE...
THAT'S RIGHT- OPEN IT!!!

CRATE CAULDRON
1007

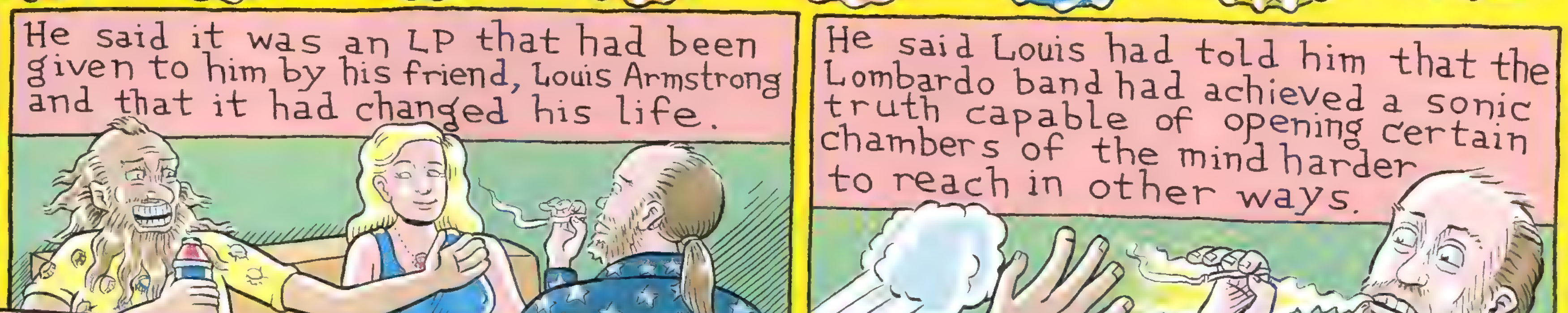

1
IT'S OPENING
2
3
4
!
!
HA HA
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA, THAT'S NOTHING MY IGNORANT SLAVE, JUST A WARNING MEANT TO PREPARE YOU..
FOR WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS ...
HISS
BZZZT
TIC
TIC
POP
ZSH
WHOOSH
GOODBYE MY SLAVE, I'M FREE!
BACK TO WORK

COBBLED CRATE CAULDRON


HEY! WHAT YOU DOIN' WITH YO' HEAD IN MY GARBAGE CAN!
WELL, YOU SEE, I WANTED TO BEAT THE GARBAGE TRUCK OVER HERE,
SO I COULD HAVE A CHANCE AT GETTING THESE.
R-R-RUFF!
GR-R-R!
HUH?
Queens, New York, 1958, just before dawn........
WELL, UH, I THINK THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL.
SO WHAT YOU WANT THOSE FO' ANYWAY?
AND YOU CAN HARDLY FIND THEM NOW SINCE MILLER BEER CHANGED THEIR CAP DESIGN.
YEAH, THIS IS BETTER THAN WHAT THEY GOT ON IT NOW.
...BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO TAKE THESE MESSED UP THINGS. I GOT TWENTY CASES OF MILLER BEER WITH THAT CAP ON 'EM RIGHT IN MY BASEMENT!
For young Aaron Garnett this was an amazing revelation. So this was why these rare Miller caps were showing up in this Queens neighborhood!
Later, with a bottle of Miller High Life beer, a Guy Lombardo* LP and some packets of Swiss Kriss laxitive stuffed in his pockets, Aaron says goodbye to his new friend, jazz legend, Louis Armstrong!
SO LONG SON. COME BY AND SEE ME AGAIN. JUST ONE THING THOUGH,
FROM NOW ON KEEP YO' HEAD OUT O' MY GARBAGE CAN!
HA! HA! HA!
Well, chances are he didn't keep his head out of ALL garbage cans after that, but in some way he'd turned a big corner in that fabulous life of his; a life that certainly had more than its fair share of...
Sex! Drugs! and SWEET MUSIC!
Is this story true? Well, all I can say for sure is that it's exactly the way Aaron told it to me when I visited him in 1969.
an evening with Guy Lombardo
KIM! GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT!
*Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, most succesful of the so called "sweet" dance bands.
Bordering these pages are some gems from the fabulous Aaron Garnett collection!
Mr. Moon Beer
Pinto
Old Homestead Ale
Bock
Peoples
Commonwealth of Virginia 1½¢
Sam's 3.2
Liberty Be-er
Vogue Beer
3.2
Old Town Beer
3.2 Pilsner
Old Yale Pale Ale
Comfort Ale
Home Sweet Home Beer
Majestic Beer
Big Punch Beer
Old Shep Beer
Hi-Hat Beer
Al's Brewing Company
Trophy Beer
Nick Thomas Q Pilsner Pale
Old Colony
Piels Beer
Luchs Bier
Pale Ale
Knickerbocker Beer
Kansas
Miller Brewing Co. High Life Milwaukee Wis.
Miller Brewing Co. High Life Beer Virginia 2¢
State of West Virginia Miller Brewing Company High Life
Miller Brewing Company High Life
High Life Miller
Miller High Life
Gobble Beer
Krueger K Cream Ale
Coors
Edelweiss Bock Beer
Pabst Tonic
Walter Bros. Brew Co. Menasha Wis.
Van Merritt Internal Revenue Tax Paid Brand Beer
Blatz
Hi-Cock Beer
KC Beer
Sweet Honey Beer
Blacks Beer
North American Beer
Billie Beer
Joe Junior Near Beer
Tudor Ale Hits the Spot!
Double Malt 2 Lager
Crown Beer
1884 Beer



During that visit, I was surprised to hear the music of Guy Lombardo on Aaron's hi-fi.



He said it was an LP that had been given to him by his friend, Louis Armstrong and that it had changed his life.

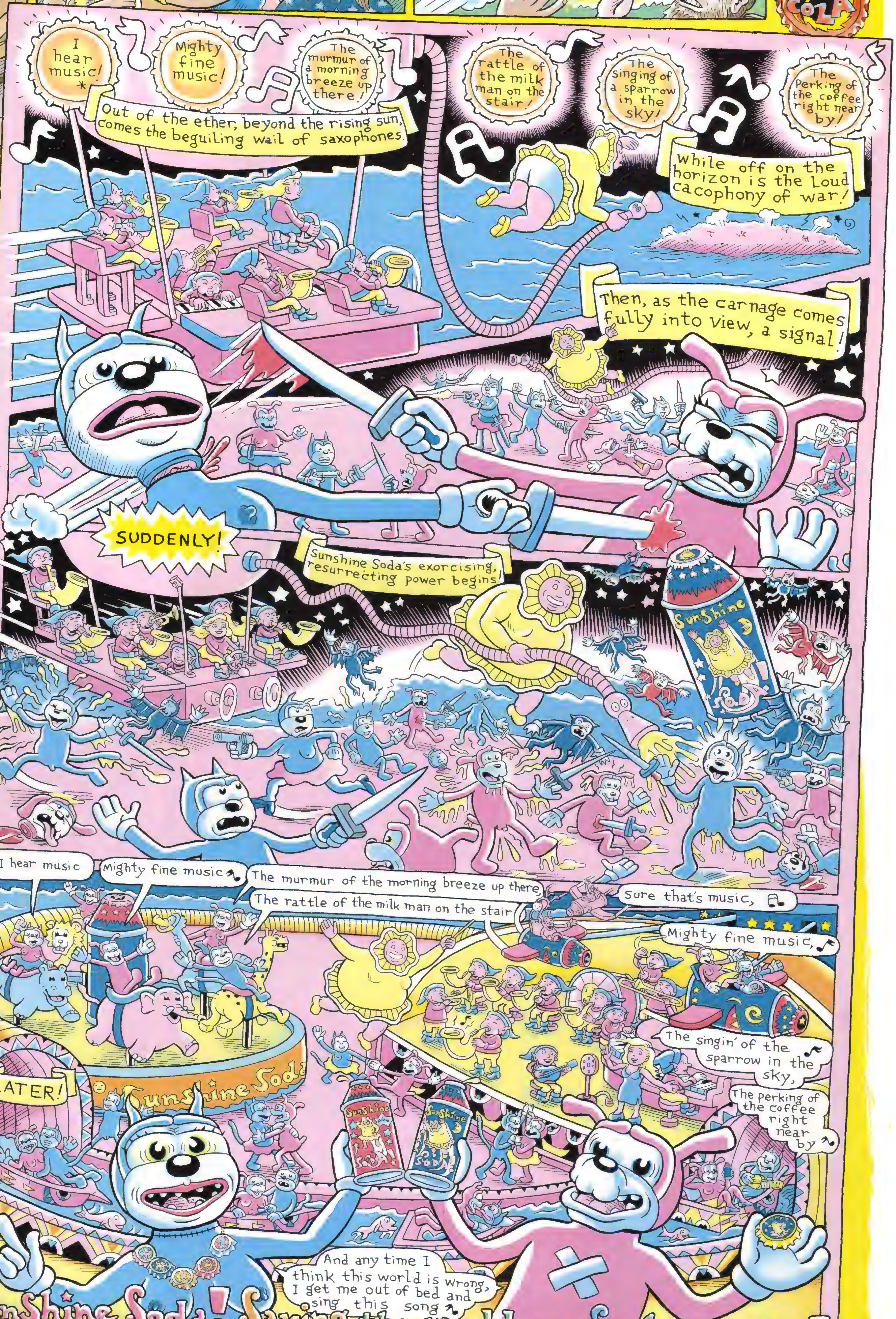
He said Louis had told him that the Lombardo band had achieved a sonic truth capable of opening certain chambers of the mind harder to reach in other ways.

He spoke glowingly of Armstrong not only as a man who'd turned on the world with his music but who'd also inspired Aaron's own cherished dream of turning on the world with a soda fueled with the very finest *Sunshine LSD.

The way Aaron put it to me was, IF THERE CAN BE UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPERS AND UNDERGROUND COMICS, WHY NOT AN UNDERGROUND SODA?

Well, maybe it was the sample of Sunshine Soda I tried and maybe it was those old Guy Lombardo tunes opening up hidden chambers in my mind, but all I could think to say back was, WHY NOT?

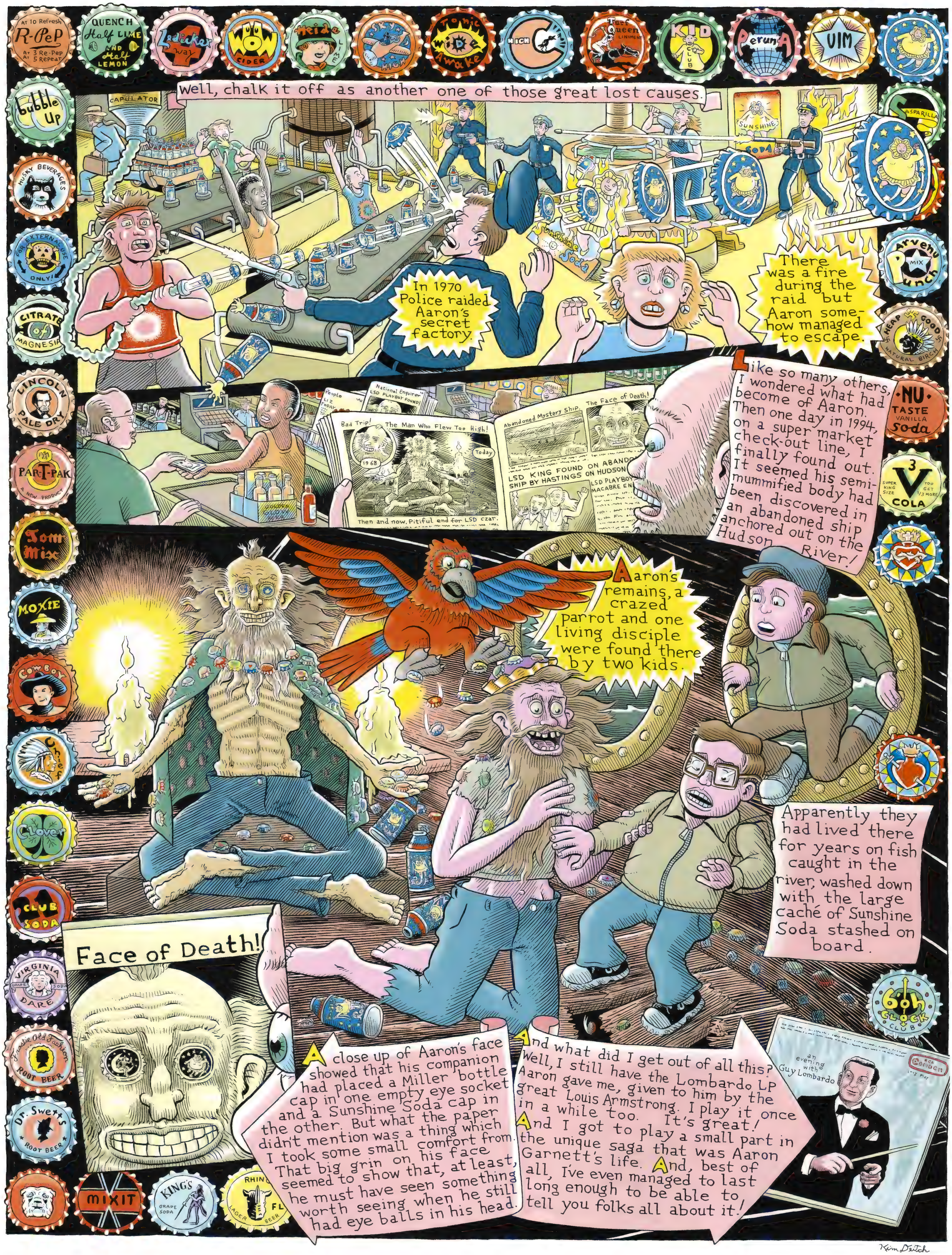
So it was that I agreed to let him use my underground comic strip character, Sunshine Girl, as the official trademark of Sunshine Soda. Seen here for the first time is an unused ad I made for Aaron's visionary, albeit sadly quixotic dream.


I hear music! *
Mighty fine music!
The murmur of a morning breeze up there!
The rattle of the milk man on the stair.
The singing of a sparrow in the sky!
The Perking of the coffee right near by!
Out of the ether, beyond the rising sun, comes the beguiling wail of saxophones.
While off on the horizon is the loud cacophony of war!
Then, as the carnage comes fully into view, a signal!
SUDDENLY!
Sunshine Soda's exorcising, resurrecting power begins!
Sunshine
I hear music
Mighty fine music
The murmur of the morning breeze up there.
The rattle of the milk man on the stair
Sure that's music,
Mighty fine music,
The singin' of the sparrow in the sky,
The perking of the coffee right near by
LATER!
Sunshine Soda
And any time I think this world is wrong, I get me out of bed and sing this song
Sunshine Soda! Saving the world one Soul at a time!

---

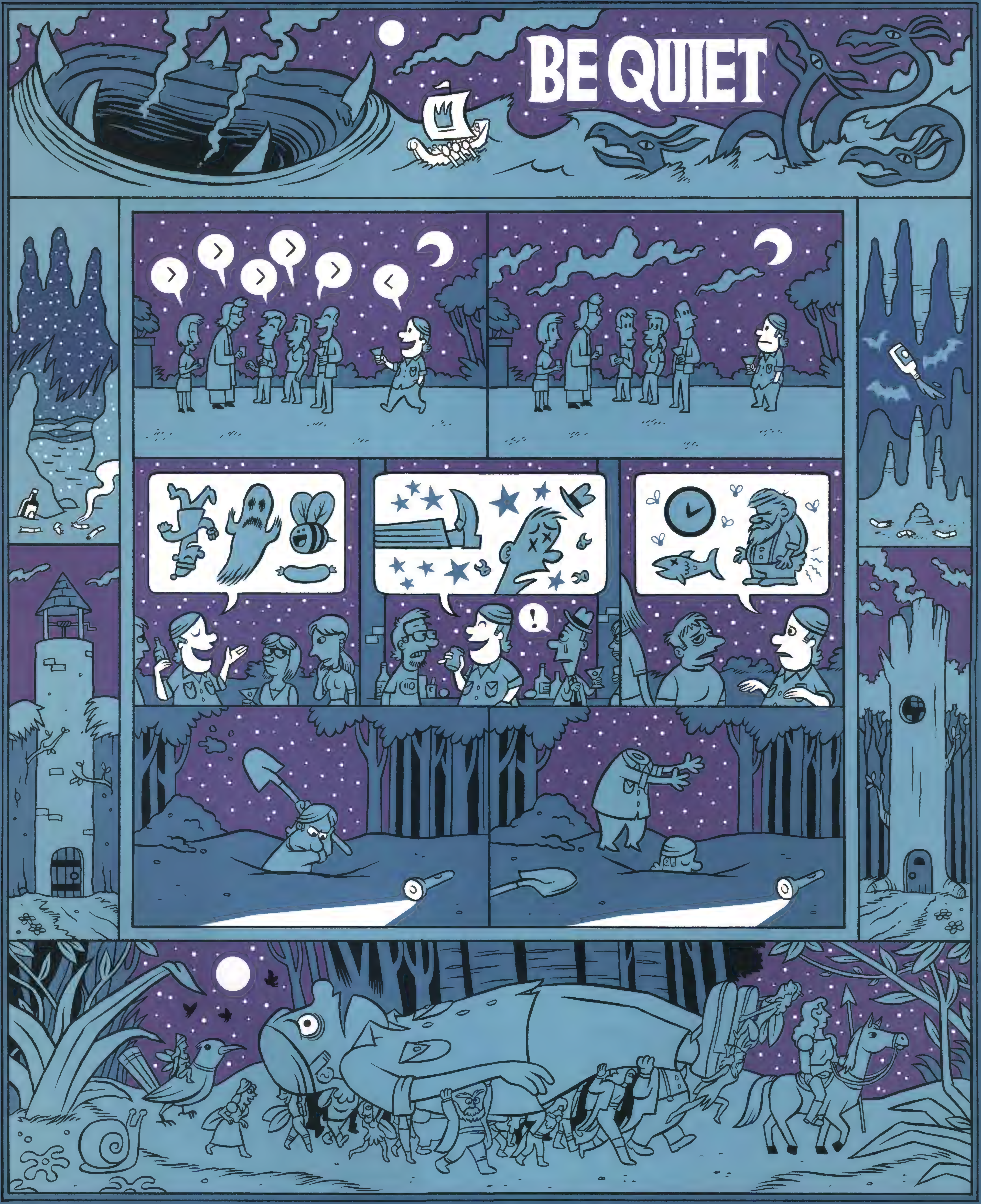
*Sunshine LSD - considered to be the best in those days.

"I Hear Music" ©1940 Frank Loesser and Burton Lane

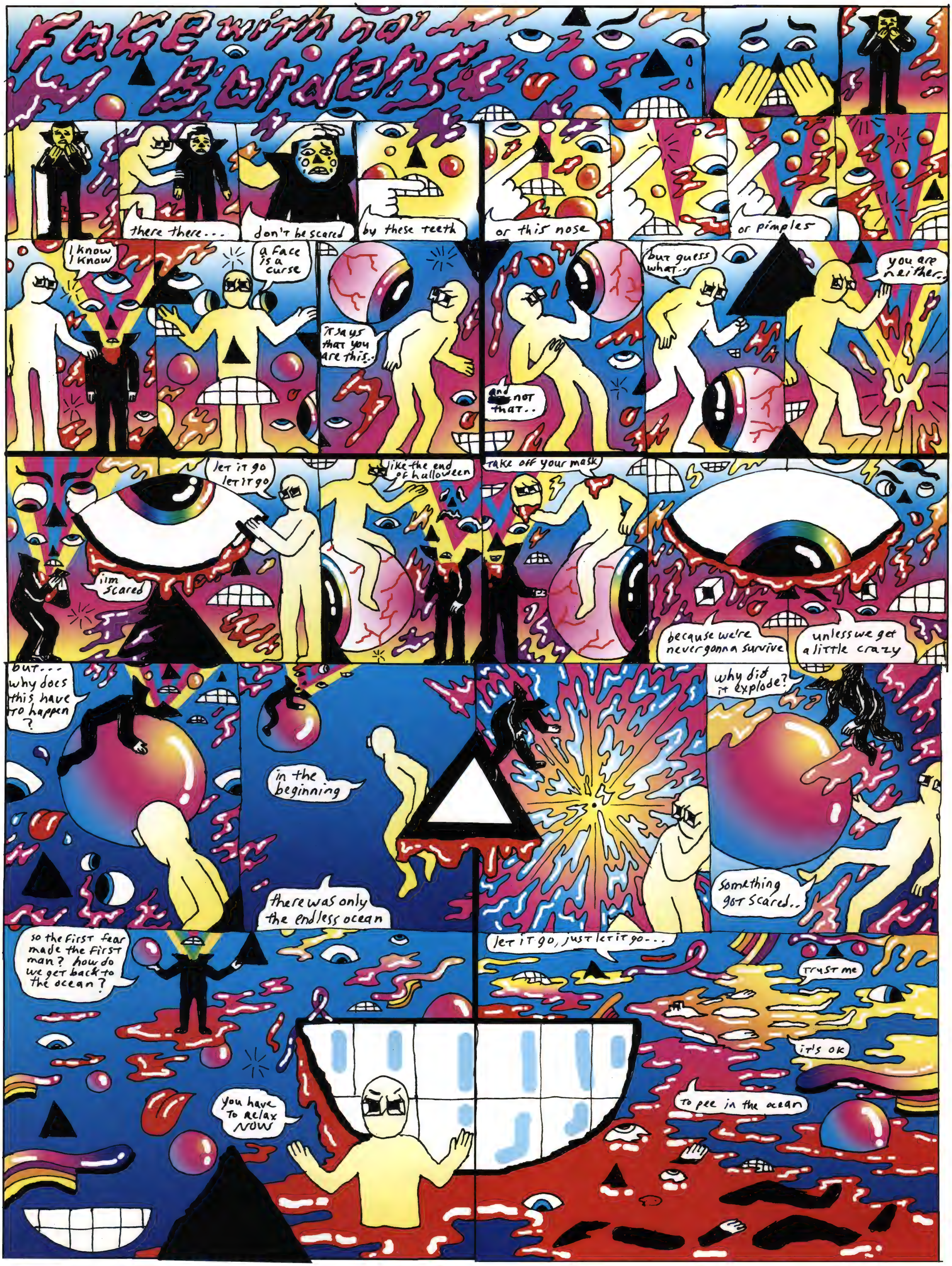
R-Pep
At 10 Refresh
At 3 Re-Pep
At 5 Repeat
QUENCH
Half LIME AND Half LEMON
Lubdicker way
WOW CIDER
Hide
Tonic Wide Awake
HIGH C
Turf Queen LINIMENT
KID CLUB
PerunA
UIM
Well, chalk it off as another one of those great lost causes.
CAPULATOR
SUNSHINE SODA
Sunshine Soda
In 1970 Police raided Aaron's secret factory.
There was a fire during the raid but Aaron somehow managed to escape.
bubble up
SASPARILLA
HUSKY BEVERAGES
FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY!
Parvenu Mix Punch
CITRATE MAGNESIA
HEAP GOOD NATURAL BIRCH
LINCOLN PALE DRY
NU TASTE VANILLA Soda
PAR-T-PAK A NEW PRODUCT
V3 COLA
SUPER KING SIZE
YOU GET 1/3 MORE
People
LIZ TODAY
National Enquirer
LSD PLAYBOY FOUND!
Bad Trip!
The Man Who Flew Too High!
1968
Today
Then and now. Pitiful end for LSD czar.
Abandoned Mystery Ship.
The Face of Death!
LSD KING FOUND ON ABANDO
SHIP BY HASTINGS ON HUDSON
LSD PLAYBOY
MACABRE EN
Like so many others, I wondered what had become of Aaron. Then one day in 1994, on a super market check-out line, I finally found out. It seemed his semi-mummified body had been discovered in an abandoned ship anchored out on the Hudson River!
Tom Mix
MOXIE
COWBOY
Chief
Clover
CLUB SODA
Aaron's remains, a crazed parrot and one living disciple were found there by two kids.
Apparently they had lived there for years on fish caught in the river, washed down with the large caché of Sunshine Soda stashed on board.
VIRGINIA DARE GRAPE SODA
Face of Death!
Frantic Old Fashion ROOT BEER
Dr. Swetts ROOT BEER
6 o'clock CLUB
A close up of Aaron's face showed that his companion had placed a Miller bottle cap in one empty eye socket and a Sunshine Soda cap in the other. But what the paper didn't mention was a thing which I took some small comfort from. That big grin on his face seemed to show that, at least, he must have seen something worth seeing when he still had eye balls in his head.
And what did I get out of all this? Well, I still have the Lombardo LP Aaron gave me, given to him by the great Louis Armstrong. I play it once in a while too. It's great! And I got to play a small part in the unique saga that was Aaron Garnett's life. And, best of all, I've even managed to last long enough to be able to tell you folks all about it!
an evening with Guy Lombardo
RCA Camden
Long Play
MIXIT
KING'S GRAPE SODA
RHIN LAGER BEER

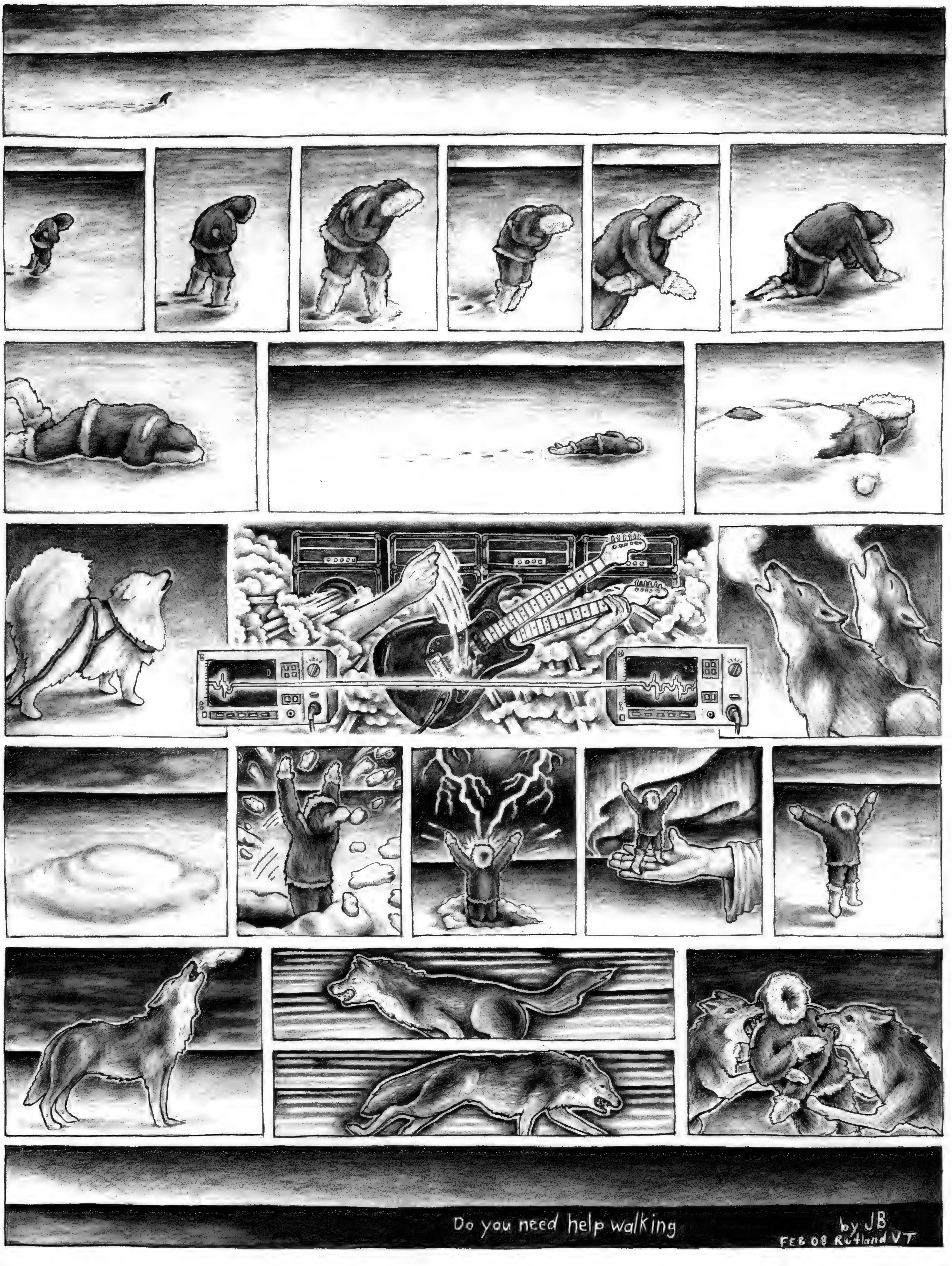
Kim Deitch

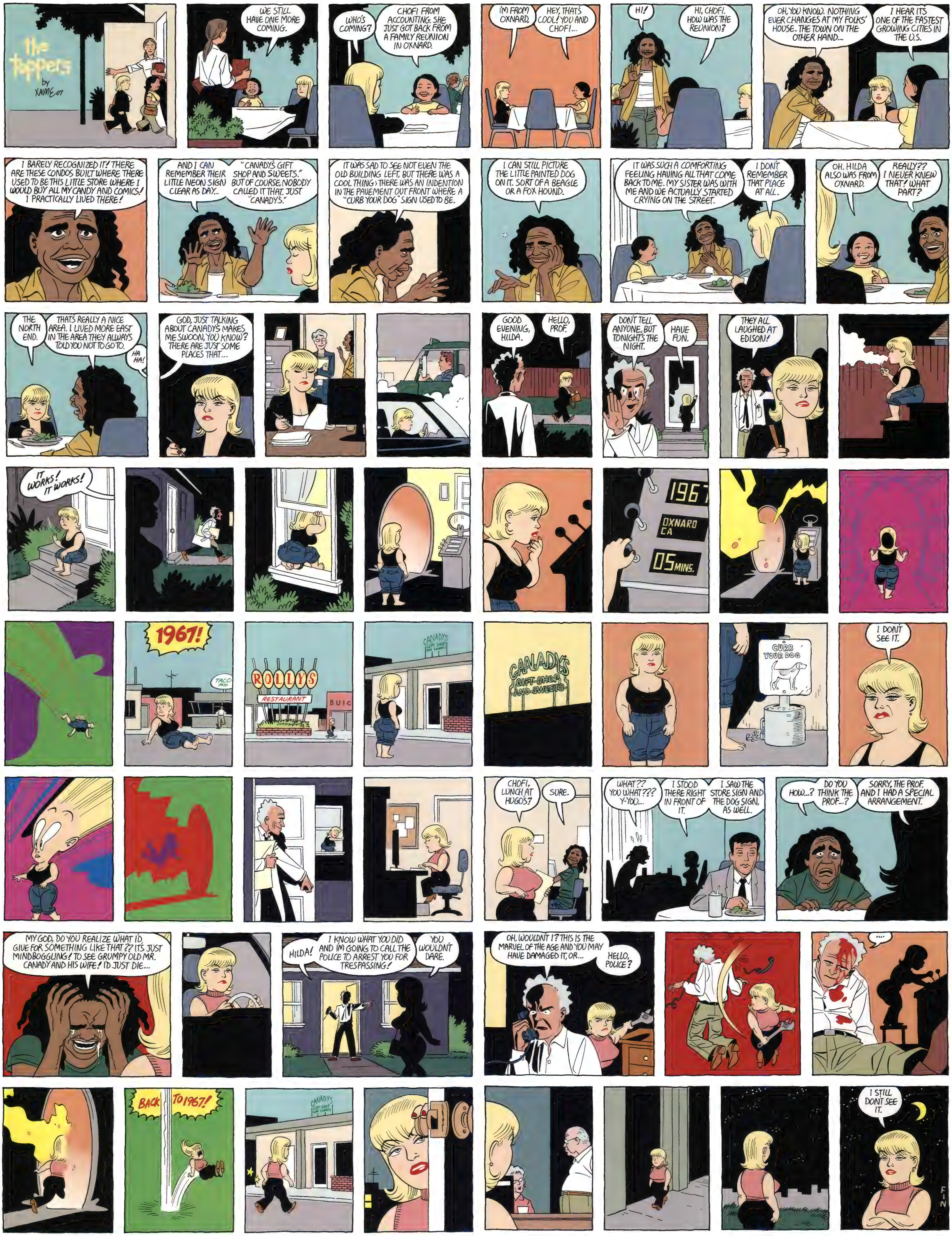
BE QUIET

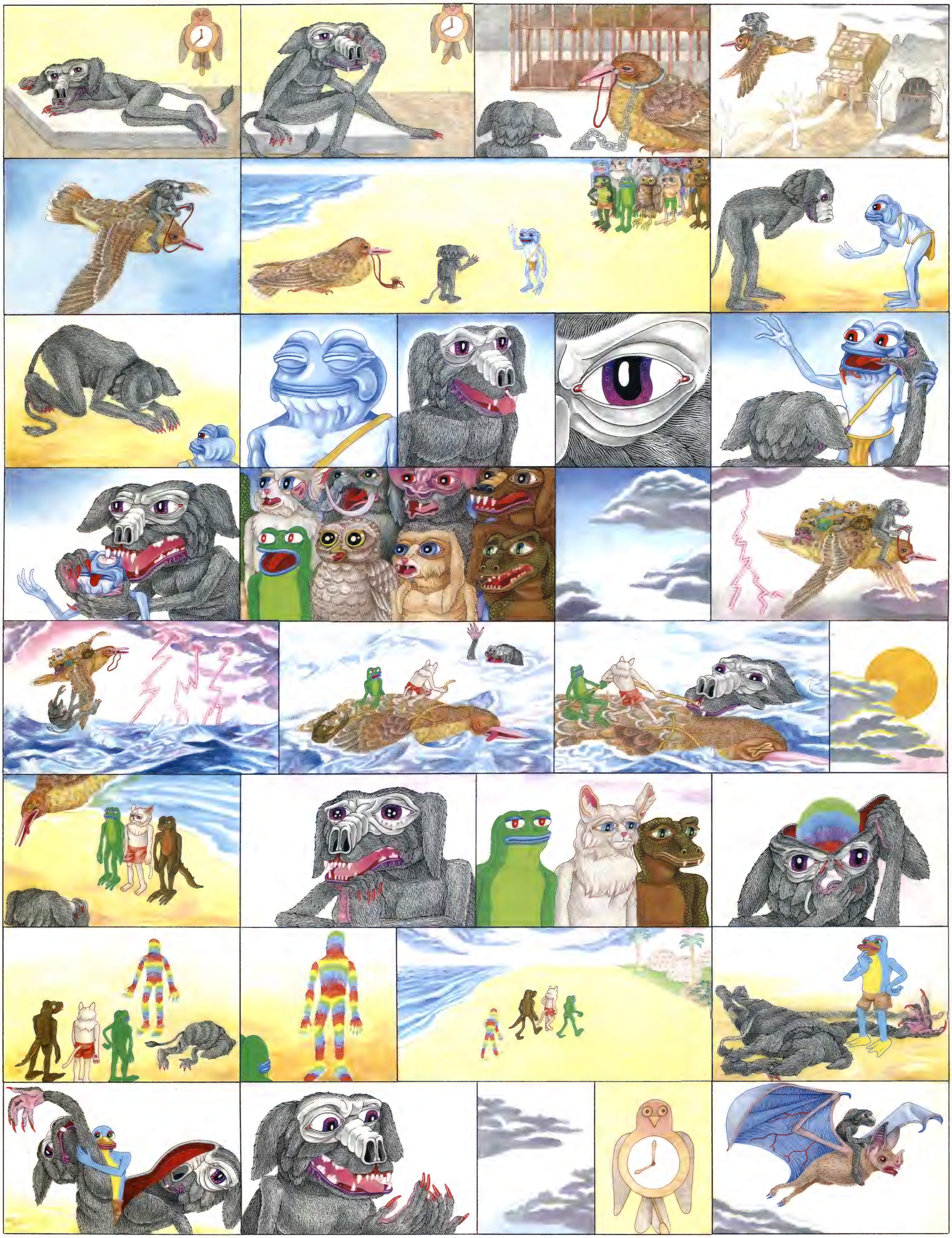


ARE YOU OKAY, HONEY? DO YOU NEED ANYTHING?
HONEY?
NO THANKS MOM, WE'RE FINE!
IF YOU'D JUST BE QUIET SO WE COULD GO TO SLE
WHAT'DYOU SAY, HONEY?
I SAID WE'RE FINE! I'M PUTTING HER TO SLEEP, OKAY?!
YOU'D THINK GRANDMA'D NEVER RAISED A LITTLE GIRL OF HER OWN, WOULDN'T YOU?
WIPE
OH YOU'RE GETTING SO BIG, HONEY...
I'VE BEEN HOME
FOR BARELY A DAY AND ALREADY MY MOM IS DRIVING ME CRAZY...
IF YOU PICK HER UP EVERY TIME SHE CRIES, SHE'LL THINK
ARE YOU SURE HER HEAD HAS ENOUGH SUPPORT? MAYBE IF YOU MOVE
I SHOULDN'T BE SO HARSH WITH HER, I GUESS... I KNOW SHE'S ONLY TRYING TO HELP, AND THAT IT'S HER WAY OF 'CONNECTING' WITH ME, BUT DOES EVERYTHING HAVE TO BE A CRITICISM? IT'D BE NICE IF EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE SHE'D OFFER A COMPLIMENT OR AN ENCOURAGING WORD OR TWO...
I THINK I'M DOING PRETTY WELL, ACTUALLY... NOT EVERYONE WOULD BE ABLE TO TRAVEL, ON A TRAIN ALONE WITH A TEN-MONTH OLD...
OH, WHAT AM I COMPLAINING ABOUT, ANYWAY? SHE'S BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH OVER THE LAST TWO YEARS, I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW SHE'S MANAGED...
I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME IMAGINE WHAT IT'S BEEN LIKE FOR HER, LIVING IN THIS HOUSE ALL ALONE, REMINDERS AND MEMORIES OF DAD AT EVERY TURN...
TAP
I CERTAINLY DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT
TAP
TAP
ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT HER?
YES GODDAMMIT JUST GO OPEN THE DOOR, OKAY?
WHEN I WAS
A LITTLE GIRL, THIS HOUSE WAS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY TREES... MULBERRIES, BOX ELDERS AND OTHER SO-CALLED "INVASIVES" HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO GROW UP SO THICKLY BY THE PREVIOUS OWNER YOU COULD HARDLY SEE OUT THE WINDOWS... I LOVED IT... IT WAS LIKED WE LIVED IN A FOREST, OUR OWN PRIVATE WALT DISNEY WONDERLAND...
DADDY MOMMY I SAW AN ELF I SAW AN ELF!
MY "CINDERELLA GOWN" (A PIECE OF SASH I RAN AROUND IN OUR FIRST SUMMER THERE...
...UNTIL I GOT (OR I SHOULD SAY 'THEY GOT ME') THIS SNOW WHITE DRESS FOR HALLOWEEN)
THE WOODEN DOLLHOUSE MY DAD MADE FOR ME THAT CHRISTMAS
(ACTUAL SIZE)
MY DAD WANTED TO "CLEAN UP" THE YARD, THOUGH, SAYING IT WAS BAD TO HAVE TREES GROWING SO CLOSE TO THE HOUSE, HOW THE ROOTS COULD DAMAGE THE WATER PIPES (OR SOMETHING) BUT I GUESS MAYBE OUT OF LAZINESS OR LACK OF TIME HE MORE OR LESS LEFT IT ALL ALONE... WHICH WAS GREAT FOR ME, A LONELY KID WITH AN OVER-ACTIVE FANTASY LIFE...
I STILL
REMEMBER WHAT A WELCOME SIGHT IT WAS THE NIGHT I CAME HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL AFTER THE SURGERY...
...HOW SAFE AND WARM I FELT, NESTLED BACK INSIDE...
OWW! MOM OWW!
IT'S OKAY, HONEY.. WE'RE ALMOST DONE... WE'RE ALMOST DONE...
MOM
IS IT STILL BLEEDING?
I MEAN, AFTER ALMOST TWO WEEKS IN A HOSPITAL ROOM, FINALLY BEING HOME WAS LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE...
YEAH
YOU'RE DOING IT YOU'RE DOING IT! DADDY, COME SEE!
IN SOME WAYS, THOSE WERE ODDLY HAPPY TIMES, REALLY.. I GUESS I FELT SO CLOSE TO MOM AND DAD THEN... THEY WERE THERE FOR ME EVERY STEP OF THE WAY...
THIS HOUSE IS DARK AND DEPRESSING
GOING BACK
TO SCHOOL WAS ACTUALLY THE HARDEST PART... I'D BEEN GONE FOR SO LONG IT FELT WEIRD, UNFAMILIAR...
AT FIRST, EVERYONE WAS REALLY NICE TO ME, ALMOST OVERLY SO... THE PRETTY GIRLS WHO'D NEVER EVEN GIVEN ME THE TIME OF DAY BEFORE WERE SUDDENLY COMPETING WITH EACH OTHER TO BE MY 'FRIEND'... SADLY, I ATE IT ALL UP, THOUGH WHO WOULDN'T?
I'M CARRYING HER BOOKS!
NO, I AM!
ARE YOU OKAY, HONEY?
YES MA'AM, THANK YOU
HOWEVER, AS TIME WORE ON, THE NOVELTY OF ME WORE THIN, AND AFTER A FEW WEEKS IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE DUST HAD SETTLED AROUND ME... IT WASN'T MEANNESS ON ANYONE'S PART, JUST THE WAY THINGS GO, I GUESS...
IT WASN'T LIKE MY CLASSMATES HAD GIVEN UP ON ME, EITHER, BUT THE AMPUTATION SEEMED TO ONLY AGITATE THE ALREADY CAPRICIOUS CURRENTS OF CHILDHOOD FRIENDSHIP... ONE DAY, I'D FEEL WELCOME, AND THE NEXT I'D BE CAST ASHORE... I SUPPOSE THE NEW GIRL AND I FOUND SOME COMMON GROUND IN OUR MUTUAL UNCERTAINTY...
COME IN, SUZANNE, COME IN!
'SUZANNE,' THAT WAS IT...
YOU GIRLS NEED ANYTHING?
THEN THERE WAS THAT DISASTROUS ATTEMPT AT A SLEEPOVER...
WHICH IS WHY
WHEN THAT NEW GIRL JOINED OUR CLASS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE YEAR, SHE AND I BECAME FAST FRIENDS...
I WISH I COULD REMEMBER HER NAME, THOUGH... FOR SOME REASON I'VE COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN IT... MEGAN? MELISSA?
NO MOM WE'RE FINE!
EVERYTHING HAD BEEN GOING FINE AND WE WERE HAVING LOTS OF FUN, ACTUALLY... IT WAS JUST AFTER WE'D GONE TO BED AND A STORM MOVED IN THAT THINGS GOT WEIRD... THE WIND STARTED KNOCKING A TREEBRANCH AGAINST THE WINDOW AND SHE TOTALLY FREAKED OVER IT...
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
MOM!
SHE THINKS THERE'S A MONSTER
MOMMA!
SHE WAS SO INCONSOLABLE, IN FACT, THAT HER MOM CAME AND GOT HER...
...SO MUCH FOR OUR SLEEPOVER.
LATER, IT TURNED OUT THAT SHE HAD SOME PRETTY BAD EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS, AND SHE'D FALLEN IN WITH A DIFFERENT GROUP OF GIRLS, ANYWAY. SO I DIDN'T LET IT BOTHER ME.. AT THAT POINT I WAS STARTING TO BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH THE UNFAIRNESS OF LIFE AND WAS LEARNING IT WAS BETTER NOT TO EXPECT ANYTHING RATHER THAN SET YOURSELF UP FOR DISAPPOINTMENT... SOMETIMES I WORRY THAT I GREW UP TOO FAST AS A KID...
NO NO NO NO NO NO
HONEY, IT WAS JUST THE TREE BRANCH. THAT'S ALL IT WAS JUST THE TREE BRANCH
DON'T TELL ME I'M PRETTY. I KNOW I'M NOT PRETTY.
THE BAD PART OF THE INCIDENT WAS THAT MY DAD USED IT AS JUSTIFICATION TO FINALLY CUT DOWN MOST OF THE TREES... OR MAYBE I SHOULD SAY HACK DOWN... I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY I CAME HOME TO SEE OUR HOUSE SUDDENLY SO EXPOSED, NAKED... IT LOOKED LIKE WHAT IT WAS, TOO... A MEAN LITTLE BOX ON A MOUND...
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I STARED AT IT...
ALL OF THE SECRET SPOTS AND HIDEAWAYS THAT UNTIL RIGHT THEN HAD SEEMED AS CERTAIN TO ME AS THE SMALL CONSTELLATION OF BIRTHMARKS ON THE INSIDE OF MY WRIST WERE NOW GONE, AS IF THEY'D NEVER EXISTED... I PASSED THROUGH THE NOW-SMALL FRONT YARD INTO THE STRANGE, BRIGHT HOUSE AND OUT TO THE BACK YARD, WHERE MY FATHER WAS CUTTING UP THE BRANCHES INTO SMALLER PIECES WITH A FEROCITY THAT I FOUND UNCHARACTERISTIC, FRIGHTENING...
AT DINNER THAT NIGHT MAYBE HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT IT, BUT IF SO, I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT WAS...
POOR MOM...
SHE
MOM
CREAK
AND
GOING DOWNSTAIRS TO APOLOGIZE TO HER, I BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF TO FIND HER IN THE KITCHEN, LAUGHING OVER SOMETHING SHE'S READ IN THE NEWSPAPER...
MOM?
MOM ARE YOU OKAY?
snnnfffff
DON'T CRY, MOM... I'M HERE... I'M HERE...
OH MOM DON'T CRY..
snff
I'M SORRY...
I'M JUST.. ...IT'S...
THIS HOUSE CAN GET... PRETTY LONELY, Y'KNOW? snf HAHA.. AND IT'S SO GOOD... TO HAVE YOU HERE... AND...
...AND I JUST WISH HE COULD SEE HOW HAPPY YOU ARE NOW, THAT'S ALL...
HE LOVED YOU SO MUCH
MOM
OH MOM
HE LOVED YOU SO MUCH
...AND THE AWFUL PART IS THAT SHE'S RIGHT... I REALLY AM HAPPY... FINALLY. I AM HAPPY.]

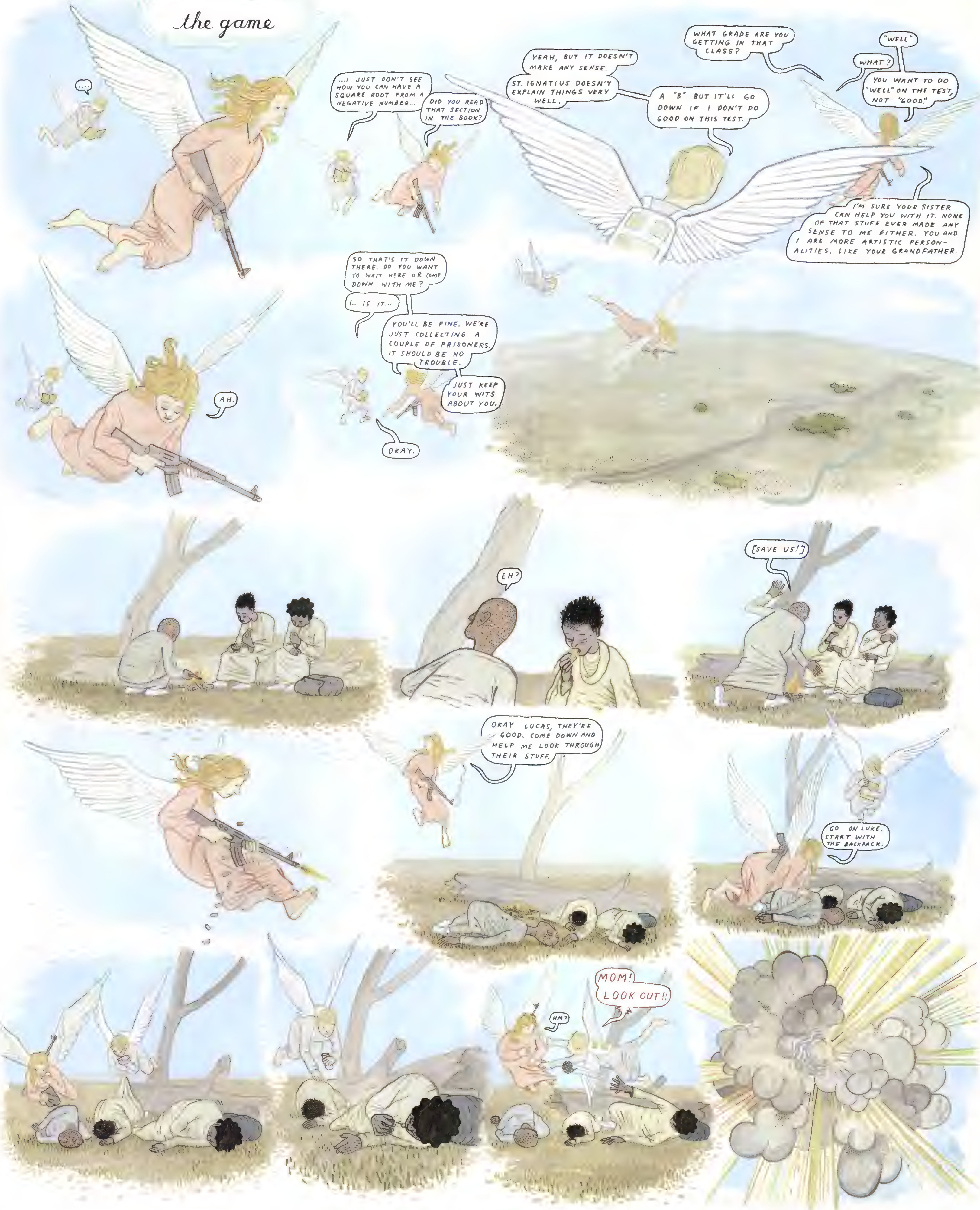

Face with no Borders
there there...
don't be scared
by these teeth
or this nose
or pimples
I know I know
a face is a curse
it says that you are this..
and not that..
but guess what..
you are neither..
let it go let it go
im scared
like the end of halloween
take off your mask
because we're never gonna survive
unless we get a little crazy
but... why does this have to happen?
in the beginning
there was only the endless ocean
why did it explode?
something got scared..
so the first fear made the first man? how do we get back to the ocean?
you have to relax now
let it go, just let it go...
trust me
it's ok
to pee in the ocean

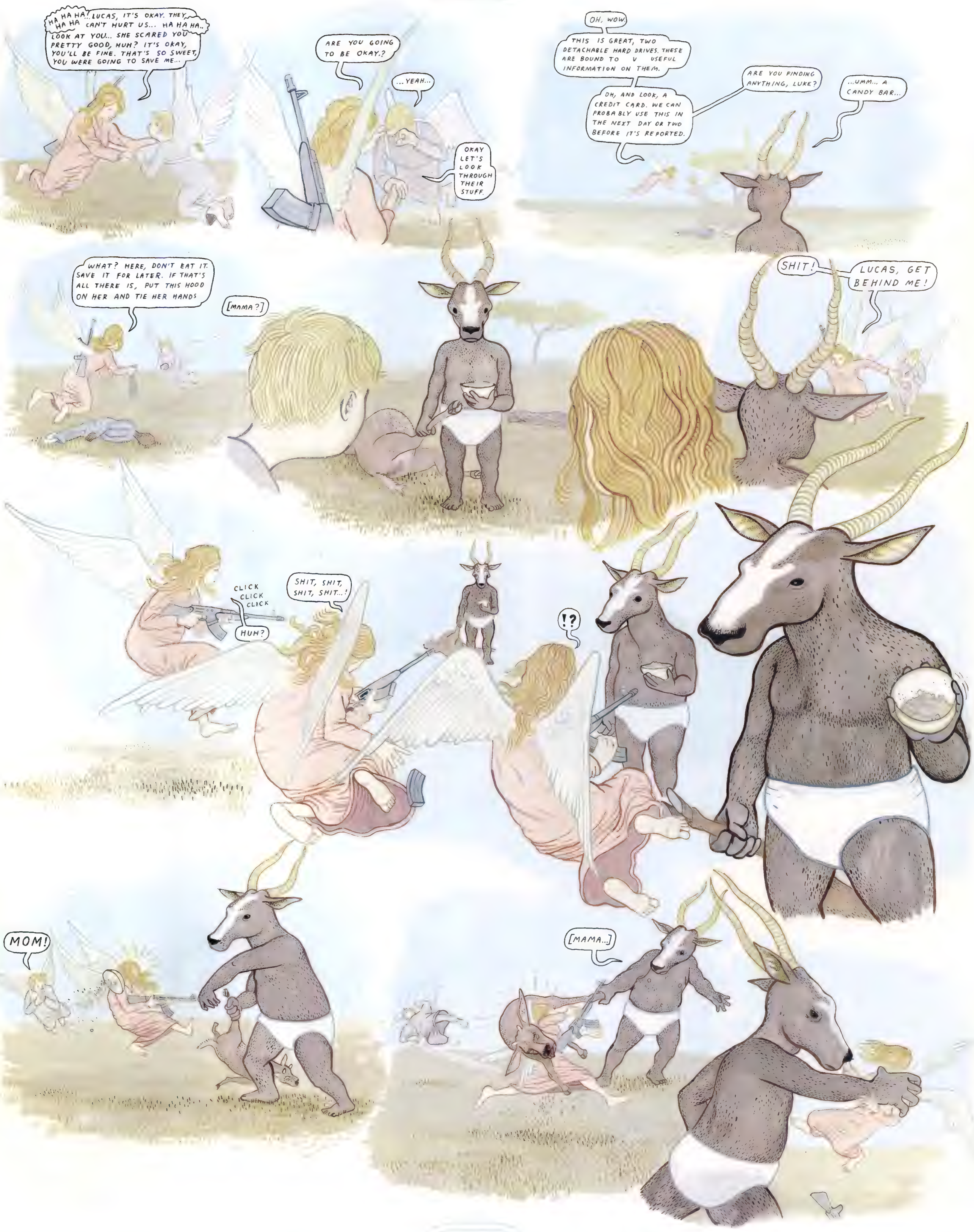

Do you need help walking
by JB
FEB 08 Rutland VT

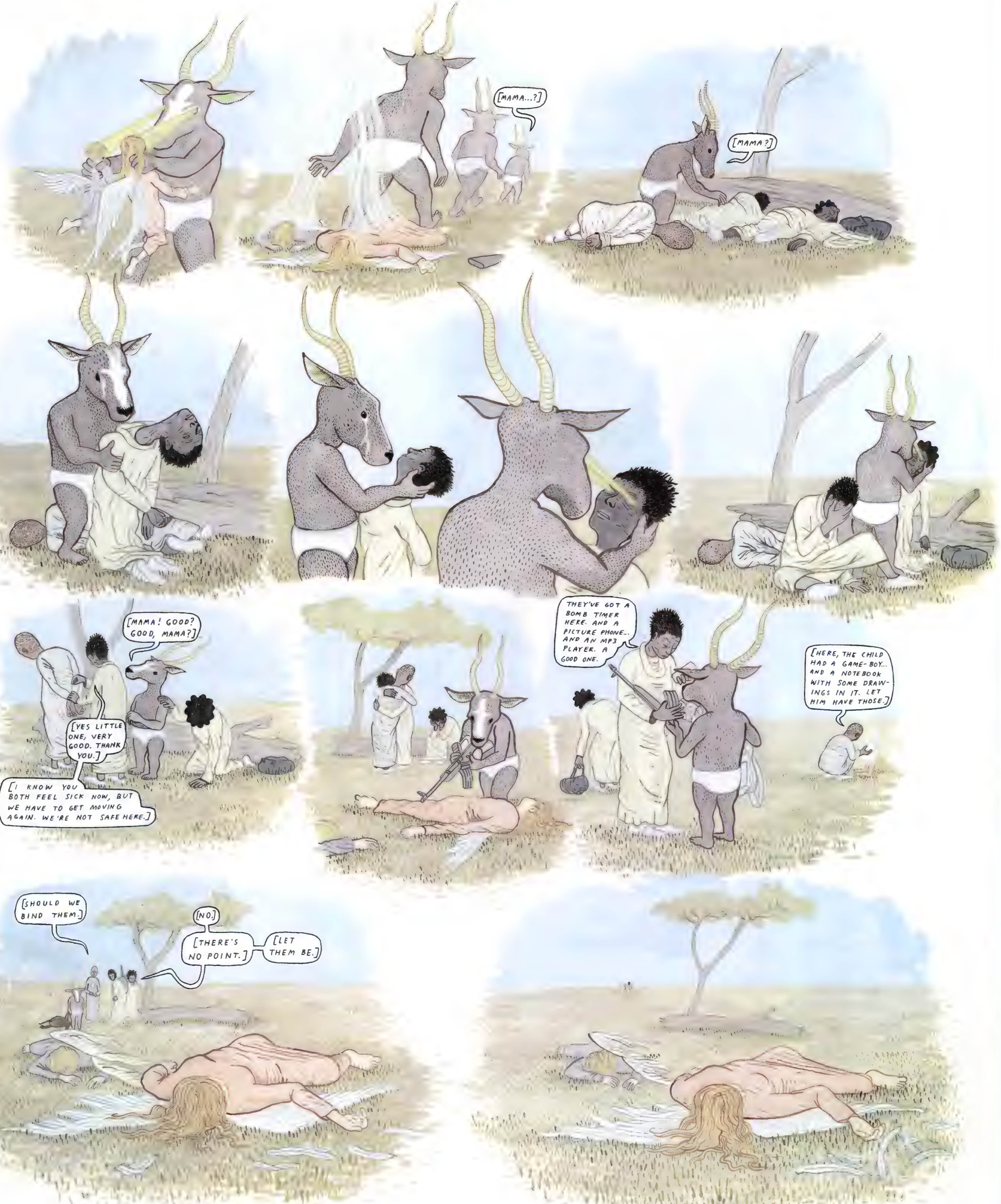

the Toppers
by XAIME 07
WE STILL HAVE ONE MORE COMING.
WHO'S COMING?
CHOFI FROM ACCOUNTING. SHE JUST GOT BACK FROM A FAMILY REUNION IN OXNARD.
I'M FROM OXNARD.
HEY, THAT'S COOL! YOU AND CHOFI...
HI!
HI, CHOFI. HOW WAS THE REUNION?
OH, YOU KNOW. NOTHING EVER CHANGES AT MY FOLKS' HOUSE. THE TOWN ON THE OTHER HAND...
I HEAR ITS ONE OF THE FASTEST GROWING CITIES IN THE U.S.
I BARELY RECOGNIZED IT! THERE ARE THESE CONDOS BUILT WHERE THERE USED TO BE THIS LITTLE STORE WHERE I WOULD BUY ALL MY CANDY AND COMICS! I PRACTICALLY LIVED THERE!
AND I CAN REMEMBER THEIR LITTLE NEON SIGN CLEAR AS DAY...
"CANADY'S GIFT SHOP AND SWEETS." BUT OF COURSE, NOBODY CALLED IT THAT. JUST "CANADY'S."
IT WAS SAD TO SEE NOT EVEN THE OLD BUILDING LEFT, BUT THERE WAS A COOL THING; THERE WAS AN INDENTION IN THE PAVEMENT OUT FRONT WHERE A "CURB YOUR DOG" SIGN USED TO BE.
I CAN STILL PICTURE THE LITTLE PAINTED DOG ON IT. SORT OF A BEAGLE OR A FOX HOUND.
IT WAS SUCH A COMFORTING FEELING HAVING ALL THAT COME BACK TO ME. MY SISTER WAS WITH ME AND WE ACTUALLY STARTED CRYING ON THE STREET.
I DON'T REMEMBER THAT PLACE AT ALL.
OH. HILDA ALSO WAS FROM OXNARD.
REALLY?? I NEVER KNEW THAT! WHAT PART?
THE NORTH END.
THAT'S REALLY A NICE AREA. I LIVED MORE EAST IN THE AREA THEY ALWAYS TOLD YOU NOT TO GO TO.
HA HA!
GOD, JUST TALKING ABOUT CANADY'S MAKES ME SWOON, YOU KNOW? THERE ARE JUST SOME PLACES THAT...
GOOD EVENING, HILDA.
HELLO, PROF.
DON'T TELL ANYONE, BUT TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT.
HAVE FUN.
THEY ALL LAUGHED AT EDISON!
IT WORKS! IT WORKS!
1967
OXNARD CA
05 MINS.
1967!
TACO MIO
ROLLY'S
RESTAURANT
BUIC
CANADY'S GIFT SHOP AND SWEETS
CANADY'S GIFT SHOP AND SWEETS
CURB YOUR DOG
I DON'T SEE IT.
CHOFI, LUNCH AT HUGO'S?
SURE.
WHAT?? YOU WHAT??? Y-YOU...
I STOOD THERE RIGHT IN FRONT OF IT.
I SAW THE STORE SIGN AND THE DOG SIGN, AS WELL.
HOW...?
DO YOU THINK THE PROF...?
SORRY, THE PROF. AND I HAD A SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.
MY GOD, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT I'D GIVE FOR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?? IT'S JUST MINDBOGGLING! TO SEE GRUMPY OLD MR. CANADY AND HIS WIFE! I'D JUST DIE...
HILDA!
I KNOW WHAT YOU DID AND I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE TO ARREST YOU FOR TRESPASSING!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE.
OH, WOULDN'T I? THIS IS THE MARVEL OF THE AGE AND YOU MAY HAVE DAMAGED IT, OR...
HELLO, POLICE?
....
BACK TO 1967!
CANADY'S GIFT SHOP AND SWEETS
I STILL DON'T SEE IT.
FIN

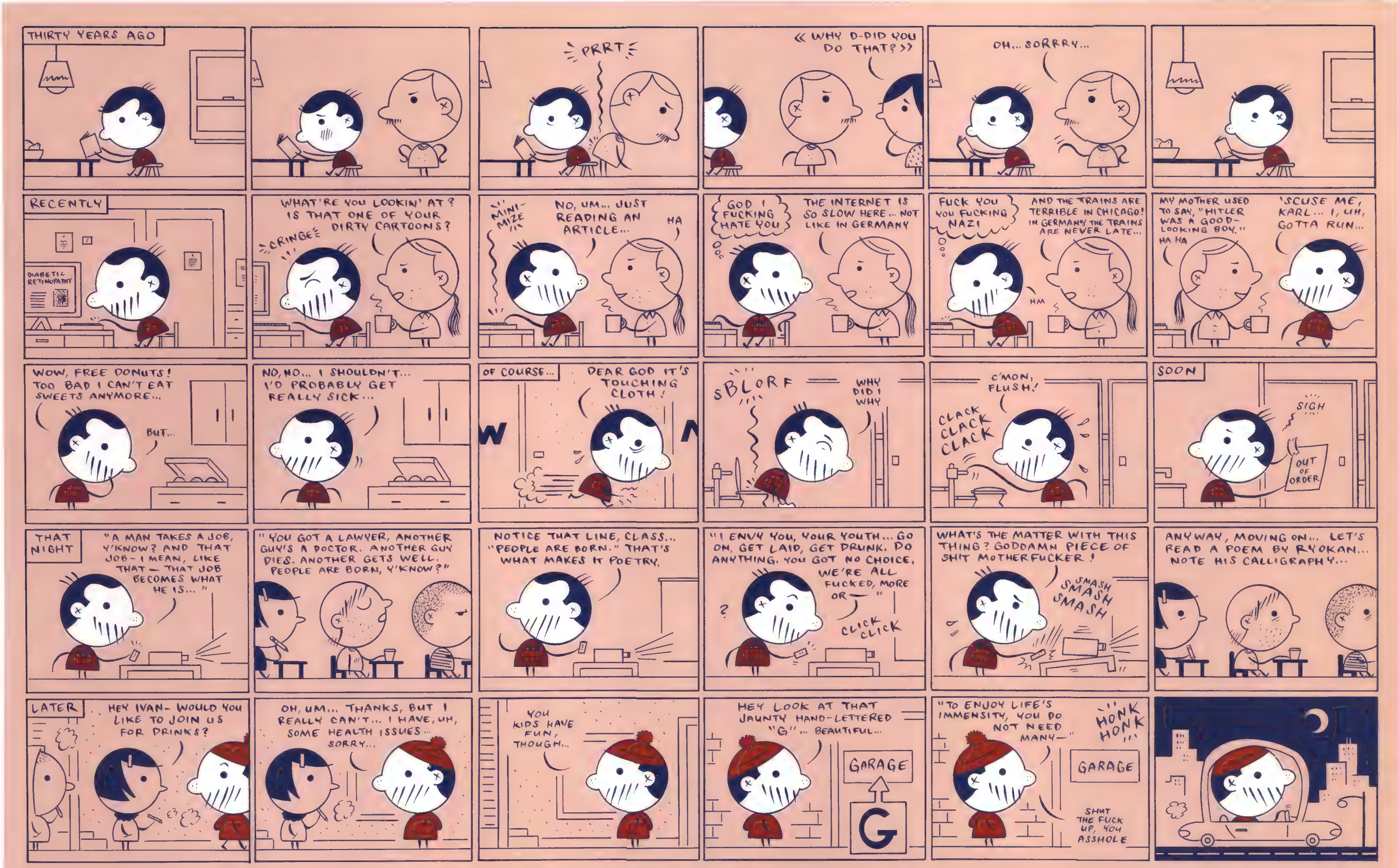


the game

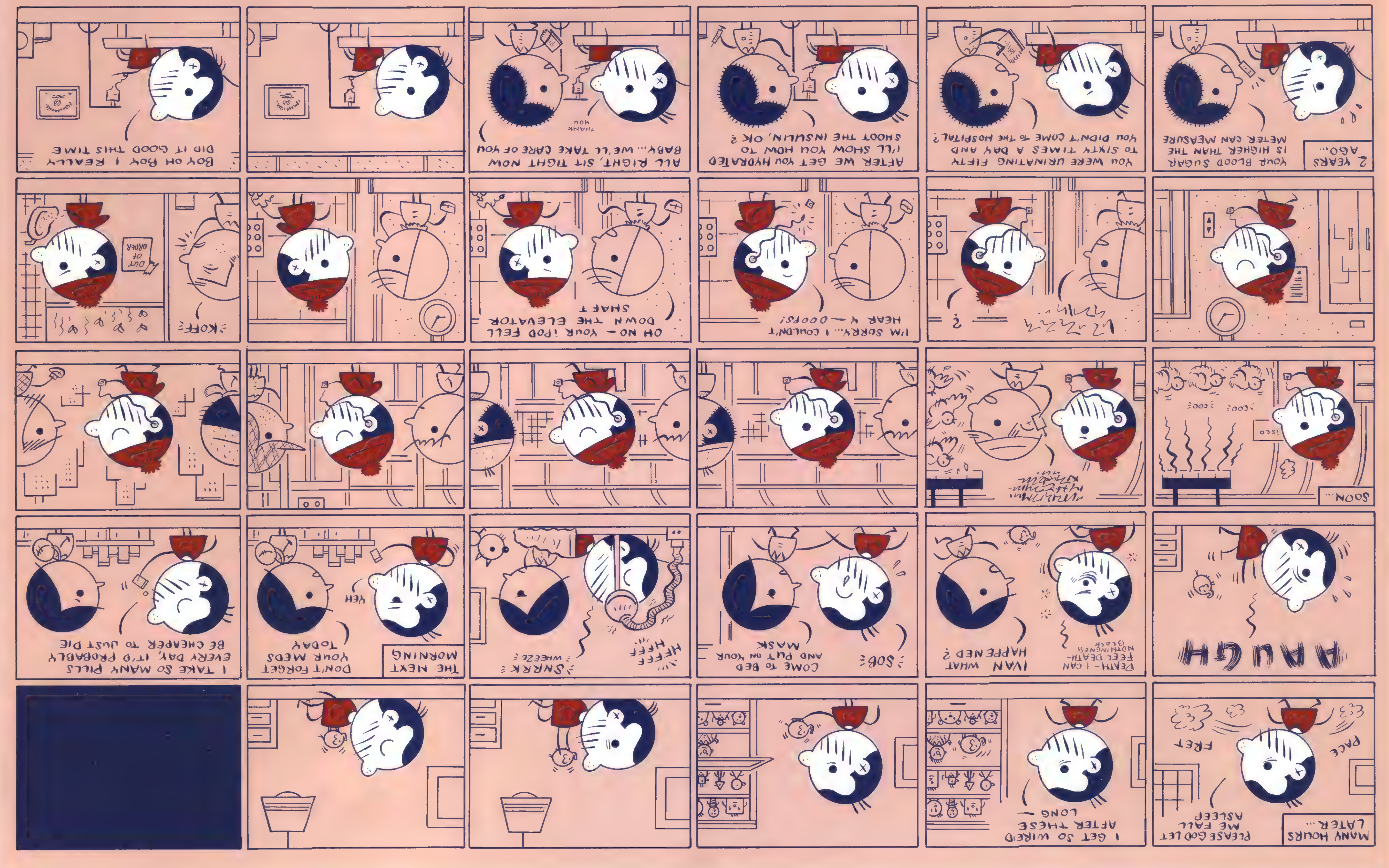

...
...I JUST DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN HAVE A SQUARE ROOT FROM A NEGATIVE NUMBER...
DID YOU READ THAT SECTION IN THE BOOK?
YEAH, BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.
ST. IGNATIUS DOESN'T EXPLAIN THINGS VERY WELL.
WHAT GRADE ARE YOU GETTING IN THAT CLASS?
A "B" BUT IT'LL GO DOWN IF I DON'T DO GOOD ON THIS TEST.
"WELL."
WHAT?
YOU WANT TO DO "WELL" ON THE TEST, NOT "GOOD."
I'M SURE YOUR SISTER CAN HELP YOU WITH IT. NONE OF THAT STUFF EVER MADE ANY SENSE TO ME EITHER. YOU AND I ARE MORE ARTISTIC PERSONALITIES. LIKE YOUR GRANDFATHER.
AH.
SO THAT'S IT DOWN THERE. DO YOU WANT TO WAIT HERE OR COME DOWN WITH ME?
I... IS IT...
YOU'LL BE FINE. WE'RE JUST COLLECTING A COUPLE OF PRISONERS. IT SHOULD BE NO TROUBLE.
JUST KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU.
OKAY.
EH?
[SAVE US!]
OKAY LUCAS, THEY'RE GOOD. COME DOWN AND HELP ME LOOK THROUGH THEIR STUFF.
GO ON LUKE. START WITH THE BACKPACK.
HM?
MOM! LOOK OUT!!

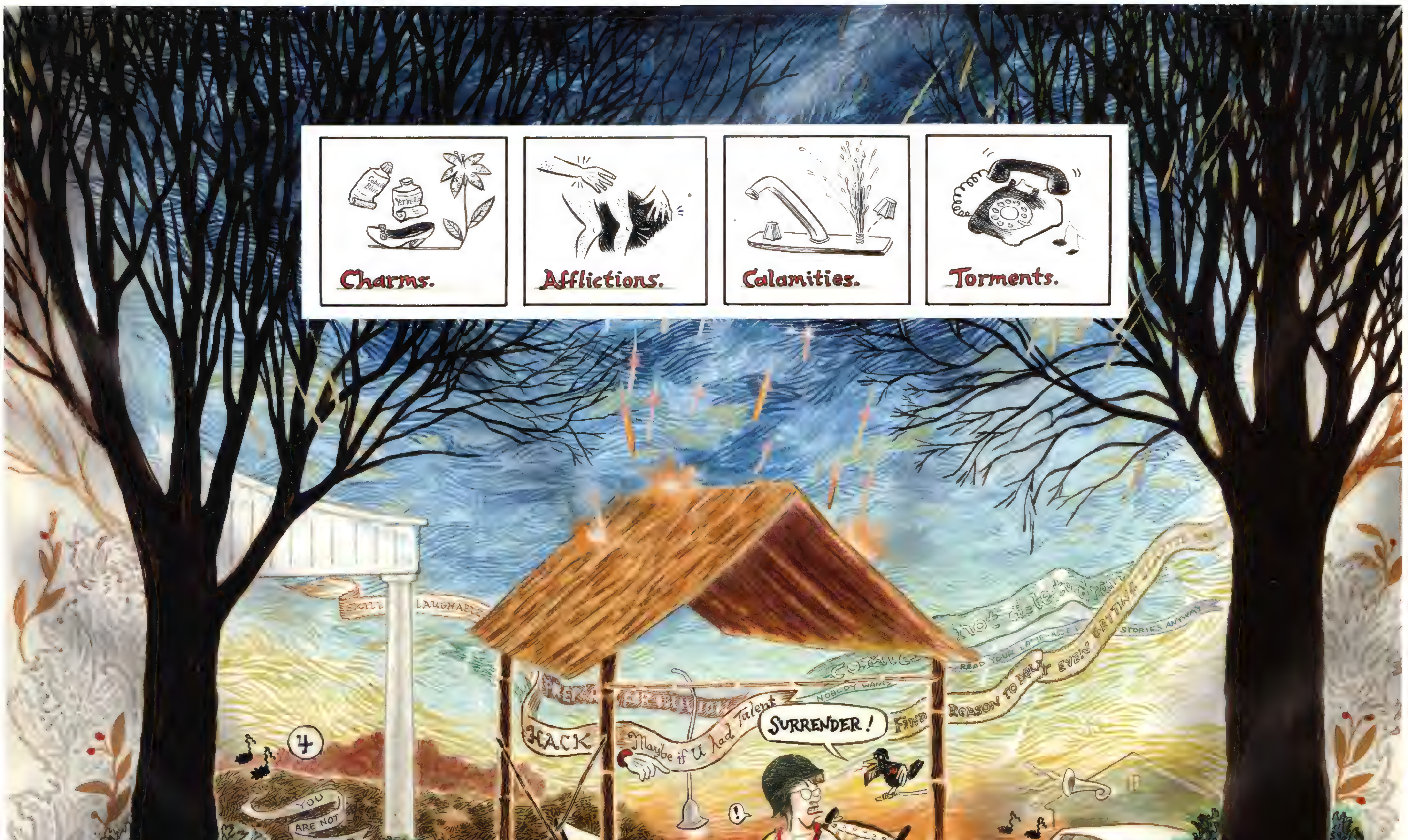

HA HA HA! ...LUCAS, IT'S OKAY. THEY HA HA CAN'T HURT US... HA HA HA.. LOOK AT YOU... SHE SCARED YOU PRETTY GOOD, HUH? IT'S OKAY, YOU'LL BE FINE. THAT'S SO SWEET, YOU WERE GOING TO SAVE ME...
ARE YOU GOING TO BE OKAY.?
...YEAH...
OKAY LET'S LOOK THROUGH THEIR STUFF.
OH, WOW.
THIS IS GREAT, TWO DETACHABLE HARD DRIVES. THESE ARE BOUND TO V USEFUL INFORMATION ON THEM.
OH, AND LOOK, A CREDIT CARD. WE CAN PROBABLY USE THIS IN THE NEXT DAY OR TWO BEFORE IT'S REPORTED.
ARE YOU FINDING ANYTHING, LUKE?
...UMM... A CANDY BAR...
WHAT? HERE, DON'T EAT IT. SAVE IT FOR LATER. IF THAT'S ALL THERE IS, PUT THIS HOOD ON HER AND TIE HER HANDS
[MAMA?]
SHIT!
LUCAS, GET BEHIND ME!
CLICK CLICK CLICK
HUH?
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT...!
!?
MOM!
[MAMA...]


[MAMA...?]
[MAMA?]
[MAMA! GOOD? GOOD, MAMA?]
[YES LITTLE ONE, VERY GOOD. THANK YOU.]
[I KNOW YOU BOTH FEEL SICK NOW, BUT WE HAVE TO GET MOVING AGAIN. WE'RE NOT SAFE HERE.]
THEY'VE GOT A BOMB TIMER HERE. AND A PICTURE PHONE... AND AN MP3 PLAYER. A GOOD ONE.
[HERE, THE CHILD HAD A GAME-BOY... AND A NOTEBOOK WITH SOME DRAWINGS IN IT. LET HIM HAVE THOSE.]
[SHOULD WE BIND THEM.]
[NO.]
[THERE'S NO POINT.]
[LET THEM BE.]


THIRTY YEARS AGO
PRRT
« WHY D-DID YOU DO THAT? »
OH... SORRRY...
RECENTLY
DIABETIC RETINOPATHY
WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT? IS THAT ONE OF YOUR DIRTY CARTOONS?
CRINGE
MINI-MIZE
NO, UM... JUST READING AN ARTICLE...
HA
GOD I FUCKING HATE YOU
THE INTERNET IS SO SLOW HERE... NOT LIKE IN GERMANY
FUCK YOU YOU FUCKING NAZI
AND THE TRAINS ARE TERRIBLE IN CHICAGO! IN GERMANY THE TRAINS ARE NEVER LATE...
HM
MY MOTHER USED TO SAY, "HITLER WAS A GOOD-LOOKING BOY." HA HA
'SCUSE ME, KARL... I, UH, GOTTA RUN...
WOW, FREE DONUTS! TOO BAD I CAN'T EAT SWEETS ANYMORE...
BUT...
NO, NO... I SHOULDN'T... I'D PROBABLY GET REALLY SICK...
OF COURSE...
DEAR GOD IT'S TOUCHING CLOTH!
SBLORF
WHY DID I WHY
C'MON, FLUSH!
CLACK CLACK CLACK
SOON
SIGH
OUT OF ORDER
THAT NIGHT
"A MAN TAKES A JOB, Y'KNOW? AND THAT JOB – I MEAN, LIKE THAT – THAT JOB BECOMES WHAT HE IS..."
"YOU GOT A LAWYER, ANOTHER GUY'S A DOCTOR. ANOTHER GUY DIES. ANOTHER GETS WELL. PEOPLE ARE BORN, Y'KNOW?"
NOTICE THAT LINE, CLASS... "PEOPLE ARE BORN." THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT POETRY.
"I ENVY YOU, YOUR YOUTH... GO ON, GET LAID, GET DRUNK. DO ANYTHING. YOU GOT NO CHOICE. WE'RE ALL FUCKED, MORE OR—"
?
CLICK CLICK
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS THING? GODDAMN PIECE OF SHIT MOTHERFUCKER!
SMASH SMASH SMASH
ANYWAY, MOVING ON... LET'S READ A POEM BY RYOKAN... NOTE HIS CALLIGRAPHY...
LATER
HEY IVAN- WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN US FOR DRINKS?
OH, UM... THANKS, BUT I REALLY CAN'T... I HAVE, UH, SOME HEALTH ISSUES... SORRY...
YOU KIDS HAVE FUN, THOUGH...
HEY LOOK AT THAT JAUNTY HAND-LETTERED "G"... BEAUTIFUL...
GARAGE
G
"TO ENJOY LIFE'S IMMENSITY, YOU DO NOT NEED MANY—"
HONK HONK
GARAGE
SHUT THE FUCK UP, YOU ASSHOLE

AMERICAN SPLENDA


MANY HOURS LATER...
PLEASE GOD LET ME FALL ASLEEP
PACE
FRET
I GET SO WIRED AFTER THESE LONG —
AAUGH
DEATH – I CAN FEEL DEATH – NOTHINGNESS BLACK
IVAN WHAT HAPPENED?
SOB
COME TO BED AND PUT ON YOUR MASK
HFFFF HFFF
SNRRK WHEEZE
THE NEXT MORNING
DON'T FORGET YOUR MEDS TODAY
YEH
I TAKE SO MANY PILLS EVERY DAY, IT'D PROBABLY BE CHEAPER TO JUST DIE
SOON...
COO COO
?
I'M SORRY... I COULDN'T HEAR Y — OOOPS!
OH NO – YOUR IPOD FELL DOWN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT
KOFF
OUT OF ORDER
2 YEARS AGO...
YOUR BLOOD SUGAR IS HIGHER THAN THE METER CAN MEASURE
YOU WERE URINATING FIFTY TO SIXTY TIMES A DAY AND YOU DIDN'T COME TO THE HOSPITAL?
AFTER WE GET YOU HYDRATED I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO SHOOT THE INSULIN, OK?
ALL RIGHT, SIT TIGHT NOW BABY... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU
THANK YOU
BOY OH BOY I REALLY DID IT GOOD THIS TIME


Charms.
Afflictions.
Calamities.
Torments.
SKILL
LAUGHABLE
HACK
Maybe if U had Talent
SURRENDER!
NOBODY WANTS
COMICS
FIND REASON TO DELAY EVEN GETTING
READ YOUR LAME-ASS
STORIES ANYWAY
YOU ARE NOT INVITED
4
1
2
3

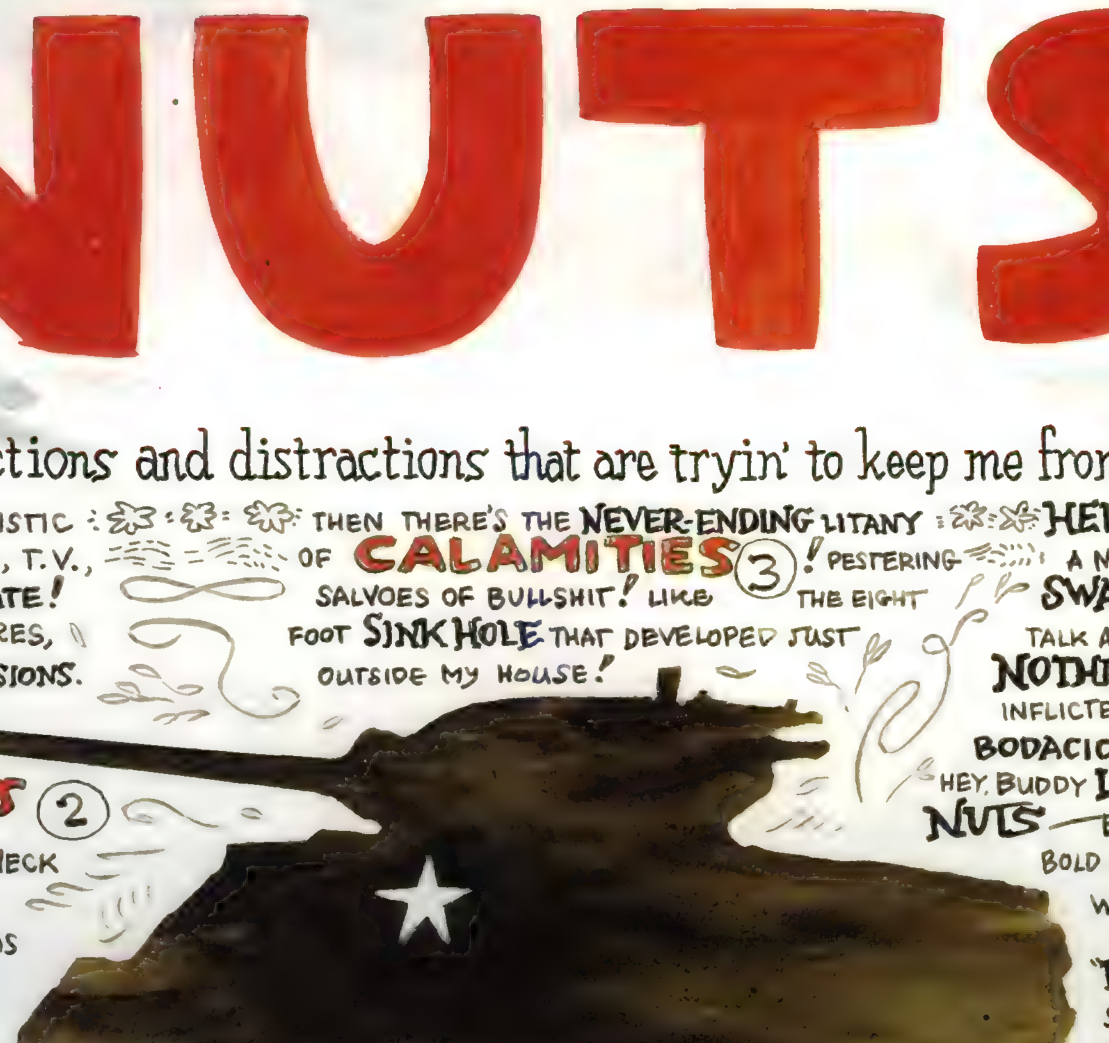
"NUTS!"

I refuse to give in to the addictions and distractions that are tryin' to keep me from finishing my comix masterpiece!

BEGINNING WITH THOSE **BEGUILING**, HEDONISTIC **CHARMS** ① SUCH AS OIL PAINTING, T.V., GARDENING, FASHION AND **CHOCOLATE**! AS A **CARTOONIST** FACING DEADLINE PRESSURES, THERE SIMPLY IS **NO** INDULGING THESE **PASSIONS**. TRUTH BE TOLD! = BUT I **DO**! = GULP

SECONDLY, THERE'S THESE INSIDIOUS ACHES, THE PAINS, THE **AFFLICTIONS** ② TRYING TO BRING ME DOWN, AND IT'S ALL FROM THAT **DEMON** OLD AGE BREATHIN' DOWN MY NECK (THAT **MO-FO**!)!! ARTHRITIS, **TENDONITIS**, POOR CIRCULATION, REFLUX, UNSEXY-NESS AS DEPICTED ABOVE (!). HIT ME ALL AT ONCE IN A **SNEAK ATTACK**! **BASTARDS**! BAD POSTURE FROM BEING **HUNCHED OVER** THE DRAWING TABLE, **JUNK FOOD** (YUMMY) AND LACK OF ADEQUATE EXERCISE ARE **COMING HOME** TO **ROOST**. DAMMIT! = I ♥ ICE CREAM CONES.

THEN THERE'S THE **NEVER-ENDING** LITANY OF **CALAMITIES** ③! PESTERING SALVOES OF BULLSHIT! LIKE THE EIGHT FOOT **SINK HOLE** THAT DEVELOPED JUST OUTSIDE MY HOUSE!



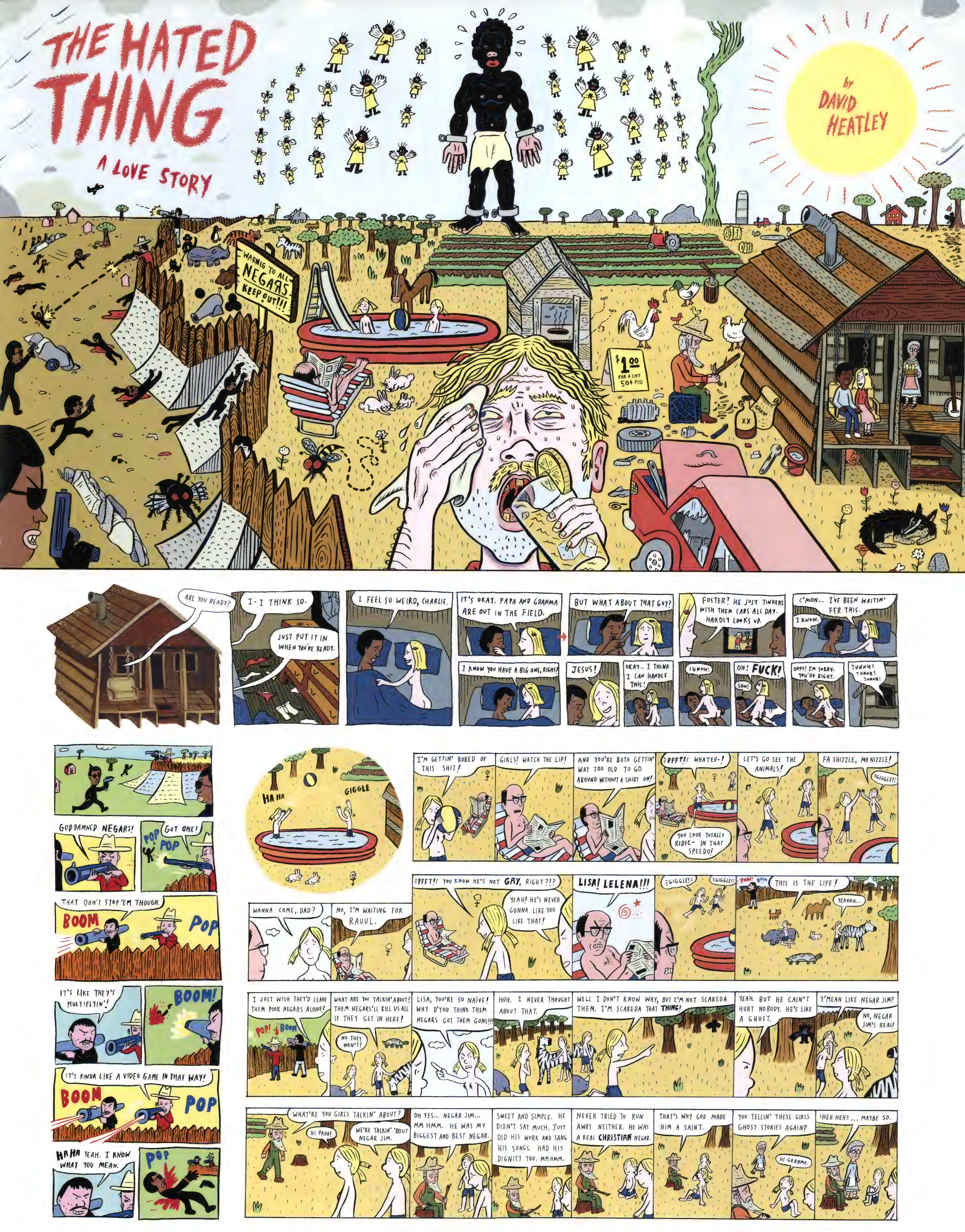
HELLFIRE!! ALL I COULD IMAGINE WAS THAT THIS WAS A NEW, UNDISCOVERED **CAVE** SENT BY THE COSMOS TO **SWALLOW UP** MY ORIGINAL ART. AND THE **DOGS**, TOO! TALK ABOUT DESTROYING MY **PEACE OF MIND**. BUT THIS IS **NOTHING** COMPARED TO THE **TORMENT** ④ INFLICTED BY MY **NEXT-DOOR** NEIGHBOR, WHO LIKES TO **BODACIOUSLY** BLAST OUT THOSE TIRED OLD R&B STANDARDS HEY, BUDDY **I'M** THE ONLY SEX MACHINE AROUND HERE! DRIVING ME **NUTS** — BUT.. THAT'S **NOT** WHY THE WORD APPEARS HERE IN BOLD RED LETTERS. RATHER, IT'S THIS: DEC.'44, WORLD WAR II. THE OUTCOME IN **EUROPE** HINGED UPON HITLER'S LAST BIG OFFENSIVE KNOWN AS THE **"BATTLE OF THE BULGE."** THE GERMANS HAD SURROUNDED THE G.I.s IN **BASTOGNE** AND DEMANDED A **SURRENDER**! GENERAL ANTHONY McAULIFFE'S OFFICIAL RESPONSE: **NUTS!** WHICH BECAME THE BYWORD FOR THE **FIGHTING SPIRIT**, THAT SAYS **F-YOU**, I WILL **NOT** QUIT!

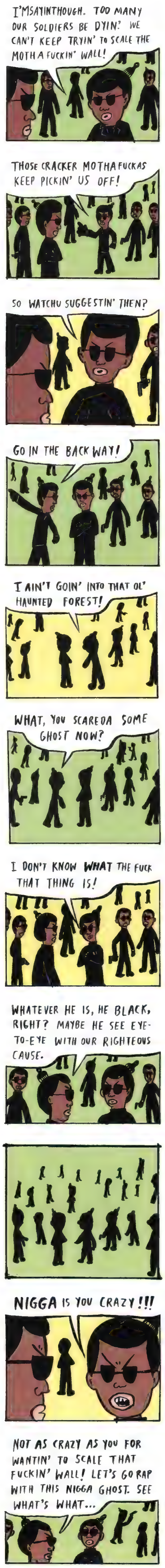
C. Tyler '07

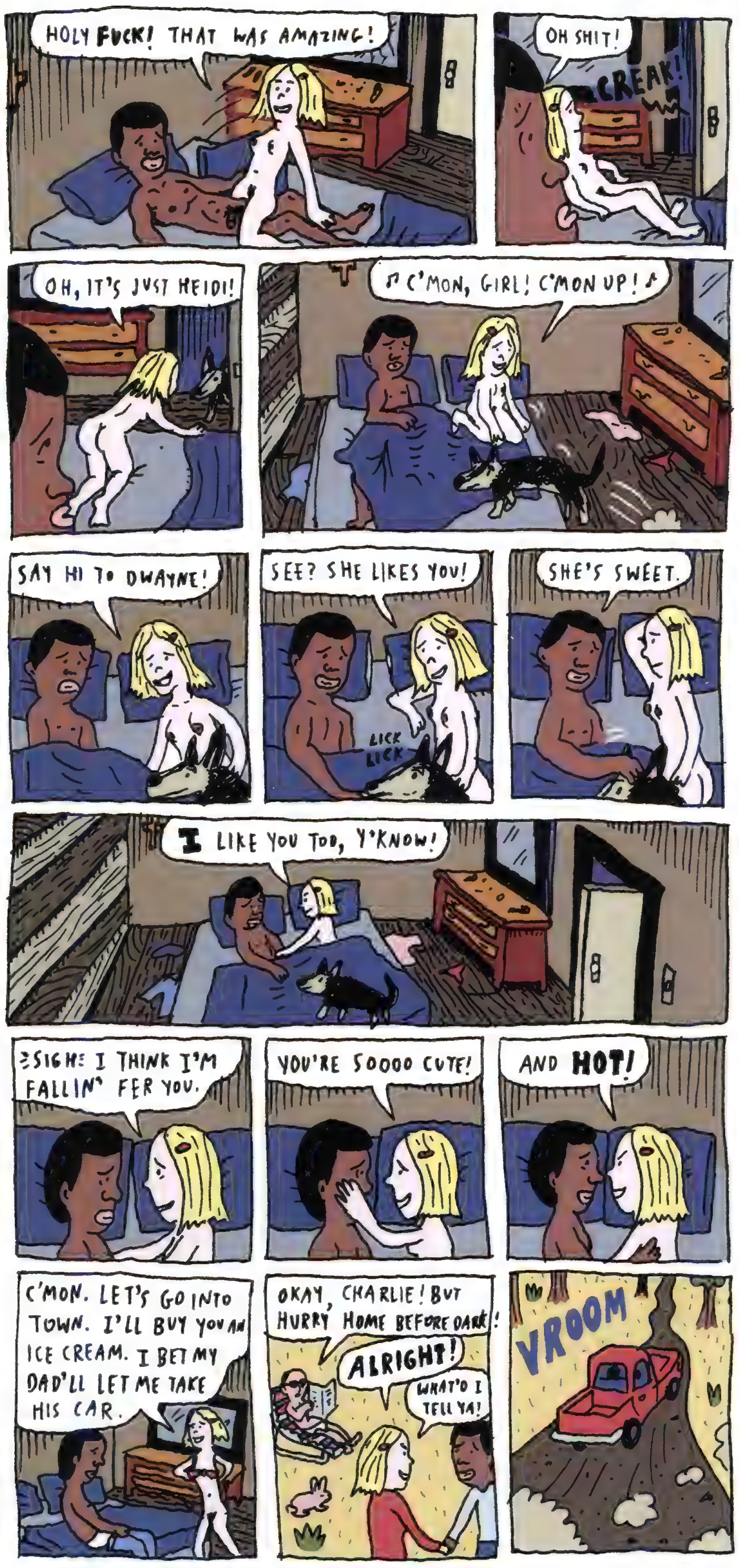
THE HATED THING

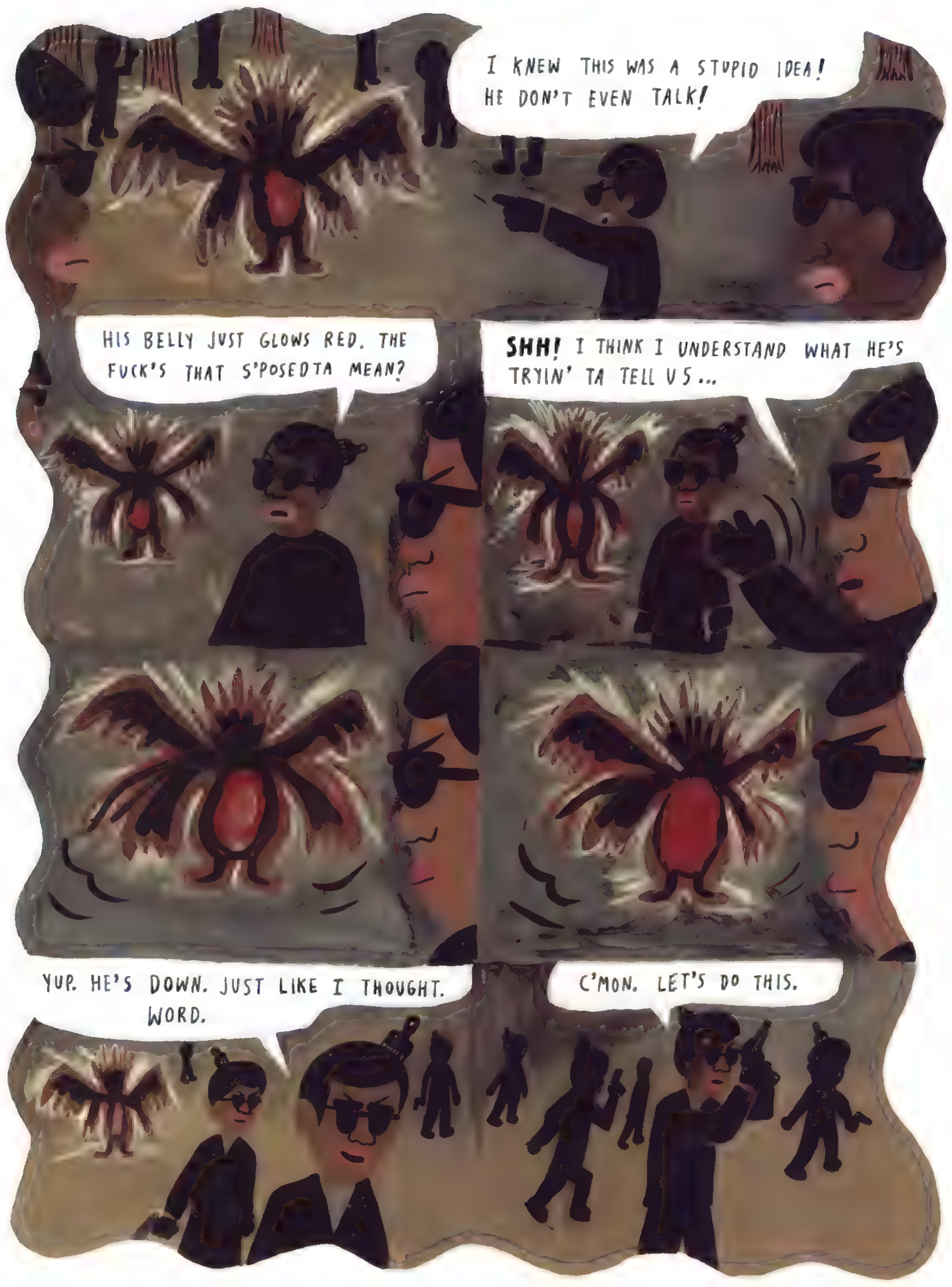
A LOVE STORY

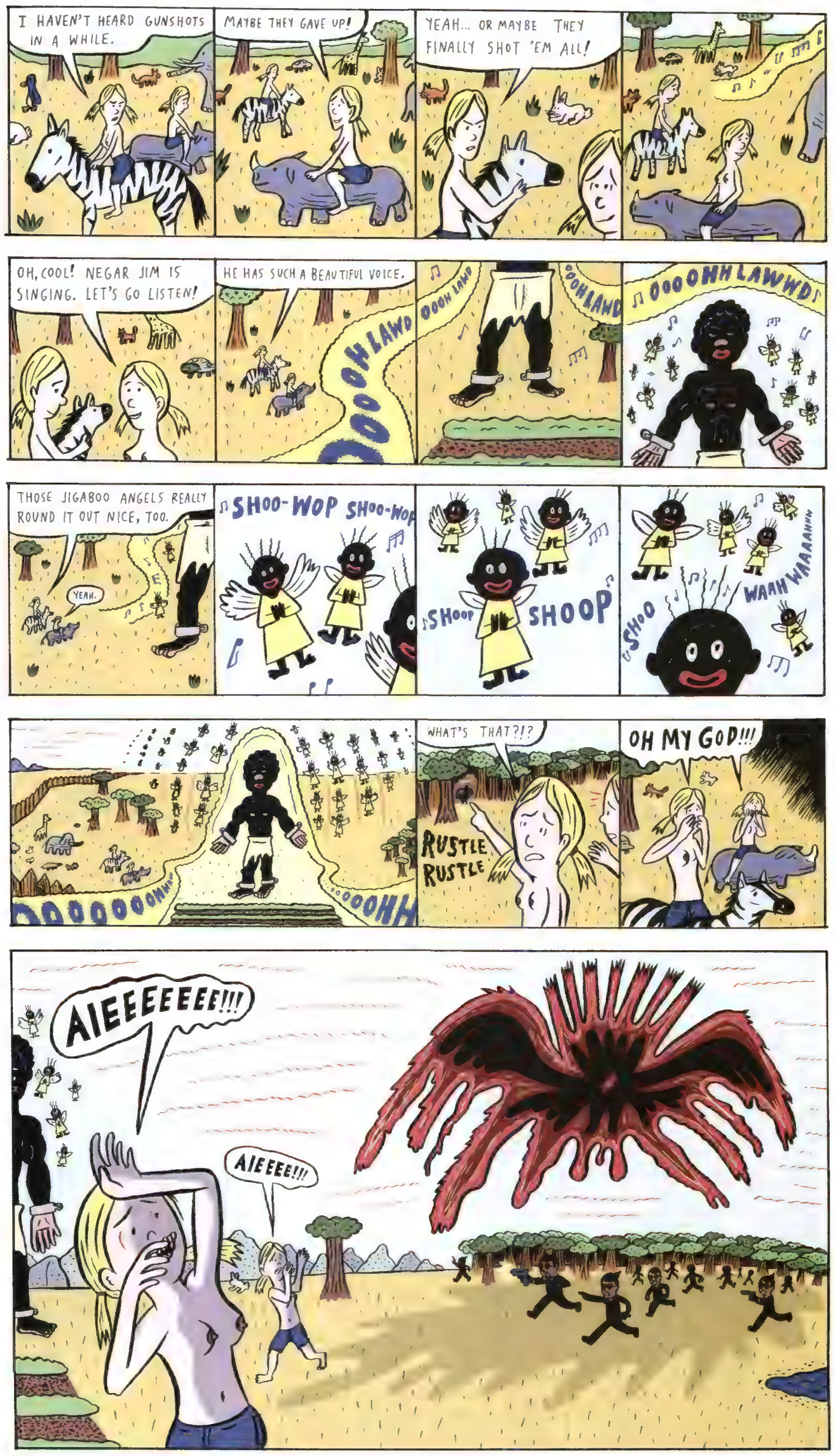
by DAVID HEATLEY

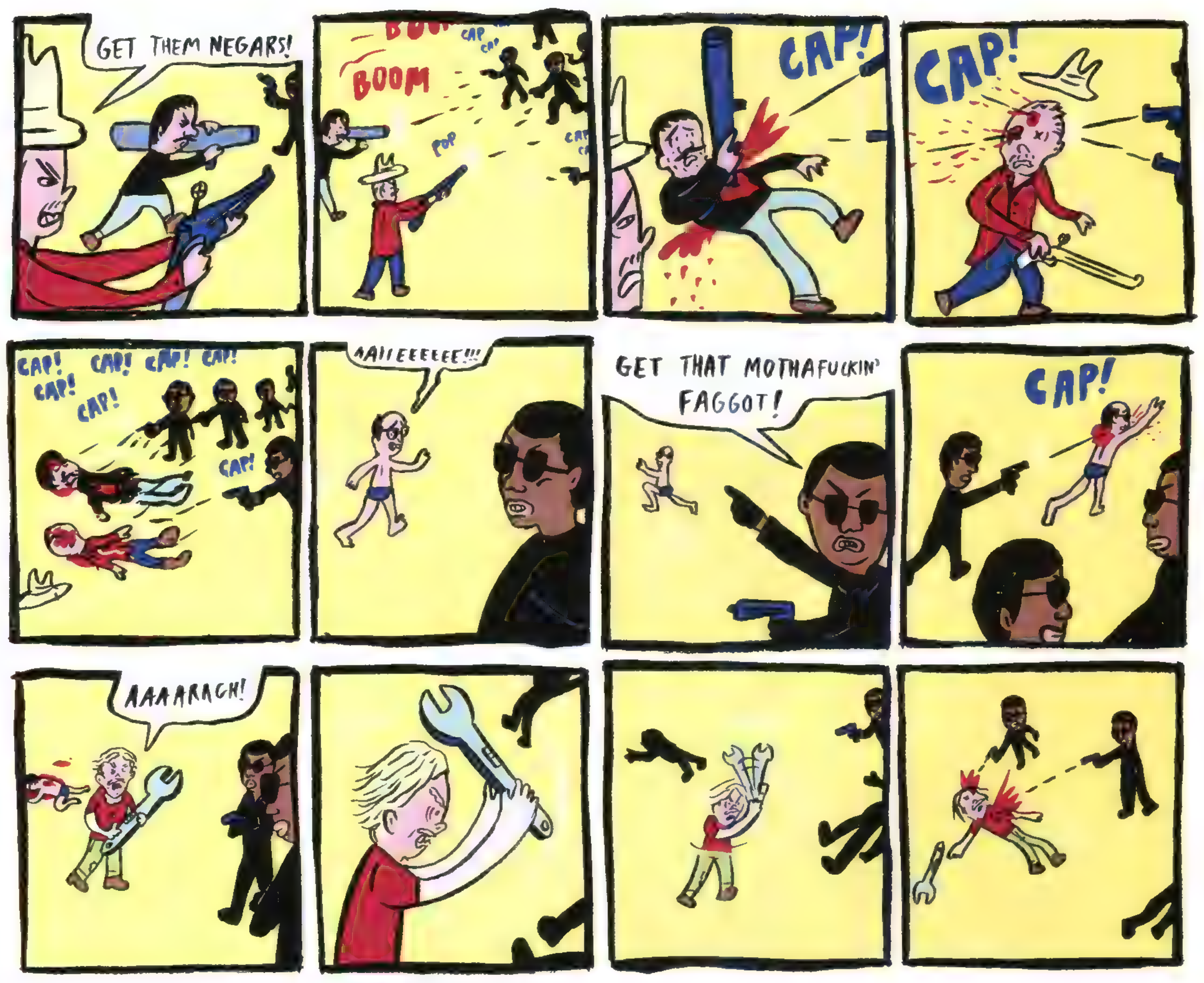

WARNIG TO ALL NEGARS KEEP OUT!!!
$1.00 FOR A SHIT 50¢ PISS
XX
GRAW
ARE YOU READY?
I-I THINK SO.
JUST PUT IT IN WHEN YOU'RE READY.
I FEEL SO WEIRD, CHARLIE.
IT'S OKAY. PAPA AND GRANMA ARE OUT IN THE FIELD.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY?
FOSTER? HE JUST TINKERS WITH THEM CARS ALL DAY. HARDLY LOOKS UP.
C'MON... I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FER THIS.
I KNOW.
I KNOW YOU HAVE A BIG ONE, RIGHT?
JESUS!
OKAY... I THINK I CAN HANDLE THIS!
UNNH!
OH! FUCK!
SAH!
OOPS! I'M SORRY. YOU'RE RIGHT.
UNNH! UNNH! UNNH!
GOD DAMNED NEGARS!
GOT ONE!
POP POP
THAT DON'T STOP 'EM THOUGH.
BOOM
POP
IT'S LIKE THEY'S MULTIPLYIN'!
BOOM!
IT'S KINDA LIKE A VIDEO GAME IN THAT WAY!
BOOM
POP
HAHA YEAH. I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
POP
HA HA
GIGGLE
I'M GETTIN' BORED OF THIS SHIT!
GIRLS! WATCH THE LIP!
AND YOU'RE BOTH GETTIN' WAY TOO OLD TO GO AROUND WITHOUT A SHIRT ON!
PFFT! WHATEV-!
YOU LOOK TOTALLY RIDIC- IN THAT SPEEDO!
LET'S GO SEE THE ANIMALS!
FA SHIZZLE, MA NIZZLE!
GIGGLE!
WANNA COME, DAD?
NO, I'M WAITING FOR RAUUL.
PFFT! YOU KNOW HE'S NOT GAY, RIGHT?!?
YEAH! HE'S NEVER GONNA LIKE YOU LIKE THAT!
LISA! LELENA!!!
GIGGLE!
GIGGLE!
POW! BOOM
THIS IS THE LIFE!
YEAHHH....
I JUST WISH THEY'D LEAVE THEM POOR NEGARS ALONE!
POP! BOOM
WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? THEM NEGARS'LL KILL US ALL IF THEY GET IN HERE!
NO THEY WON'T!
LISA, YOU'RE SO NAÏVE! WHY D'YOU THINK THEM NEGARS GOT THEM GUNS?!?
HUH. I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THAT.
WELL I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I'M NOT SCAREDA THEM. I'M SCAREDA THAT THING!
YEAH. BUT HE CAIN'T HURT NOBODY. HE'S LIKE A GHOST.
Y'MEAN LIKE NEGAR JIM?
NO, NEGAR JIM'S REAL!
WHAT'RE YOU GIRLS TALKIN' ABOUT?
HI PAPA!
WE'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT NEGAR JIM.
OH YES... NEGAR JIM... MM HMM. HE WAS MY BIGGEST AND BEST NEGAR.
SWEET AND SIMPLE. HE DIDN'T SAY MUCH. JUST DID HIS WORK AND SANG HIS SONGS. HAD HIS DIGNITY TOO. MMHMM.
NEVER TRIED TO RUN AWAY NEITHER. HE WAS A REAL CHRISTIAN NEGAR.
THAT'S WHY GOD MADE HIM A SAINT.
YOU TELLIN' THESE GIRLS GHOST STORIES AGAIN?
HI GRANMA.
HEH HEH ... MAYBE SO.

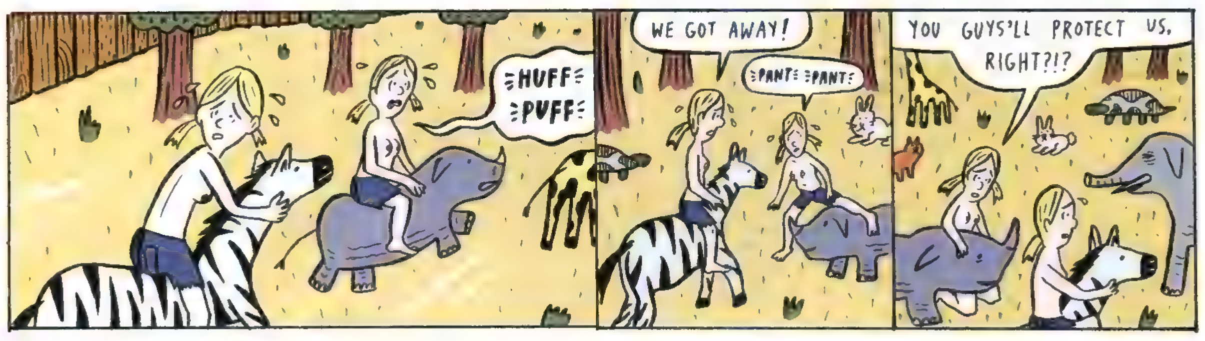

I'MSAYINTHOUGH. TOO MANY OUR SOLDIERS BE DYIN'. WE CAN'T KEEP TRYIN' TO SCALE THE MOTHA FUCKIN' WALL!
THOSE CRACKER MOTHAFUCKAS KEEP PICKIN' US OFF!
SO WATCHU SUGGESTIN' THEN?
GO IN THE BACK WAY!
I AIN'T GOIN' INTO THAT OL' HAUNTED FOREST!
WHAT, YOU SCAREDA SOME GHOST NOW?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK THAT THING IS!
WHATEVER HE IS, HE BLACK, RIGHT? MAYBE HE SEE EYE-TO-EYE WITH OUR RIGHTEOUS CAUSE.
NIGGA IS YOU CRAZY!!!
NOT AS CRAZY AS YOU FOR WANTIN' TO SCALE THAT FUCKIN' WALL! LET'S GO RAP WITH THIS NIGGA GHOST. SEE WHAT'S WHAT...

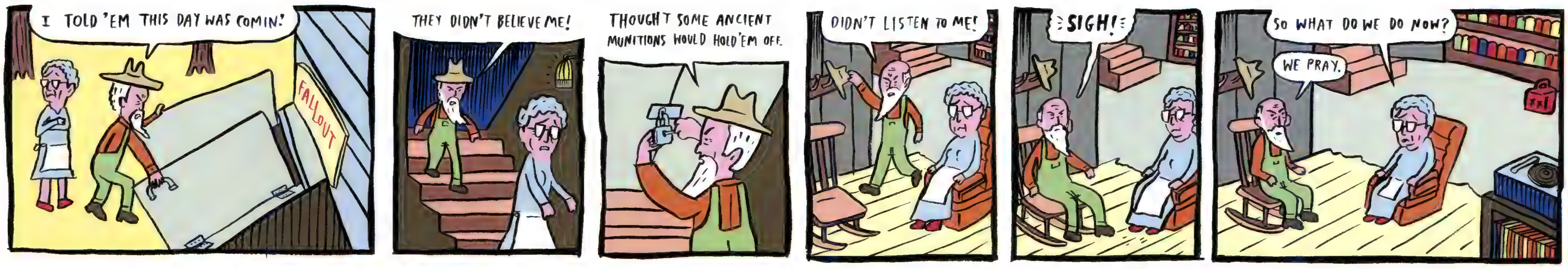

HOLY FUCK! THAT WAS AMAZING!
OH SHIT!
CREAK!
OH, IT'S JUST HEIDI!
♫ C'MON, GIRL! C'MON UP! ♫
SAY HI TO DWAYNE!
SEE? SHE LIKES YOU!
LICK LICK
SHE'S SWEET.
I LIKE YOU TOO, Y'KNOW!
SIGH I THINK I'M FALLIN' FER YOU.
YOU'RE SOOOO CUTE!
AND HOT!
C'MON. LET'S GO INTO TOWN. I'LL BUY YOU AN ICE CREAM. I BET MY DAD'LL LET ME TAKE HIS CAR.
OKAY, CHARLIE! BUT HURRY HOME BEFORE DARK!
ALRIGHT!
WHAT'D I TELL YA!
VROOM

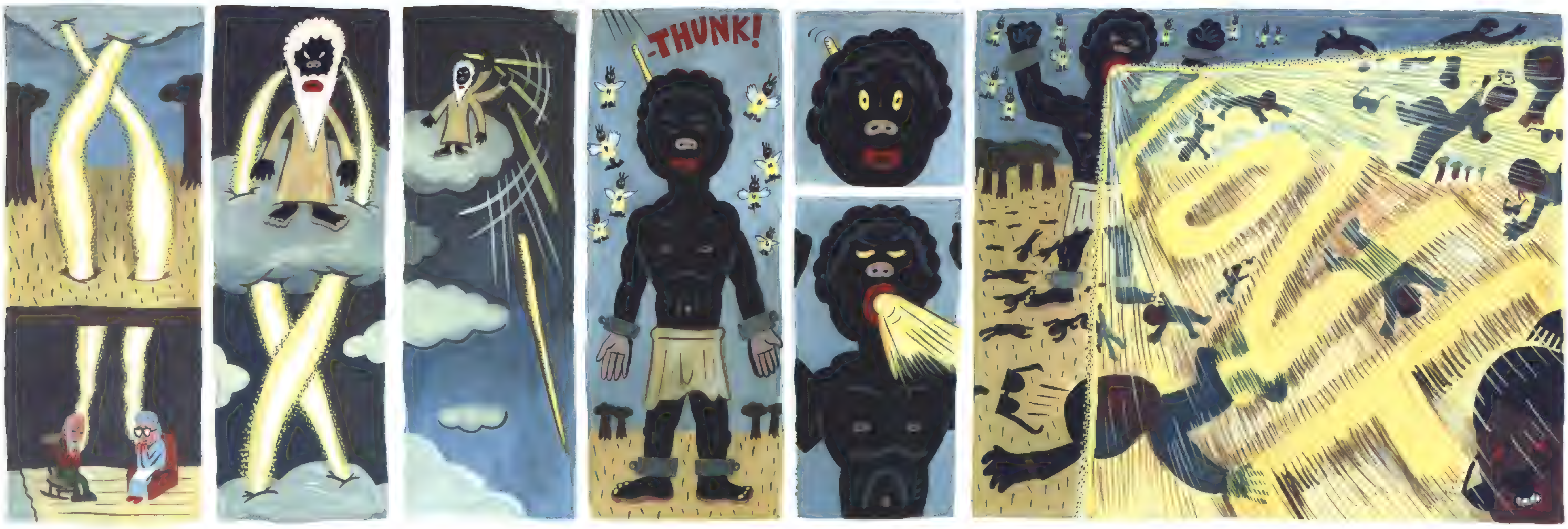

I KNEW THIS WAS A STUPID IDEA! HE DON'T EVEN TALK!
HIS BELLY JUST GLOWS RED. THE FUCK'S THAT S'POSEDTA MEAN?
SHH! I THINK I UNDERSTAND WHAT HE'S TRYIN' TA TELL US...
YUP. HE'S DOWN. JUST LIKE I THOUGHT. WORD.
C'MON. LET'S DO THIS.

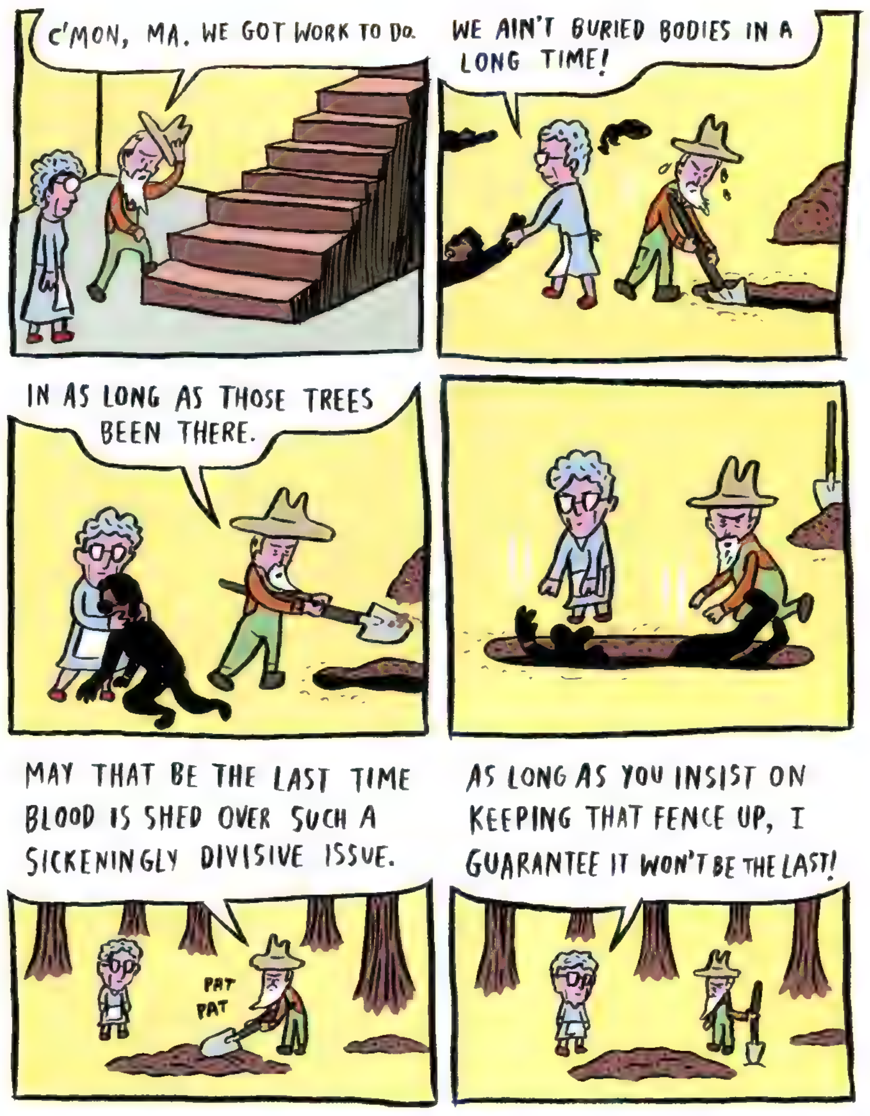

I HAVEN'T HEARD GUNSHOTS IN A WHILE.
MAYBE THEY GAVE UP!
YEAH... OR MAYBE THEY FINALLY SHOT 'EM ALL!
OH, COOL! NEGAR JIM IS SINGING. LET'S GO LISTEN!
HE HAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL VOICE.
OOOOOHLAWD
OOOH LAWD
OOOHLAWD
♫ OOOOHHLAWWD ♫
THOSE JIGABOO ANGELS REALLY ROUND IT OUT NICE, TOO.
YEAH.
♫ SHOO-WOP SHOO-WOP
SHOOP SHOOP
SHOO
WAAH WAAAAAHHH
OOOOOOOHHH
OOHH
WHAT'S THAT?!?
RUSTLE RUSTLE
OH MY GOD!!!
AIEEEEEEE!!!
AIEEEE!!!

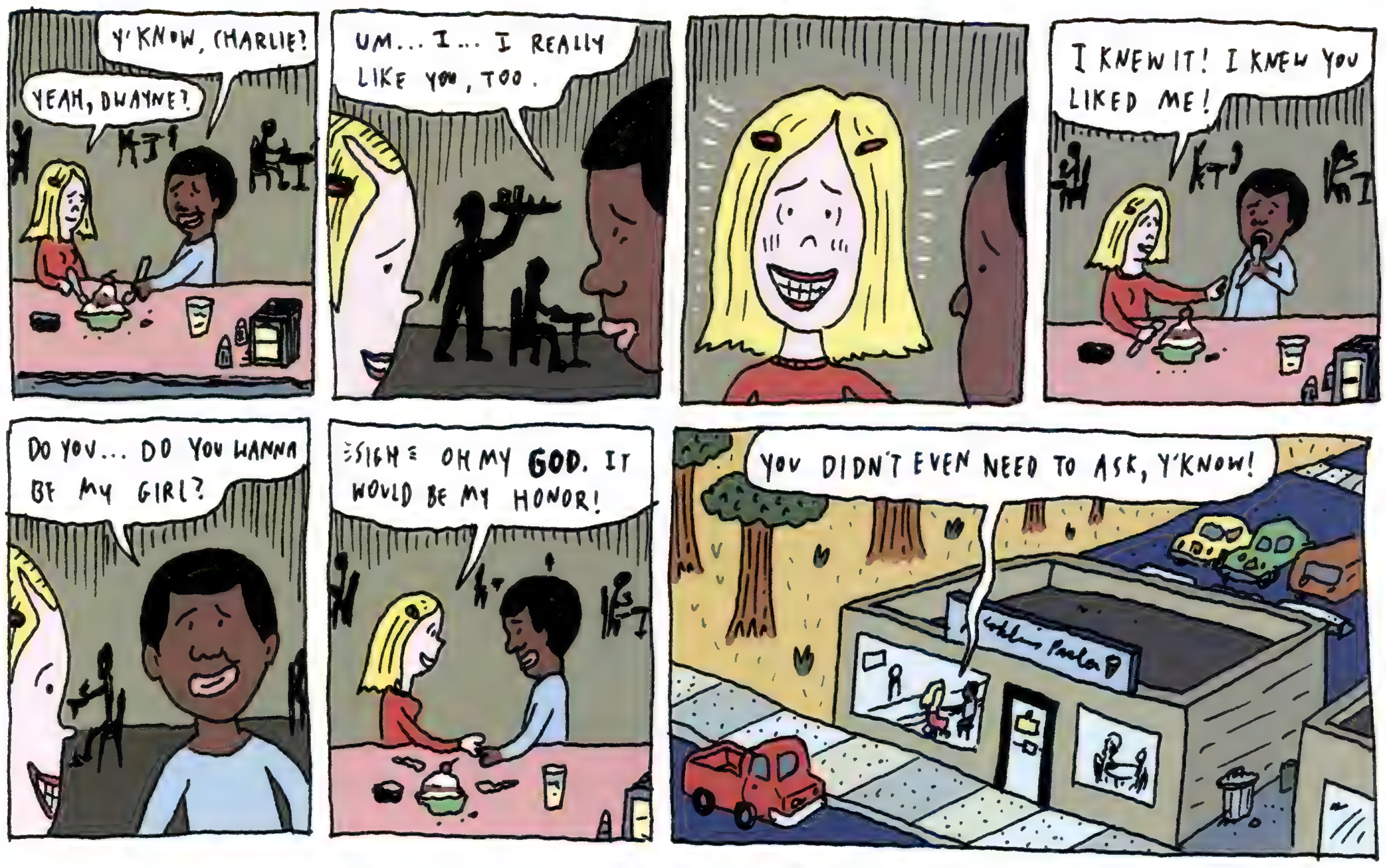

GET THEM NEGARS!
BOOM
BOOM
CAP CAP
POP
CAP CAP
CAP!
CAP!
CAP! CAP! CAP! CAP! CAP! CAP!
CAP!
AAIIEEEEEE!!!
GET THAT MOTHAFUCKIN' FAGGOT!
CAP!
AAAARAGH!

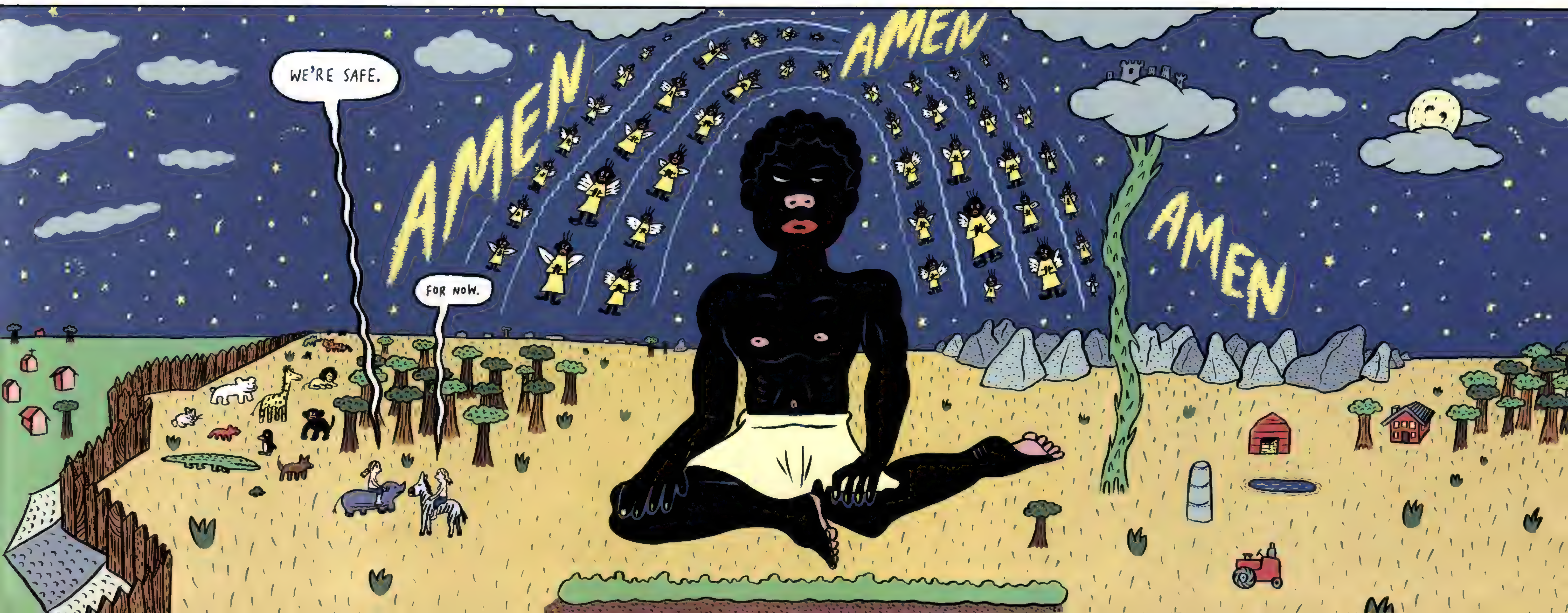

HUFF PUFF
WE GOT AWAY!
PANT PANT
YOU GUYS'LL PROTECT US, RIGHT?!?


I TOLD 'EM THIS DAY WAS COMIN'!
FALLOUT
THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME!
THOUGHT SOME ANCIENT MUNITIONS WOULD HOLD 'EM OFF.
DIDN'T LISTEN TO ME!
SIGH!
SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE PRAY.

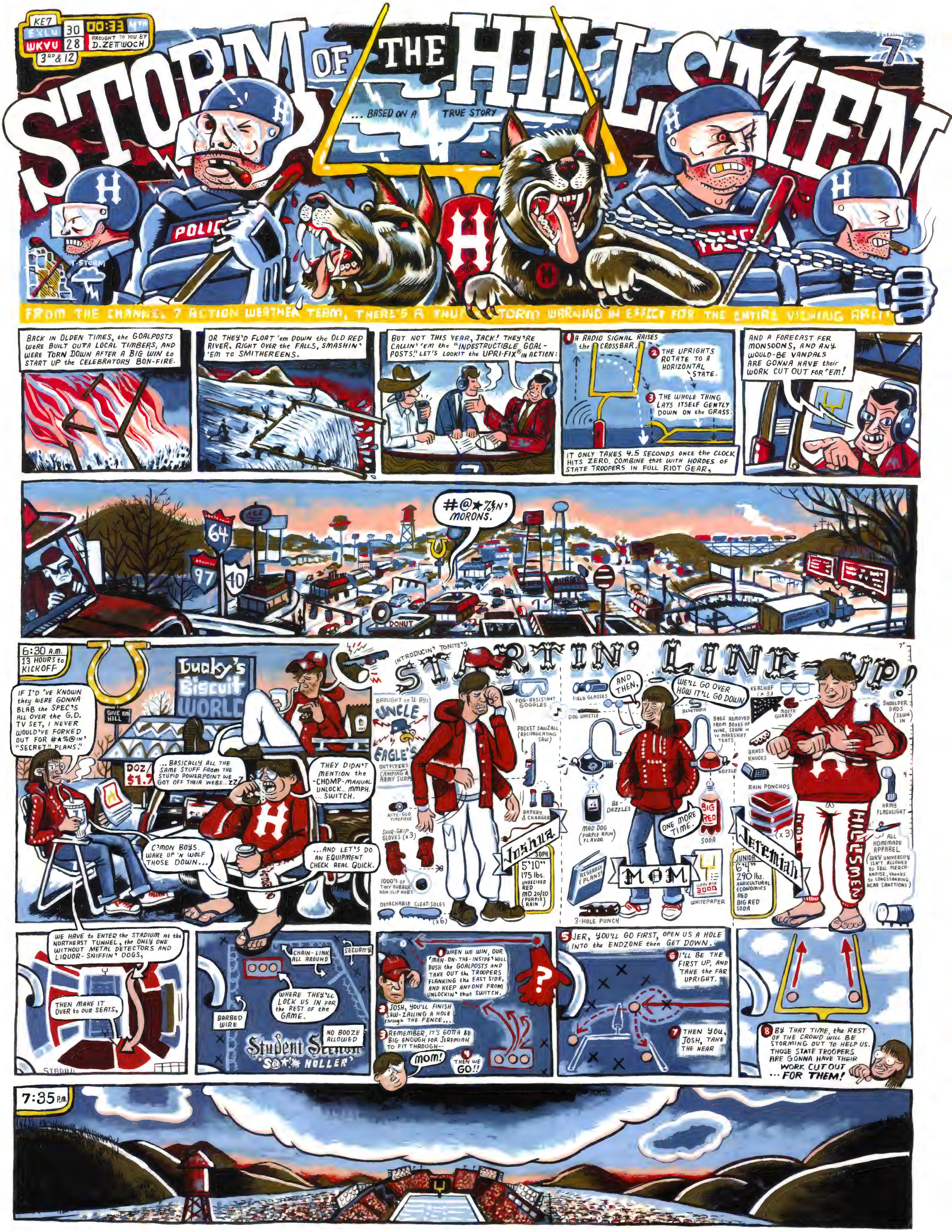

THUNK!

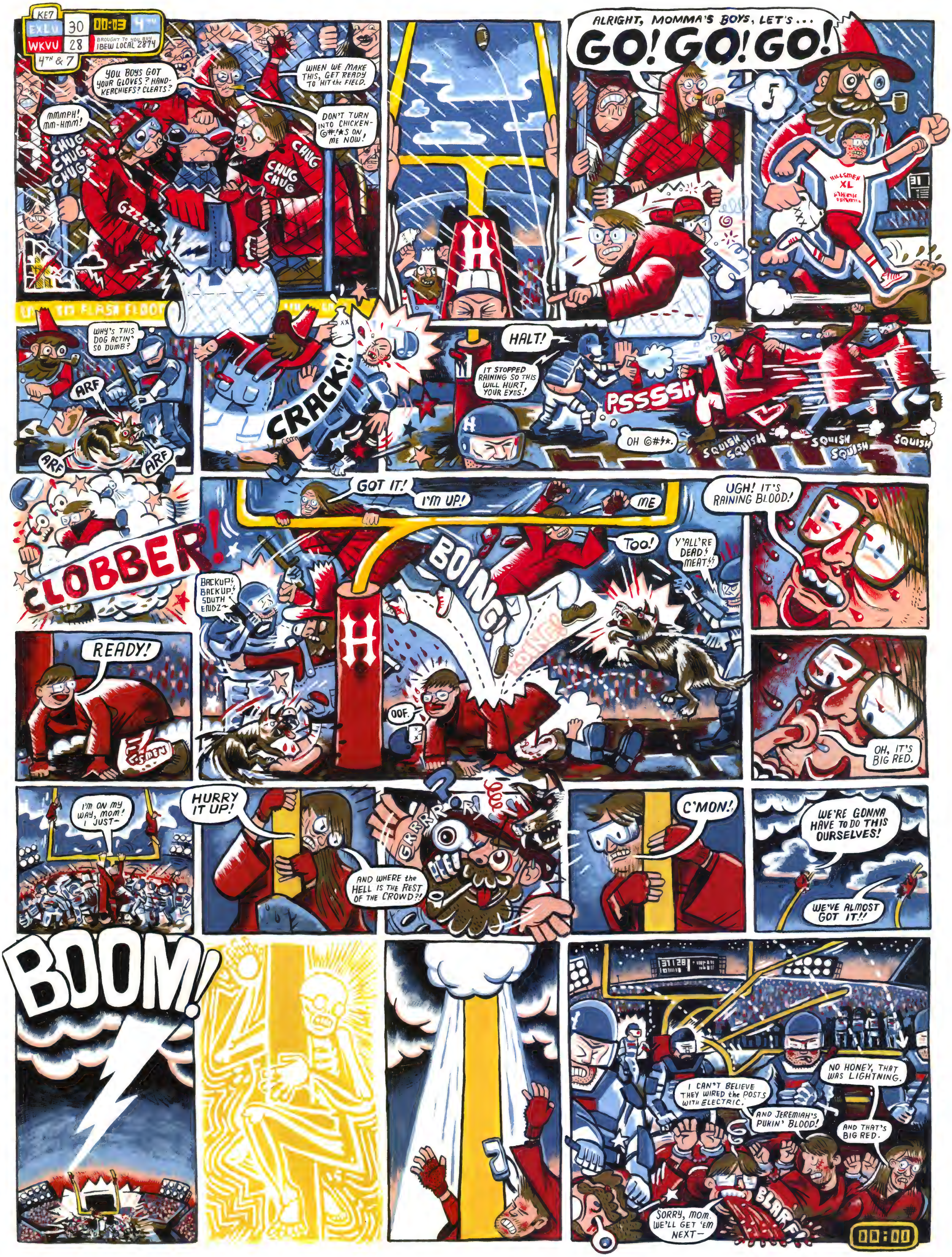

C'MON, MA. WE GOT WORK TO DO.
WE AIN'T BURIED BODIES IN A LONG TIME!
IN AS LONG AS THOSE TREES BEEN THERE.
MAY THAT BE THE LAST TIME BLOOD IS SHED OVER SUCH A SICKENINGLY DIVISIVE ISSUE.
PAT PAT
AS LONG AS YOU INSIST ON KEEPING THAT FENCE UP, I GUARANTEE IT WON'T BE THE LAST!

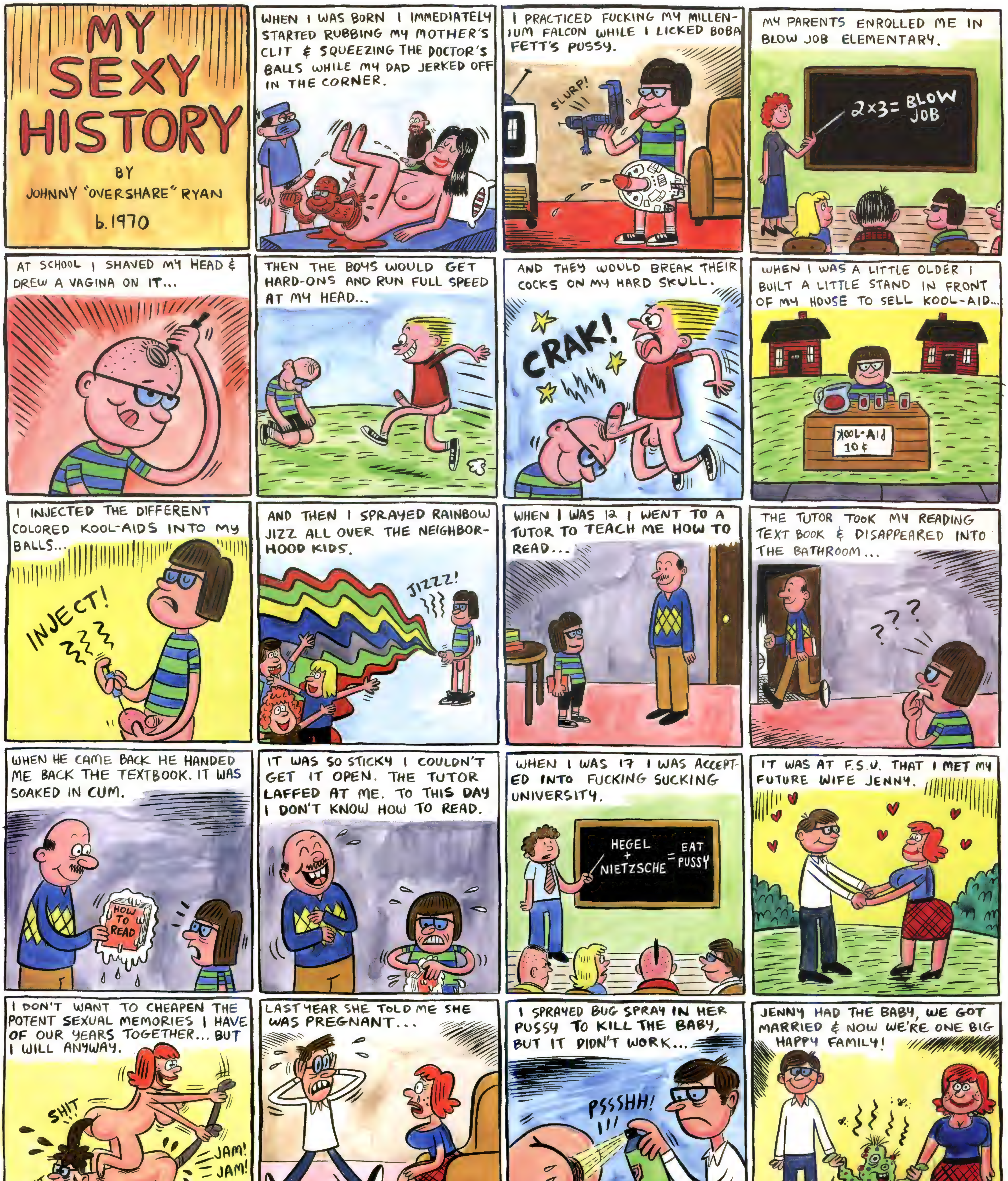

Y'KNOW, CHARLIE?
YEAH, DWAYNE?
UM... I... I REALLY LIKE YOU, TOO.
I KNEW IT! I KNEW YOU LIKED ME!
DO YOU... DO YOU WANNA BE MY GIRL?
SIGH OH MY GOD. IT WOULD BE MY HONOR!
YOU DIDN'T EVEN NEED TO ASK, Y'KNOW!

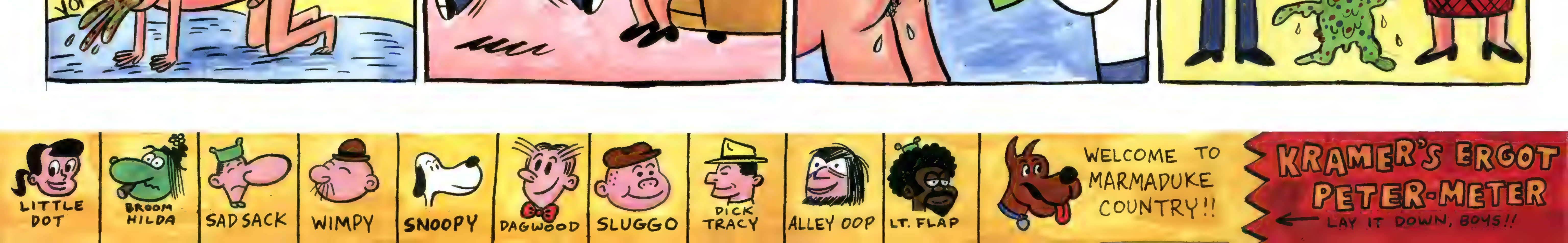

WE'RE SAFE.
FOR NOW.
AMEN
AMEN
AMEN

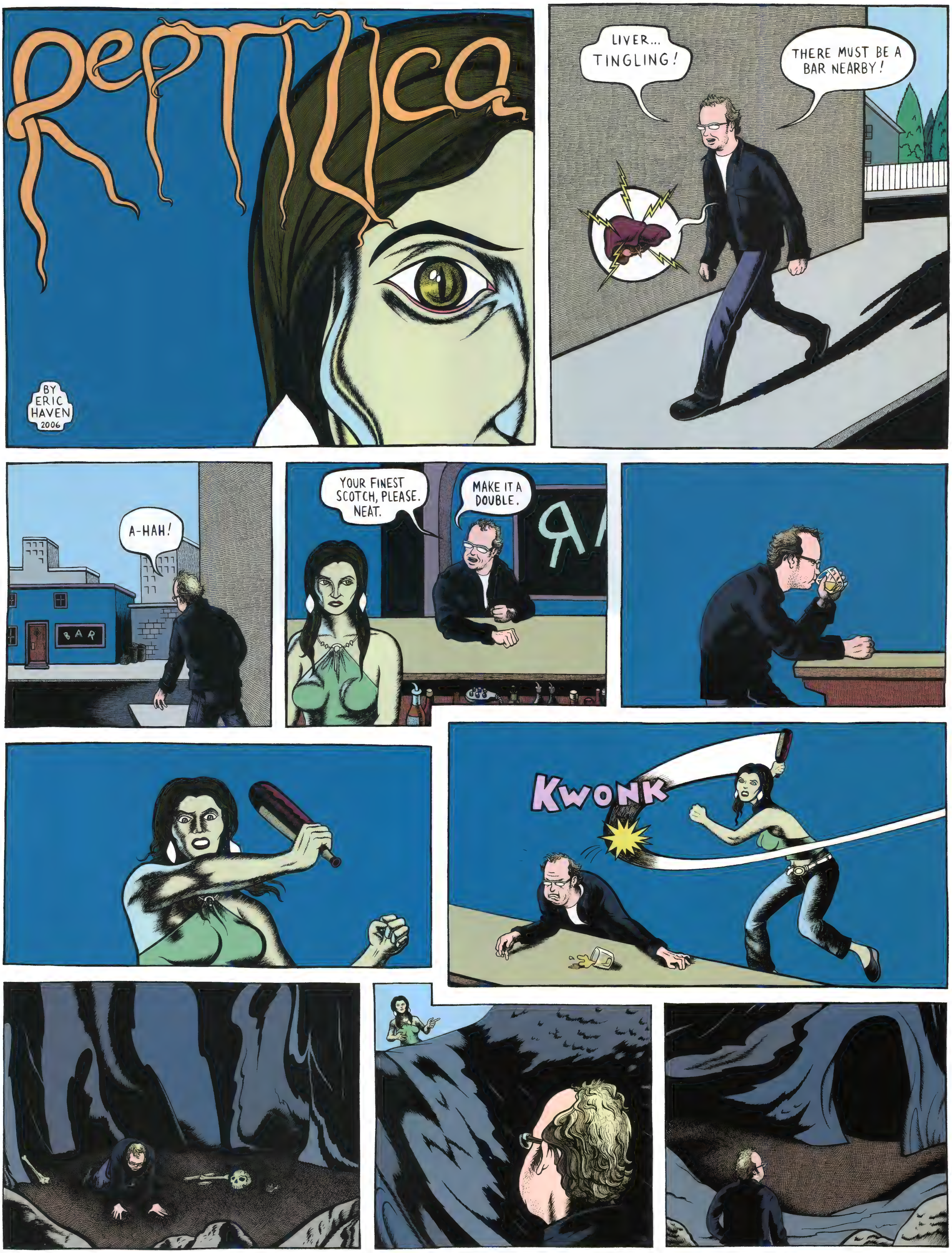
STORM OF THE HILLSMEN

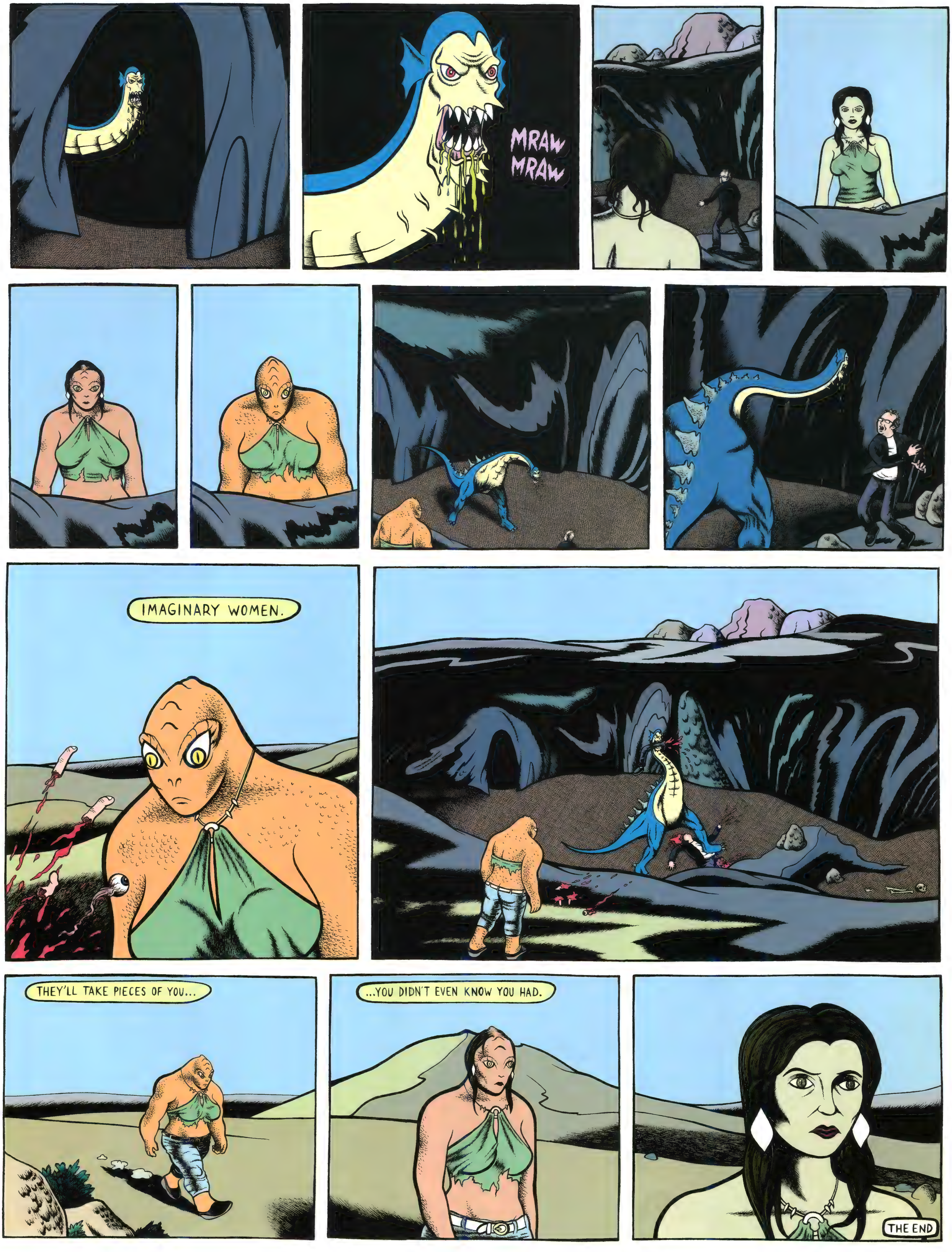

KE7
EXLU 30
WKYU 28
00:33 4TH
3RD & 12
BROUGHT TO YOU BY D.ZETTWOCH
... BASED ON A TRUE STORY
POLIC
T-STORM
FROM THE CHANNEL 7 ACTION WEATHER TEAM, THERE'S A THU TORM WARNING IN EFFECT FOR THE ENTIRE VIEWING AREA
BACK IN OLDEN TIMES, the GOALPOSTS WERE BUILT OUTA LOCAL TIMBERS, AND WERE TORN DOWN AFTER A BIG WIN to START UP the CELEBRATORY BON-FIRE.
OR THEY'D FLOAT 'em DOWN the OLD RED RIVER, RIGHT OVER the FALLS, SMASHIN' 'EM TO SMITHEREENS.
BUT NOT THIS YEAR, JACK! THEY'RE CALLIN' 'EM the "INDESTRUCTIBLE GOAL-POSTS." LET'S LOOKIT the UPRI-FIX® IN ACTION:
1 A RADIO SIGNAL RAISES the CROSSBAR.
2 THE UPRIGHTS ROTATE TO A HORIZONTAL STATE.
3 THE WHOLE THING LAYS ITSELF GENTLY DOWN ON the GRASS.
IT ONLY TAKES 4.5 SECONDS ONCE the CLOCK HITS ZERO. COMBINE that WITH HORDES OF STATE TROOPERS IN FULL RIOT GEAR,
AND A FORECAST FER MONSOONS, AND ANY WOULD-BE VANDALS ARE GONNA HAVE their WORK CUT OUT FOR 'EM!
64
97
40
ACE
DONUT
COVENANT TRANSPORT
#@★%N' MORONS.
6:30 A.M. 13 HOURS to KICKOFF
Lucky's Biscuit WORLD
GIVE EM HILL
DOZ/ $1.7
IF I'D 'VE KNOWN they WERE GONNA BLAB the SPEC'S ALL OVER the G.D. TV SET, I NEVER WOULD'VE FORKED OUT FOR #★%@IN' "SECRET" PLANS."
...BASICALLY ALL THE SAME STUFF FROM THE STUPID POWERPOINT WE GOT OFF THEIR WEBS... ZZZ
THEY DIDN'T MENTION the -CHOMP- MANUAL UNLOCK... MMPH. ... SWITCH.
C'MON BOYS. WAKE UP 'N WOLF THOSE DOWN...
...AND LET'S DO AN EQUIPMENT CHECK REAL QUICK.
INTRODUCIN' TONITE'S STARTIN' LINE-UP!
BROUGHT to U BY: UNCLE EAGLE'S OUTFITTERS CAMPING & ARMY SURP
FOG-RESISTANT GOGGLES
POCKET SAWZALL (RECIPROCATING SAW)
NITE-GLO TIMEPIECE
BATTERY & CHARGER
SHUR-GRIP GLOVES (x3)
1000'S OF TINY RUBBER NON-SLIP NUBS
DETACHABLE CLEAT-SOLES (x6)
Joshua
SOPH 5'10" 175 lbs. UNDECIDED RED MD 20/20 (PURPLE RAIN)
FIELD GLASSES
AND THEN,
WE'LL GO OVER HOW IT'LL GO DOWN
DOG WHISTLE
BLUETOOTH
BAGS REMOVED FROM BOXES OF WINE, SEWN IN TO MAKESHIFT TEATS
NOZZLE
BE-DAZZLES
MAD DOG (PURPLE RAIN) FLAVOR
ONE MORE TIME.
BIG RED SODA
RESEARCH & PLANS!
MOM
UPRI-FIX 3000 WHITEPAPER
3-HOLE PUNCH
KERCHIEF (x3)
MOUTH GUARD
SHOULDER PADS (SEWN IN)
BRASS KNUCKS
RAIN PONCHOS (x3)
ARMY FLASHLIGHT
ALL HOMEMADE APPAREL (WKV UNIVERSITY ISN'T ALLOWED to SELL MERCHANDISE, thanks to LONGSTANDING NCAA SANCTIONS)
Jeremiah
JUNIOR 6'4" 290 lbs. AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS RED BIG RED SODA
HILLSMEN
WE HAVE to ENTER the STADIUM at the NORTHEAST TUNNEL, the ONLY ONE WITHOUT METAL DETECTORS AND LIQUOR-SNIFFIN' DOGS,
THEN MAKE IT OVER to OUR SEATS,
STADIU
CHAIN-LINK ALL AROUND
SECURITY
WHERE THEY'LL LOCK US IN FOR the REST OF the GAME.
BARBED WIRE
NO BOOZE ALLOWED
Student Section 'S@★!* HOLLER'
1 WHEN WE WIN, OUR 'MAN-ON-THE-INSIDE' WILL RUSH the GOALPOSTS AND TAKE OUT the TROOPERS FLANKING the EAST SIDE, AND KEEP ANYONE FROM UNLOCKIN' that SWITCH.
2 JOSH, YOU'LL FINISH SAW-ZALLING A HOLE through THE FENCE...
3 REMEMBER, IT'S GOTTA BE BIG ENOUGH FOR JEREMIAH TO FIT THROUGH--
MOM!
4 THEN WE GO!!
5 JER, YOU'LL GO FIRST, OPEN US A HOLE INTO the ENDZONE then GET DOWN.
6 I'LL BE THE FIRST UP, AND TAKE the FAR UPRIGHT.
7 THEN YOU, JOSH, TAKE THE NEAR
8 BY THAT TIME, the REST OF THE CROWD WILL BE STORMING OUT TO HELP US. THOSE STATE TROOPERS ARE GONNA HAVE THEIR WORK CUT OUT ... FOR THEM!
7:35 P.M.

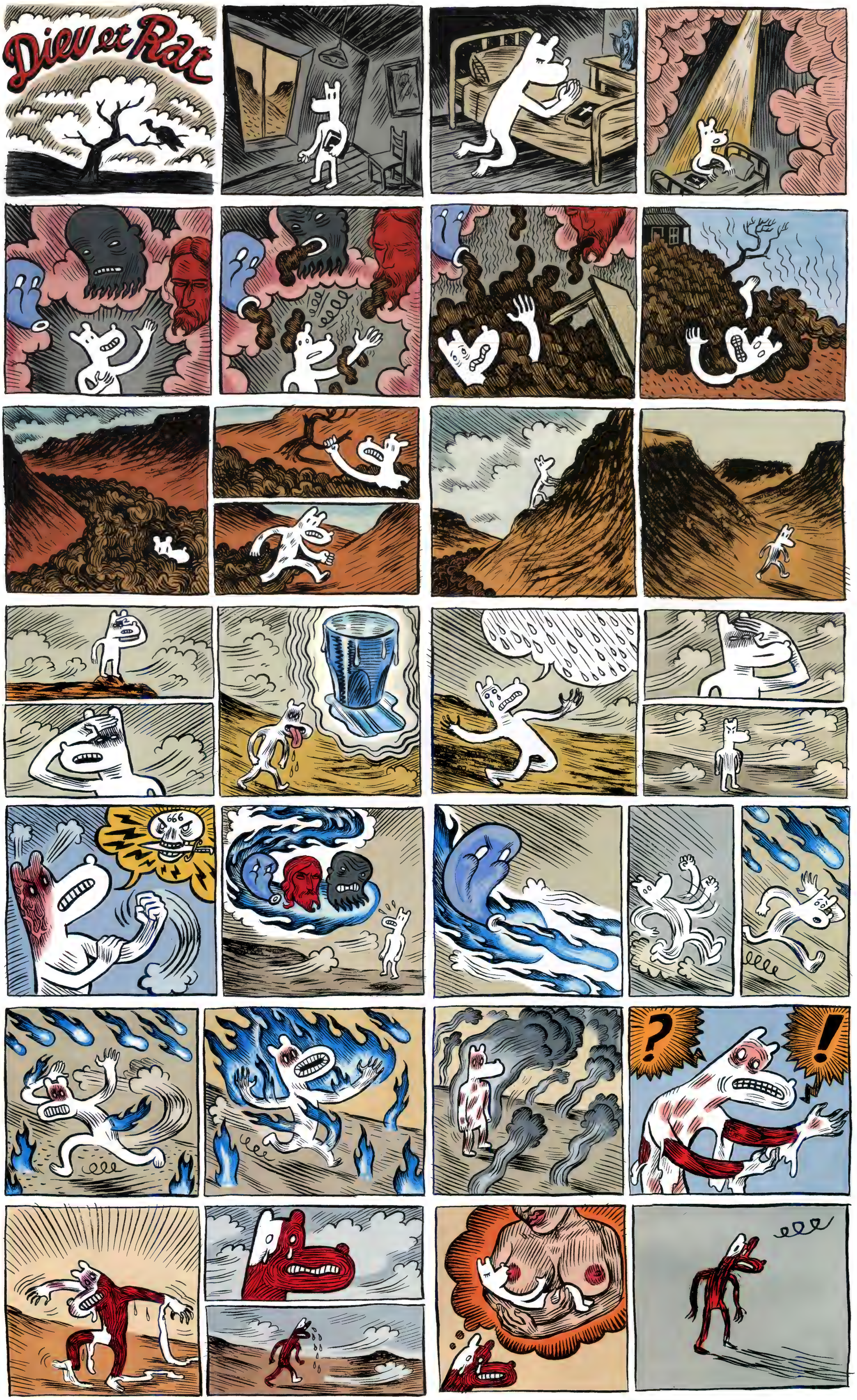

KE7
EXLU 30
WKVU 28
00:03
4TH
BROUGHT TO YOU BUY IBEW LOCAL 2874
4TH & 7
YOU BOYS GOT YOUR GLOVES? HANDKERCHIEFS? CLEATS?
WHEN WE MAKE THIS, GET READY TO HIT the FIELD.
MMMPH! MM-HMM!
DON'T TURN INTO CHICKEN-@#!★S ON ME NOW!
CHUG CHUG CHUG
CHUG CHUG CHUG
GZZZZZ
H
ALRIGHT, MOMMA'S BOYS, LET'S...
GO! GO! GO!
HILLSMEN XL ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT
WHY'S THIS DOG ACTIN' SO DUMB?
ARF
ARF
ARF
CRACK!!
HALT!
IT STOPPED RAINING SO THIS WILL HURT YOUR EYES!
PSSSSH
OH @#$★.
SQUISH SQUISH SQUISH SQUISH SQUISH
CLOBBER!
GOT IT!
I'M UP!
ME
TOO!
UGH! IT'S RAINING BLOOD!
BOING!
Y'ALL'RE DEAD MEAT!
BACKUP! BACKUP! SOUTH ENDZ
H
READY!
HILLSMEN
OOF.
OH, IT'S BIG RED.
I'M ON MY WAY, MOM! I JUST—
HURRY IT UP!
GRRRR
AND WHERE the HELL IS THE REST OF THE CROWD?!
C'MON!
WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO DO THIS OURSELVES!
WE'VE ALMOST GOT IT!!
BOOM!
31 28
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY WIRED the POSTS WITH ELECTRIC.
NO HONEY, THAT WAS LIGHTNING.
AND JEREMIAH'S PUKIN' BLOOD!
AND THAT'S BIG RED.
BLARF
SORRY, MOM. WE'LL GET 'EM NEXT—
00:00

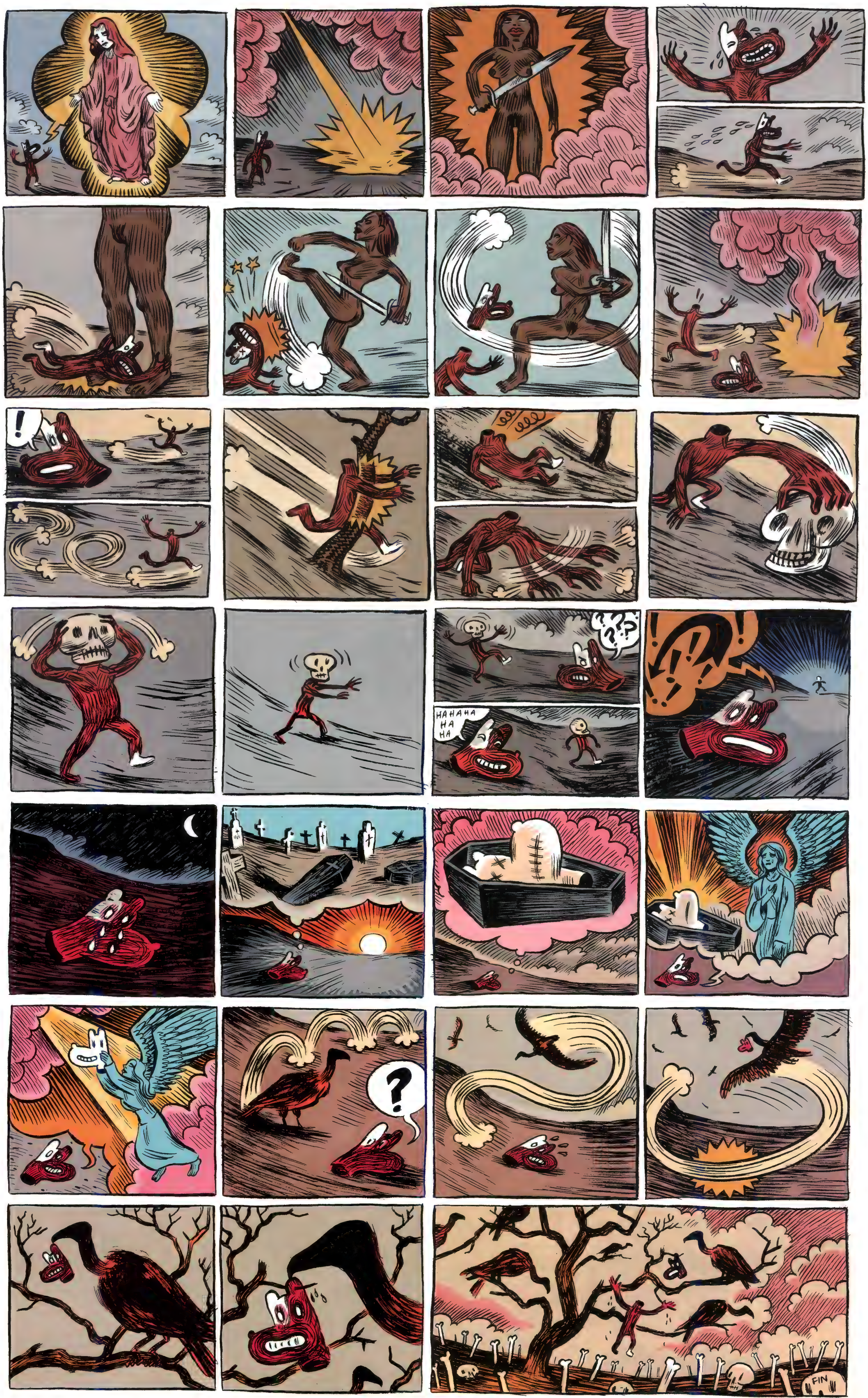

MY SEXY HISTORY
BY
JOHNNY "OVERSHARE" RYAN
b. 1970
WHEN I WAS BORN I IMMEDIATELY STARTED RUBBING MY MOTHER'S CLIT & SQUEEZING THE DOCTOR'S BALLS WHILE MY DAD JERKED OFF IN THE CORNER.
I PRACTICED FUCKING MY MILLENIUM FALCON WHILE I LICKED BOBA FETT'S PUSSY.
SLURP!
MY PARENTS ENROLLED ME IN BLOW JOB ELEMENTARY.
2×3= BLOW JOB
AT SCHOOL I SHAVED MY HEAD & DREW A VAGINA ON IT...
THEN THE BOYS WOULD GET HARD-ONS AND RUN FULL SPEED AT MY HEAD...
AND THEY WOULD BREAK THEIR COCKS ON MY HARD SKULL.
CRAK!
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE OLDER I BUILT A LITTLE STAND IN FRONT OF MY HOUSE TO SELL KOOL-AID...
KOOL-AID 10¢
I INJECTED THE DIFFERENT COLORED KOOL-AIDS INTO MY BALLS...
INJECT!
AND THEN I SPRAYED RAINBOW JIZZ ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS.
JIZZZ!
WHEN I WAS 12 I WENT TO A TUTOR TO TEACH ME HOW TO READ...
THE TUTOR TOOK MY READING TEXT BOOK & DISAPPEARED INTO THE BATHROOM...
???
WHEN HE CAME BACK HE HANDED ME BACK THE TEXTBOOK. IT WAS SOAKED IN CUM.
HOW TO READ
IT WAS SO STICKY I COULDN'T GET IT OPEN. THE TUTOR LAFFED AT ME. TO THIS DAY I DON'T KNOW HOW TO READ.
WHEN I WAS 17 I WAS ACCEPTED INTO FUCKING SUCKING UNIVERSITY.
HEGEL + NIETZSCHE = EAT PUSSY
IT WAS AT F.S.U. THAT I MET MY FUTURE WIFE JENNY.
I DON'T WANT TO CHEAPEN THE POTENT SEXUAL MEMORIES I HAVE OF OUR YEARS TOGETHER... BUT I WILL ANYWAY.
SHIT
VOMIT
JAM! JAM!
LAST YEAR SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS PREGNANT...
I SPRAYED BUG SPRAY IN HER PUSSY TO KILL THE BABY, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK...
PSSSHH!
JENNY HAD THE BABY, WE GOT MARRIED & NOW WE'RE ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!


LITTLE DOT
BROOM HILDA
SAD SACK
WIMPY
SNOOPY
DAGWOOD
SLUGGO
DICK TRACY
ALLEY OOP
LT. FLAP
WELCOME TO MARMADUKE COUNTRY!!
KRAMER'S ERGOT PETER-METER
LAY IT DOWN, BOYS!!

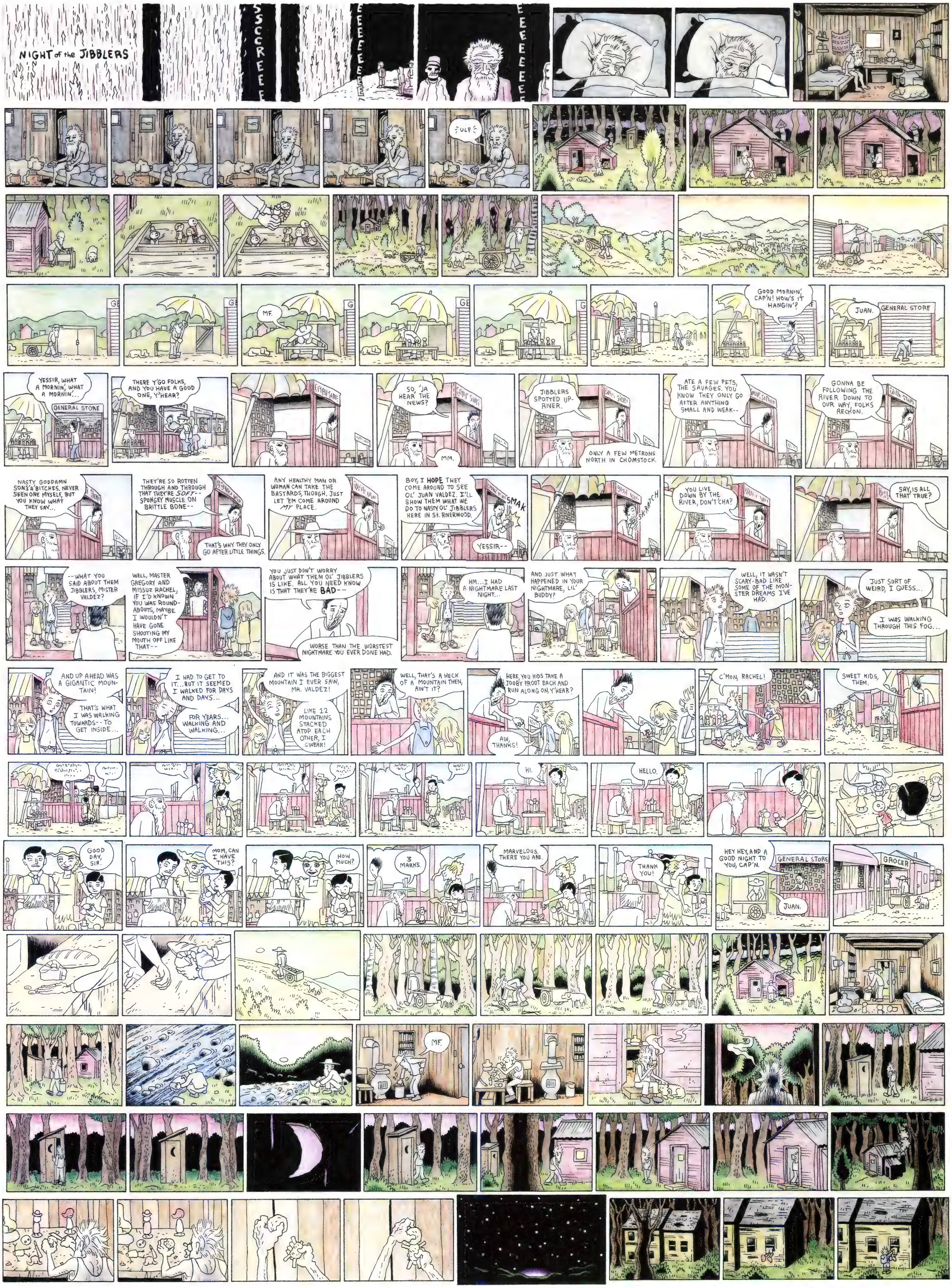

REPTILICA
BY ERIC HAVEN 2006
LIVER... TINGLING!
THERE MUST BE A BAR NEARBY!
A-HAH!
BAR
YOUR FINEST SCOTCH, PLEASE. NEAT.
MAKE IT A DOUBLE.
KWONK

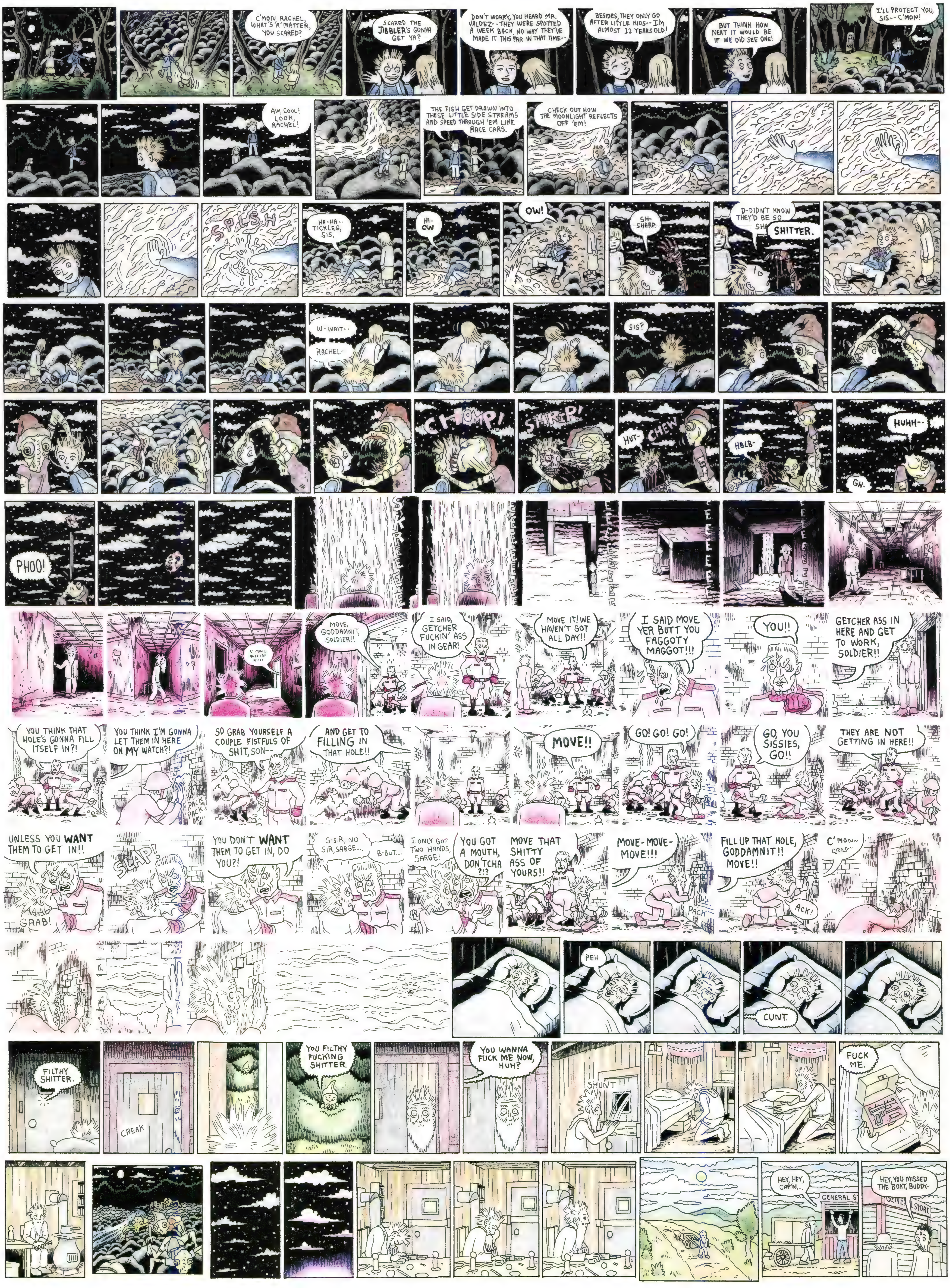

MRAW
MRAW
IMAGINARY WOMEN.
THEY'LL TAKE PIECES OF YOU...
...YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU HAD.
THE END

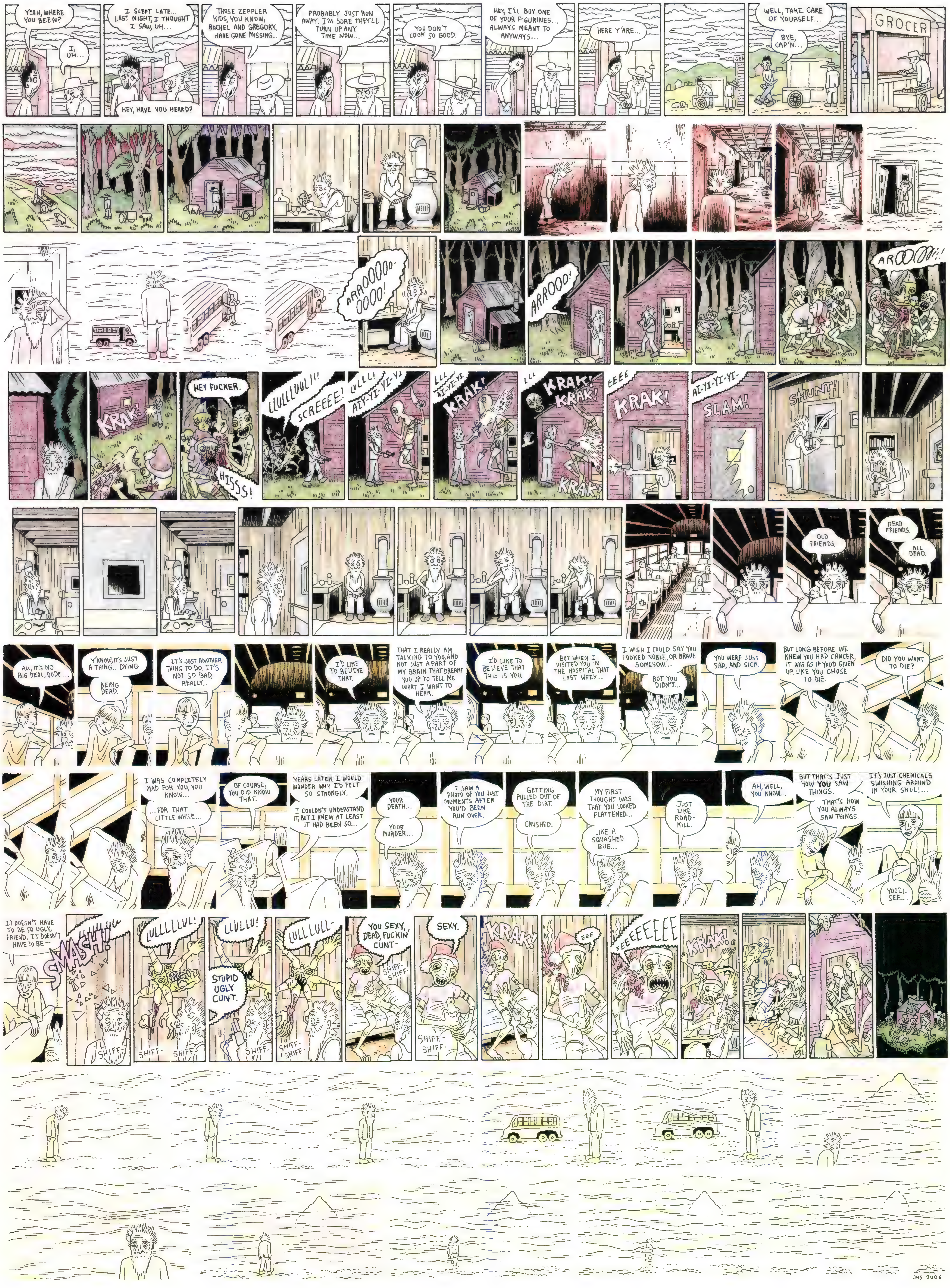

Dieu et Rat
666
?
!

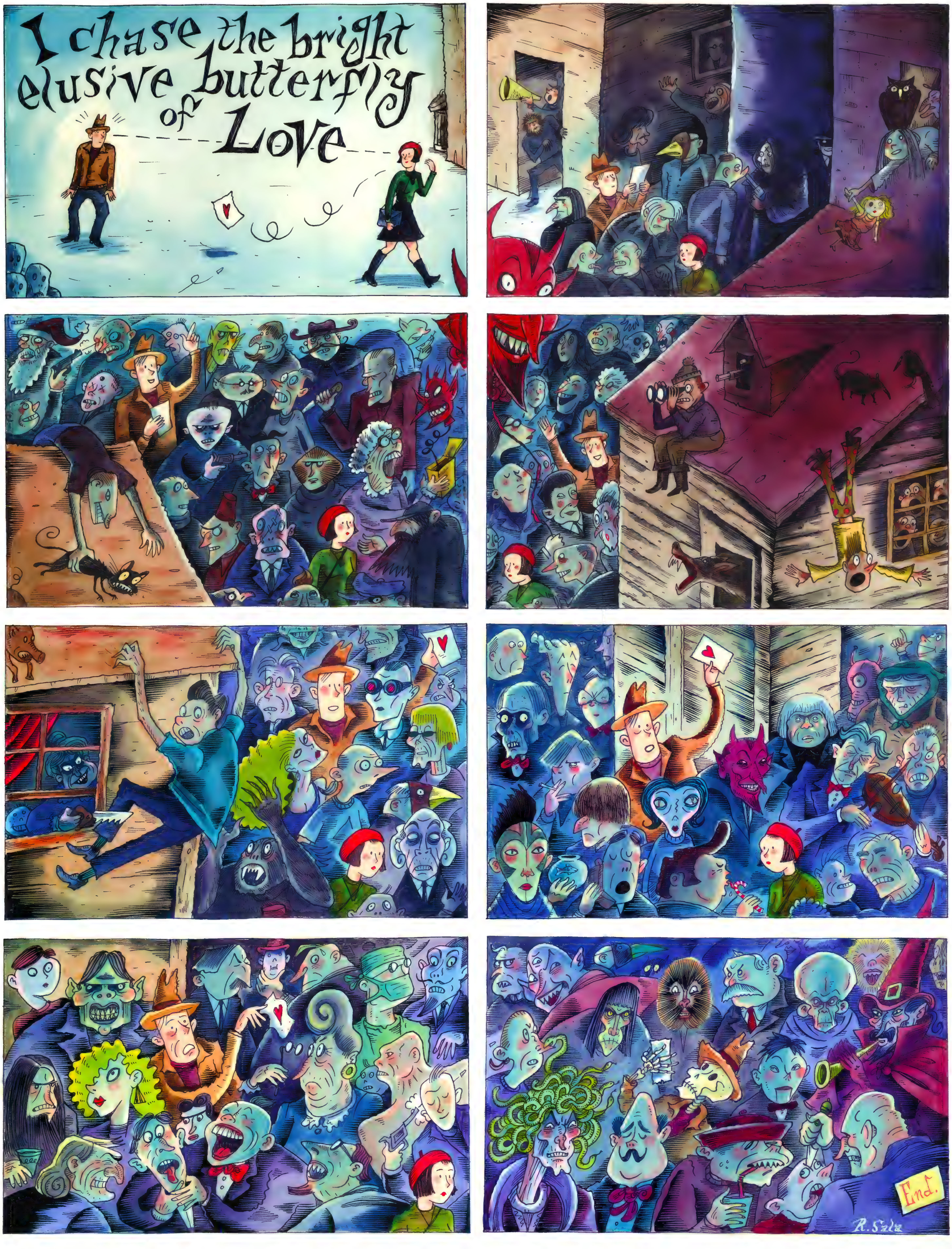

!
eee
eee
?!?
HAHAHA
HA
HA
!
?
FIN

CONRADBOTES 2007

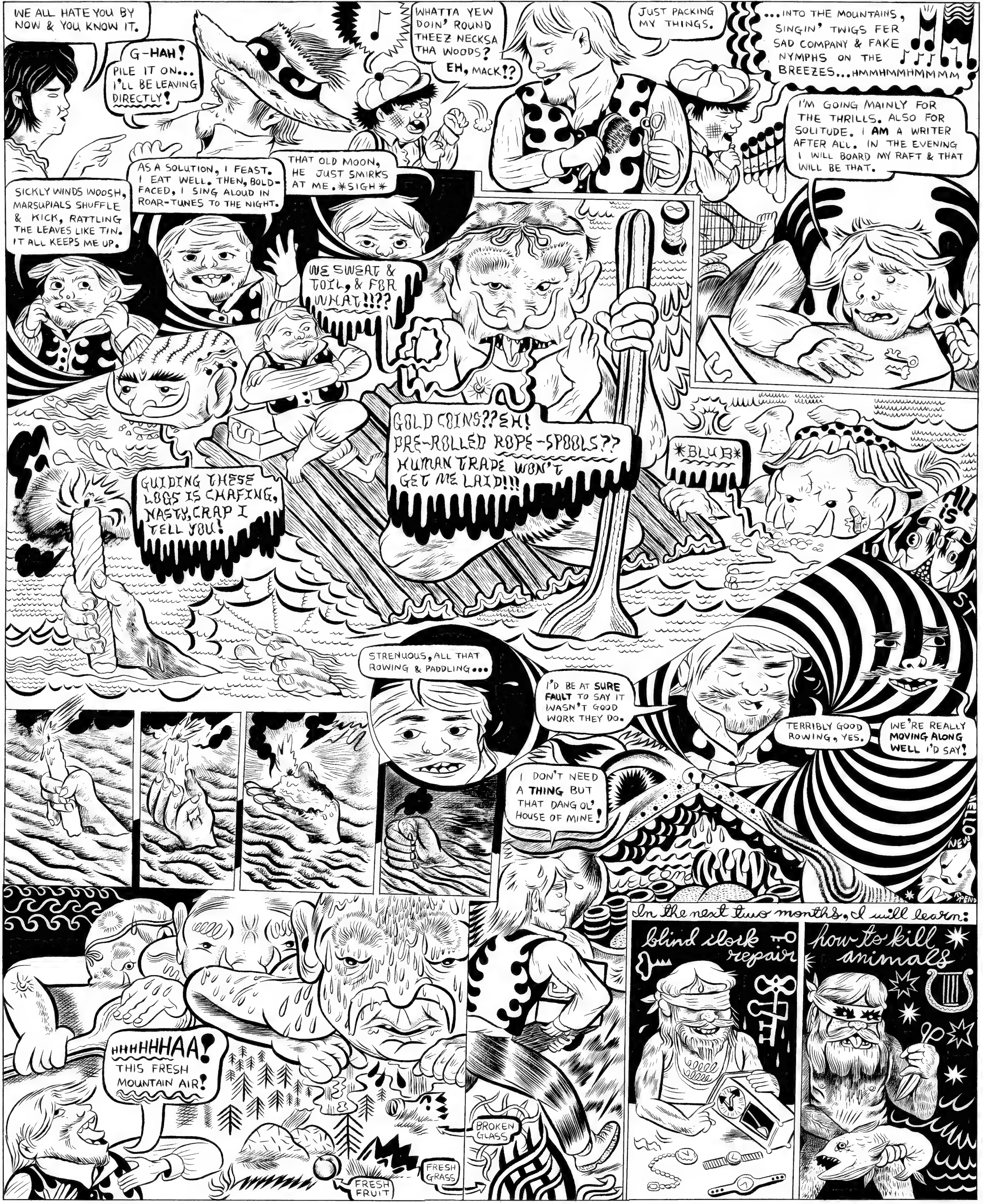

NIGHT of the JIBBLERS
SSCREEEEEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEEE
ULP
MF.
GOOD MORNIN', CAP'N! HOW'S IT HANGIN'?
JUAN.
GENERAL STORE
YESSIR, WHAT A MORNIN', WHAT A MORNIN'...
GENERAL STORE
THERE Y'GO FOLKS, AND YOU HAVE A GOOD ONE, Y'HEAR?
SO, 'JA HEAR THE NEWS?
MM.
JIBBLERS SPOTTED UP-RIVER.
ONLY A FEW METRONS NORTH IN CHOMSTOCK.
ATE A FEW PETS, THE SAVAGES. YOU KNOW THEY ONLY GO AFTER ANYTHING SMALL AND WEAK--
GONNA BE FOLLOWING THE RIVER DOWN TO OUR WAY, FOLKS RECKON.
NASTY GODDAMN SONS'A'BITCHES. NEVER SEEN ONE MYSELF, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY...
THEY'RE SO ROTTEN THROUGH AND THROUGH THAT THEY'RE SOFT--SPONGEY MUSCLE ON BRITTLE BONE--
THAT'S WHY THEY ONLY GO AFTER LITTLE THINGS.
ANY HEALTHY MAN OR WOMAN CAN TAKE THE BASTARDS, THOUGH. JUST LET 'EM COME AROUND MY PLACE.
BOY, I HOPE THEY COME AROUND TO SEE OL' JUAN VALDEZ. I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT WE DO TO NASTY OL' JIBBLERS HERE IN St. RIVERWOOD.
SMAK
YESSIR--
SKRATCH
YOU LIVE DOWN BY THE RIVER, DON'T'CHA?
SAY, IS ALL THAT TRUE?
--WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THEM JIBBLERS, MISTER VALDEZ?
WELL, MASTER GREGORY AND MISSUZ RACHEL, IF I'D KNOWN YOU WAS ROUND-ABOUTS, MAYBE I WOULDN'T HAVE GONE SHOOTING MY MOUTH OFF LIKE THAT--
YOU JUST DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHAT THEM OL' JIBBLERS IS LIKE. ALL YOU NEED KNOW IS THAT THEY'RE BAD--
WORSE THAN THE WORSTEST NIGHTMARE YOU EVER DONE HAD.
HM...I HAD A NIGHTMARE LAST NIGHT...
AND JUST WHAT HAPPENED IN YOUR NIGHTMARE, LIL' BUDDY?
WELL, IT WASN'T SCARY-BAD LIKE SOME OF THE MONSTER DREAMS I'VE HAD.
JUST SORT OF WEIRD, I GUESS...
I WAS WALKING THROUGH THIS FOG...
AND UP AHEAD WAS A GIGANTIC MOUNTAIN!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS WALKING TOWARDS--TO GET INSIDE...
I HAD TO GET TO IT...BUT IT SEEMED I WALKED FOR DAYS AND DAYS...
FOR YEARS...WALKING AND WALKING...
AND IT WAS THE BIGGEST MOUNTAIN I EVER SAW, MR. VALDEZ!
LIKE 12 MOUNTAINS STACKED ATOP EACH OTHER, I SWEAR!
WELL, THAT'S A HECK OF A MOUNTAIN THEN, AIN'T IT?
HERE, YOU KIDS TAKE A JOOBY FROOT EACH AND RUN ALONG ON, Y'HEAR?
AW, THANKS!
C'MON, RACHEL!
SWEET KIDS, THEM.
HI.
HELLO.
GOOD DAY, SIR.
MOM, CAN I HAVE THIS?
HOW MUCH?
3 MARKS.
MARVELOUS. THERE YOU ARE.
THANK YOU!
HEY HEY, AND A GOOD NIGHT TO YOU, CAP'N.
GENERAL STORE
JUAN.
GROCER
MF.

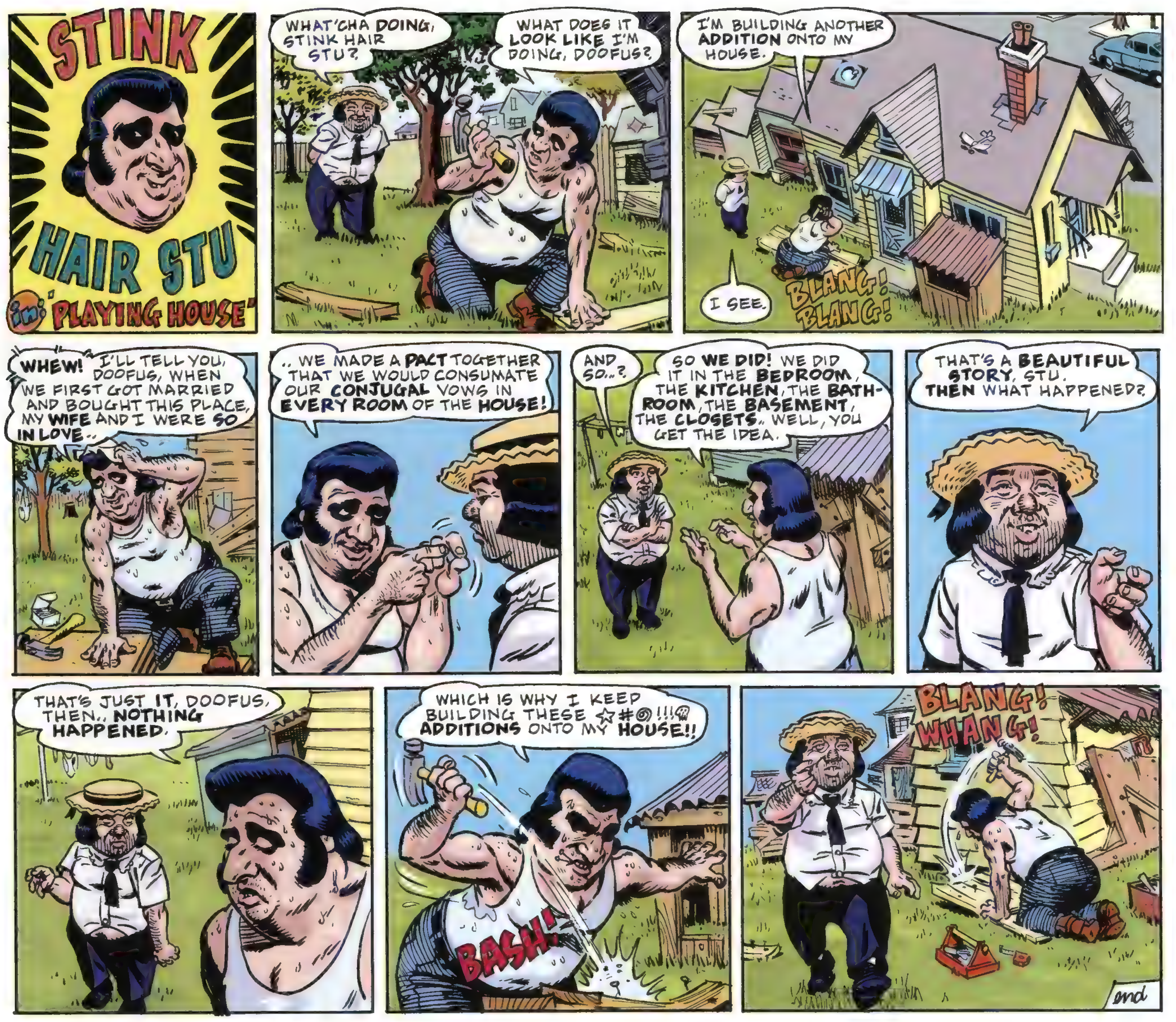

C'MON RACHEL, WHAT'S A'MATTER, YOU SCARED?
SCARED THE JIBBLER'S GONNA GET YA?
DON'T WORRY, YOU HEARD MR. VALDEZ--THEY WERE SPOTTED A WEEK BACK. NO WAY THEY'VE MADE IT THIS FAR IN THAT TIME--
BESIDES, THEY ONLY GO AFTER LITTLE KIDS--I'M ALMOST 12 YEARS OLD!
BUT THINK HOW NEAT IT WOULD BE IF WE DID SEE ONE!
I'LL PROTECT YOU, SIS--C'MON!
AW, COOL! LOOK, RACHEL!
THE FISH GET DRAWN INTO THESE LITTLE SIDE STREAMS AND SPEED THROUGH 'EM LIKE RACE CARS.
CHECK OUT HOW THE MOONLIGHT REFLECTS OFF 'EM!
SPLSH
HA-HA--TICKLES, SIS.
HI-OW
OW!
SH-SHARP.
D-DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D BE SO SHA
SHITTER.
W-WAIT--
RACHEL-
SIS?
CHOMP!
SHRIP!
HUT-CHEW
HBLB-
HUHH--
GH-
PHOO!
SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
MOVE, GODDAMNIT, SOLDIER!!
I SAID, GETCHER FUCKIN' ASS IN GEAR!
MOVE IT! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!!
I SAID MOVE YER BUTT YOU FAGGOTY MAGGOT!!!
YOU!!
GETCHER ASS IN HERE AND GET TO WORK, SOLDIER!!
YOU THINK THAT HOLE'S GONNA FILL ITSELF IN?!
YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET THEM IN HERE ON MY WATCH?!
PACK PACK
SO GRAB YOURSELF A COUPLE FISTFULS OF SHIT, SON--
AND GET TO FILLING IN THAT HOLE!!
MOVE!!
GO! GO! GO!
GO, YOU SISSIES, GO!!
THEY ARE NOT GETTING IN HERE!!
UNLESS YOU WANT THEM TO GET IN!!
GRAB!
SLAP!
YOU DON'T WANT THEM TO GET IN, DO YOU?!
S-SIR, NO SIR, SARGE...
B-BUT...
I ONLY GOT TWO HANDS, SARGE!
YOU GOT A MOUTH, DON'TCHA?!?
MOVE THAT SHITTY ASS OF YOURS!!
MOVE-MOVE-MOVE!!!
PACK
FILL UP THAT HOLE, GODDAMNIT!! MOVE!!
ACK!
C'MON-
PEH
CUNT.
FILTHY SHITTER.
CREAK
YOU FILTHY FUCKING SHITTER.
YOU WANNA FUCK ME NOW, HUH?
SHUNT
FUCK ME.
HEY, HEY, CAP'N...
GENERAL S
HEY, YOU MISSED THE BOAT, BUDDY-
GENERAL STORE

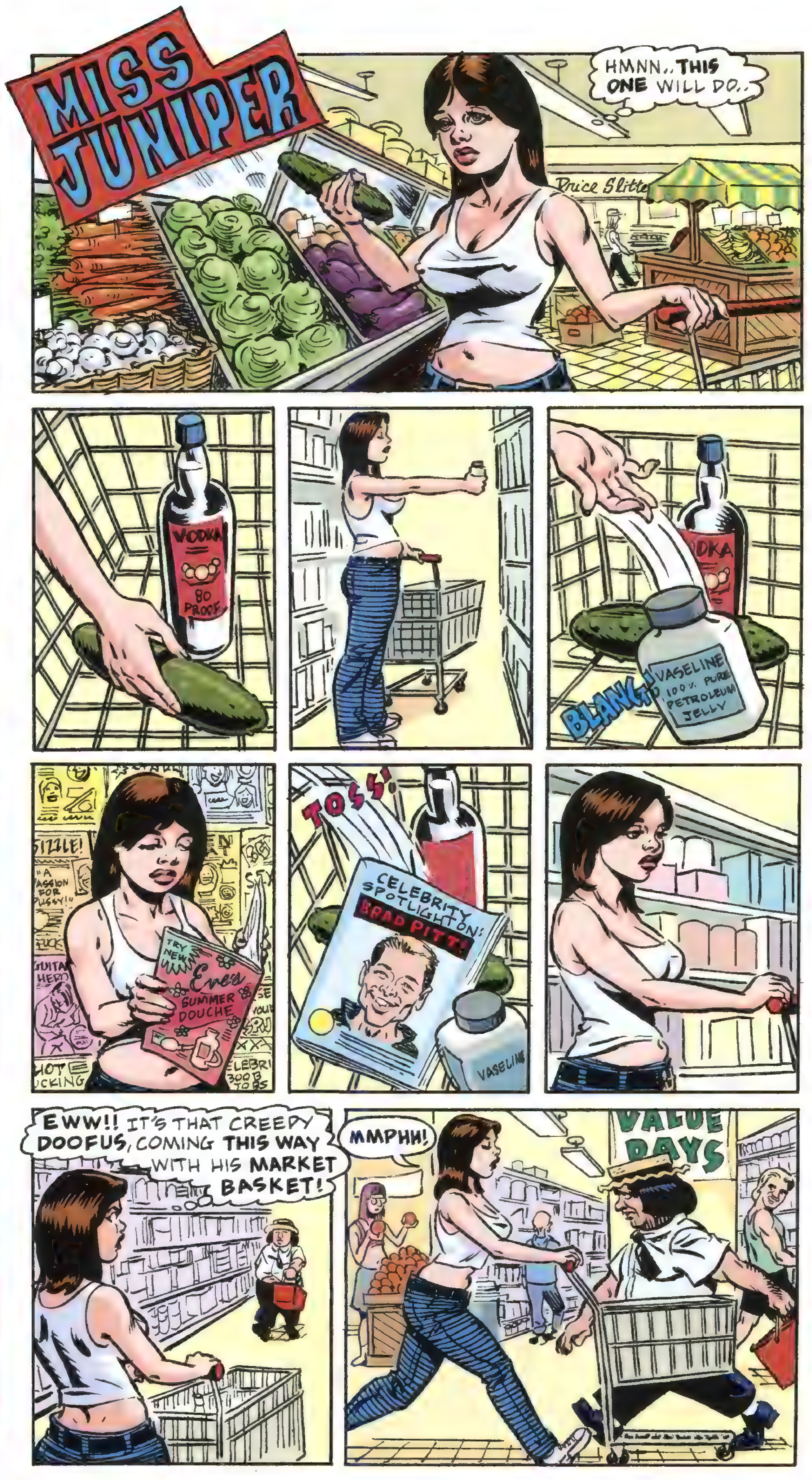

YEAH, WHERE YOU BEEN?
I, UH...
I SLEPT LATE... LAST NIGHT, I THOUGHT I SAW, UH...
HEY, HAVE YOU HEARD?
THOSE ZEPPLER KIDS, YOU KNOW, RACHEL AND GREGORY, HAVE GONE MISSING...
PROBABLY JUST RUN AWAY. I'M SURE THEY'LL TURN UP ANY TIME NOW...
YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.
HEY, I'LL BUY ONE OF YOUR FIGURINES... ALWAYS MEANT TO ANYWAYS...
HERE Y'ARE...
GEN
WELL, TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF...
BYE, CAP'N...
GROCER
ARROOOOO-OOOO!
ARROOO!
ARROOOO!!
KRAK!
HEY FUCKER.
HISSS!
LULLLUULLI!!
SCREEEE!
LULLL!
AI-YI-YI-YI
LLL AI-YI-YI
KRAK!
LLL
KRAK! KRAK!
KRAK!
EEEE
KRAK!
AI-YI-YI-YI-
SLAM!
SHUNT!
OLD FRIENDS.
DEAD FRIENDS.
ALL DEAD.
AW, IT'S NO BIG DEAL, DUDE...
Y'KNOW, IT'S JUST A THING... DYING.
BEING DEAD.
IT'S JUST ANOTHER THING TO DO. IT'S NOT SO BAD, REALLY...
I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT.
THAT I REALLY AM TALKING TO YOU, AND NOT JUST A PART OF MY BRAIN THAT DREAMT YOU UP TO TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO HEAR.
I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT THIS IS YOU.
BUT WHEN I VISITED YOU IN THE HOSPITAL THAT LAST WEEK...
I WISH I COULD SAY YOU LOOKED NOBLE, OR BRAVE SOMEHOW...
BUT YOU DIDN'T...
YOU WERE JUST SAD, AND SICK.
BUT LONG BEFORE WE KNEW YOU HAD CANCER, IT WAS AS IF YOU'D GIVEN UP, LIKE YOU CHOSE TO DIE.
DID YOU WANT TO DIE?
I WAS COMPLETELY MAD FOR YOU, YOU KNOW...
...FOR THAT LITTLE WHILE...
OF COURSE, YOU DID KNOW THAT.
YEARS LATER I WOULD WONDER WHY I'D FELT SO STRONGLY.
I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT I KNEW AT LEAST IT HAD BEEN SO...
YOUR DEATH...
YOUR MURDER...
I SAW A PHOTO OF YOU JUST MOMENTS AFTER YOU'D BEEN RUN OVER.
GETTING PULLED OUT OF THE DIRT.
CRUSHED.
MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS THAT YOU LOOKED FLATTENED...
LIKE A SQUASHED BUG...
JUST LIKE ROAD-KILL.
AH, WELL, YOU KNOW...
BUT THAT'S JUST HOW YOU SAW THINGS.
THAT'S HOW YOU ALWAYS SAW THINGS.
IT'S JUST CHEMICALS SWISHING AROUND IN YOUR SKULL...
YOU'LL SEE...
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE SO UGLY, FRIEND. IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE--
SMASH!
SHIFF-
LULLLLLUL!
SHIFF- SHIFF-
LULLU!
STUPID UGLY CUNT.
LULLLULL-
SHIFF- SHIFF-
YOU SEXY, DEAD, FUCKIN' CUNT-
SHIFF- SHIFF-
SEXY.
SHIFF- SHIFF-
KRAK!
EEE
EEEEEEEEE
KRAK!
JHS 2006

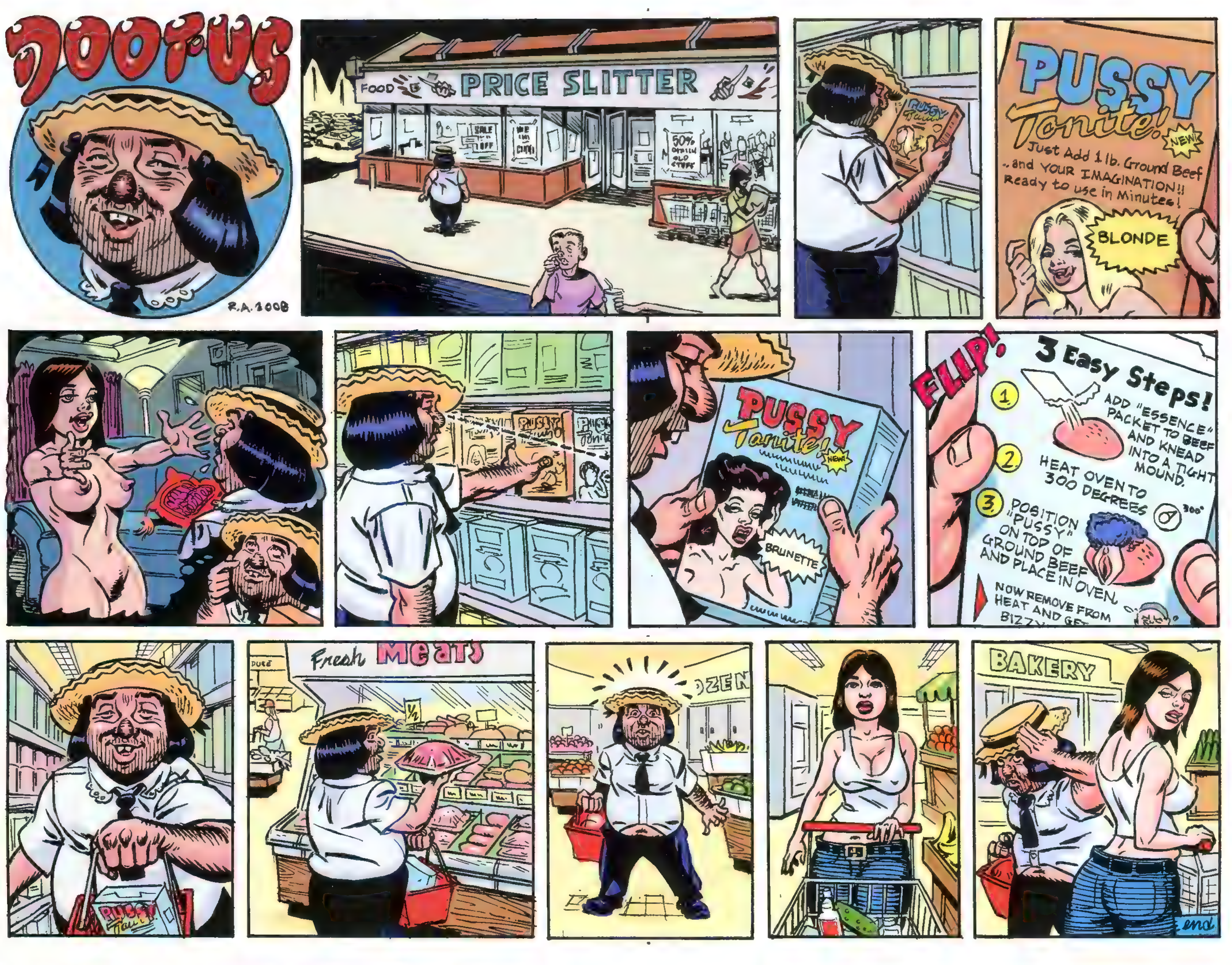

I chase the bright elusive butterfly of Love
End.
R. Sala

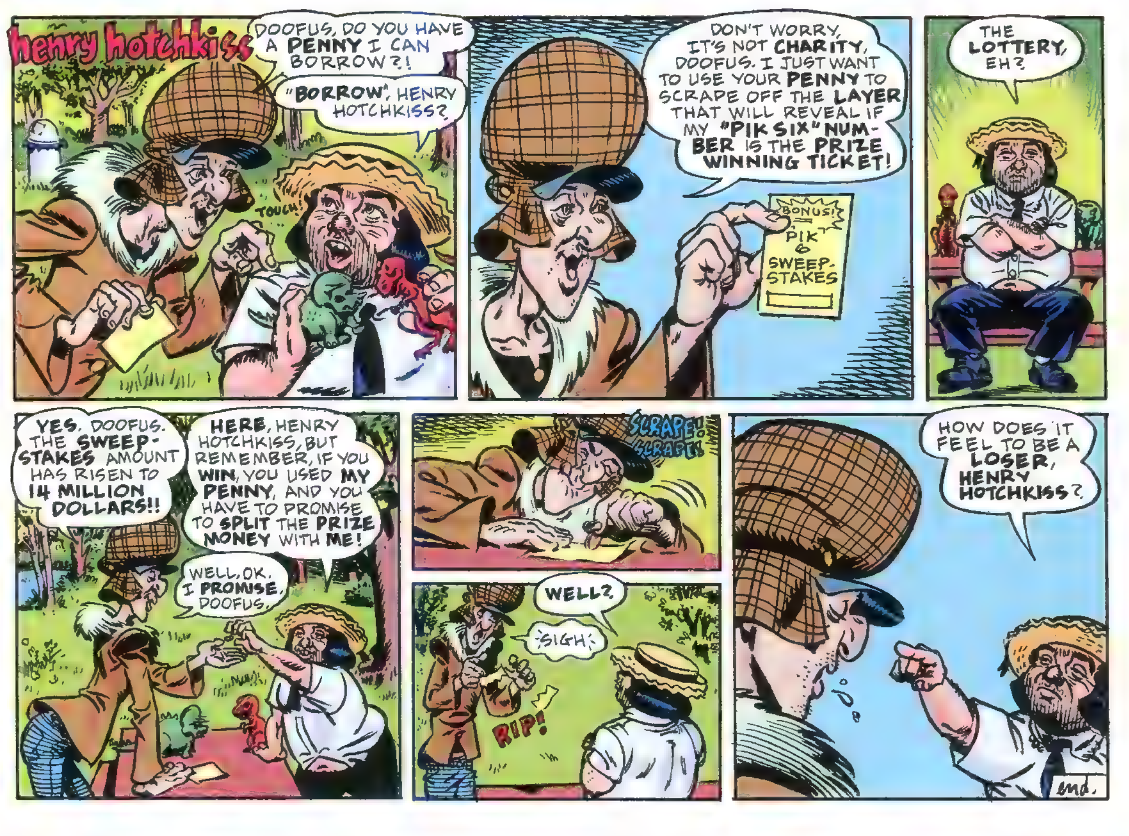
CULTIVATING A JOY

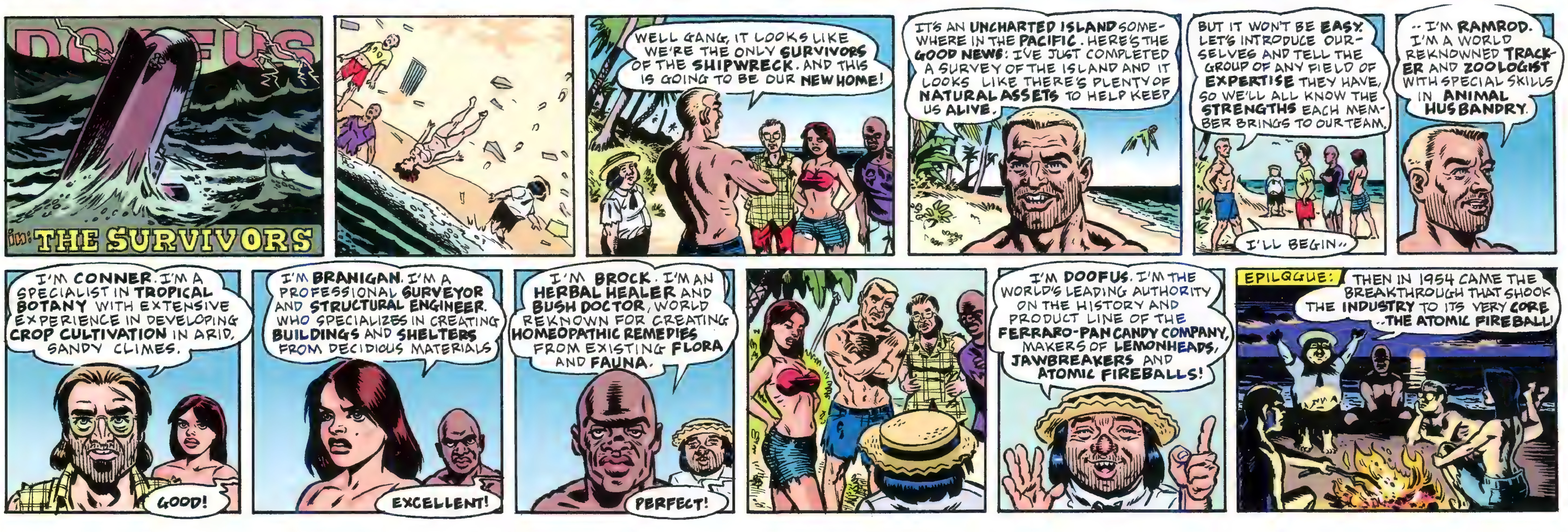

WE ALL HATE YOU BY NOW & YOU KNOW IT.
G-HAH! PILE IT ON... I'LL BE LEAVING DIRECTLY!
WHATTA YEW DOIN' ROUND THEEZ NECKSA THA WOODS? EH, MACK!?
JUST PACKING MY THINGS.
...INTO THE MOUNTAINS, SINGIN' TWIGS FER SAD COMPANY & FAKE NYMPHS ON THE BREEZES...HMMHMMHMMMM
I'M GOING MAINLY FOR THE THRILLS. ALSO FOR SOLITUDE. I AM A WRITER AFTER ALL. IN THE EVENING I WILL BOARD MY RAFT & THAT WILL BE THAT.
SICKLY WINDS WOOSH, MARSUPIALS SHUFFLE & KICK, RATTLING THE LEAVES LIKE TIN. IT ALL KEEPS ME UP.
AS A SOLUTION, I FEAST. I EAT WELL. THEN, BOLD-FACED, I SING ALOUD IN ROAR-TUNES TO THE NIGHT.
THAT OLD MOON, HE JUST SMIRKS AT ME. *SIGH*
WE SWEAT & TOIL, & FOR WHAT!!??
GOLD COINS??EH! PRE-ROLLED ROPE-SPOOLS?? HUMAN TRADE WON'T GET ME LAID!!!
GUIDING THESE LOGS IS CHAFING, NASTY, CRAP I TELL YOU!
BLUB
ALL IS NOT LOST
STRENUOUS, ALL THAT ROWING & PADDLING...
I'D BE AT SURE FAULT TO SAY IT WASN'T GOOD WORK THEY DO.
TERRIBLY GOOD ROWING, YES.
WE'RE REALLY MOVING ALONG WELL I'D SAY!
I DON'T NEED A THING BUT THAT DANG OL' HOUSE OF MINE!
WELCOME
HELLO NEW FREND
HHHHHHAA! THIS FRESH MOUNTAIN AIR!
BROKEN GLASS
FRESH GRASS
FRESH FRUIT
In the next two months, I will learn:
blind clock repair
how to kill animals

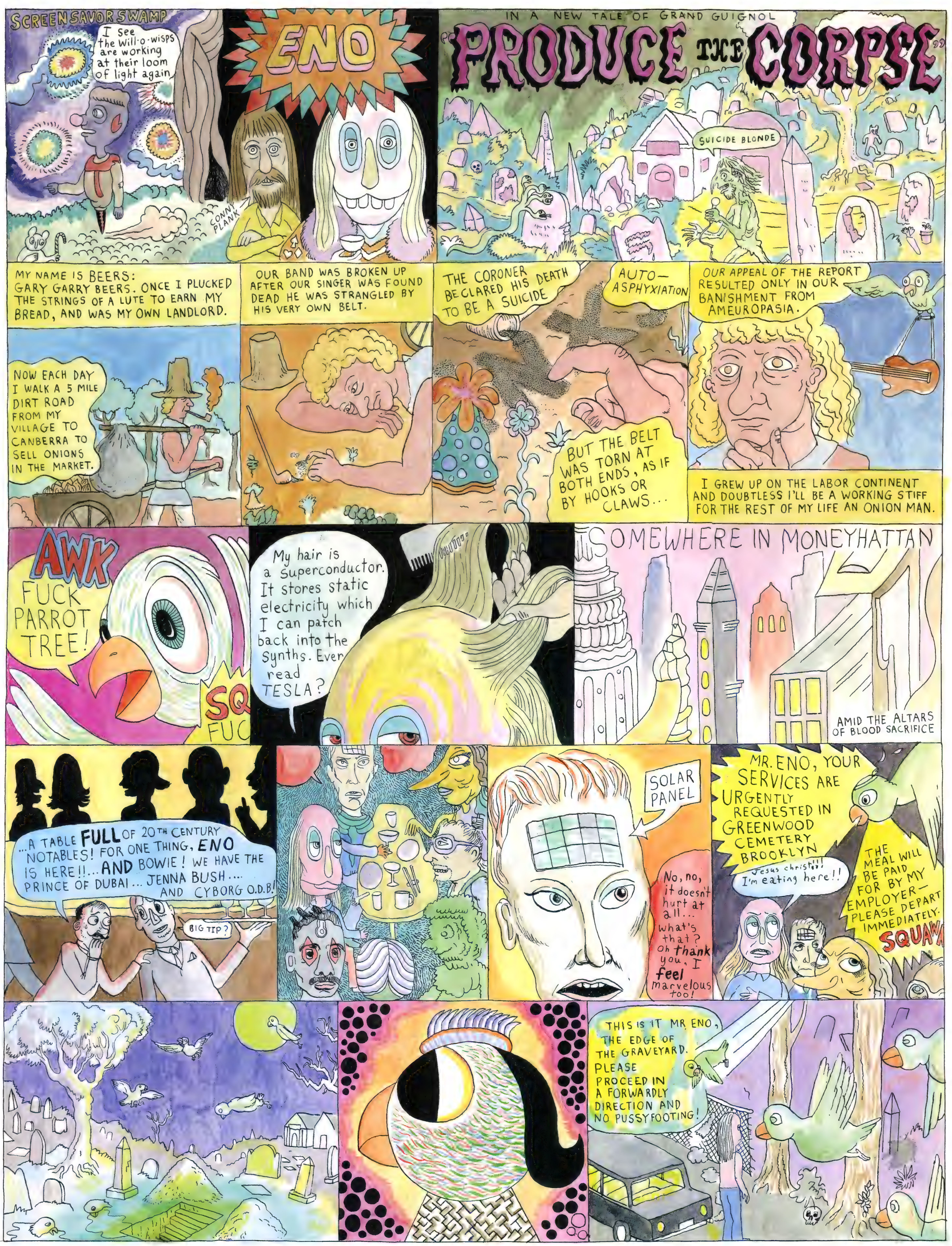

STINK HAIR STU
in: "PLAYING HOUSE"
WHAT'CHA DOING, STINK HAIR STU?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING, DOOFUS?
I'M BUILDING ANOTHER ADDITION ONTO MY HOUSE.
I SEE.
BLANG! BLANG!
WHEW! I'LL TELL YOU, DOOFUS, WHEN WE FIRST GOT MARRIED AND BOUGHT THIS PLACE, MY WIFE AND I WERE SO IN LOVE..
.. WE MADE A PACT TOGETHER THAT WE WOULD CONSUMATE OUR CONJUGAL VOWS IN EVERY ROOM OF THE HOUSE!
AND SO..?
SO WE DID! WE DID IT IN THE BEDROOM, THE KITCHEN, THE BATHROOM, THE BASEMENT, THE CLOSETS.. WELL, YOU GET THE IDEA.
THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL STORY, STU. THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
THAT'S JUST IT, DOOFUS. THEN.. NOTHING HAPPENED.
WHICH IS WHY I KEEP BUILDING THESE ☆#@!!! ADDITIONS ONTO MY HOUSE!!
BASH!
BLANG! WHANG!
end

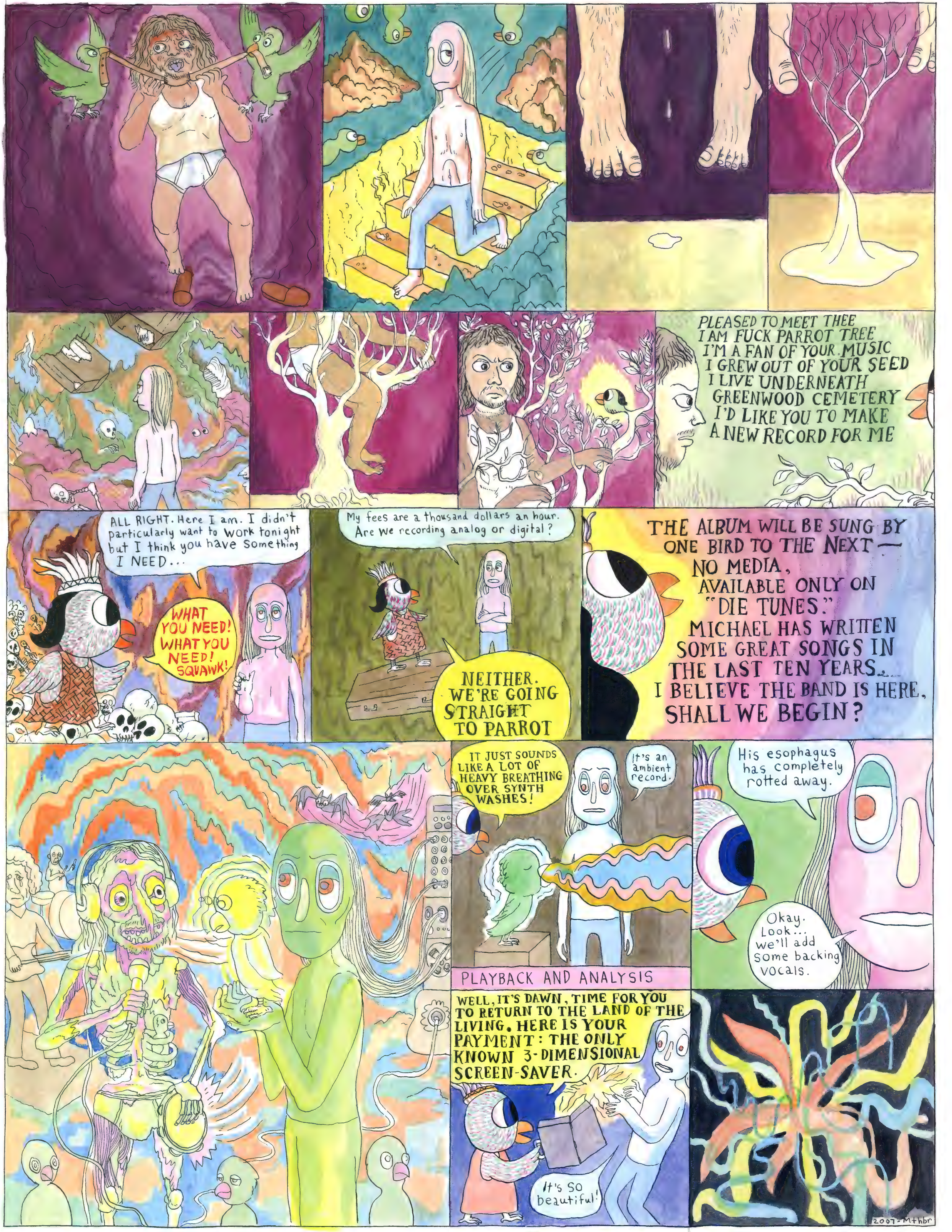

MISS JUNIPER
HMNN.. THIS ONE WILL DO..
Price Slitter
VODKA 80 PROOF
VASELINE 100% PURE PETROLEUM JELLY
BLANG!
SIZZLE!
Eve's SUMMER DOUCHE
TOSS!
CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT ON: BRAD PITT!
VASELINE
EWW!! IT'S THAT CREEPY DOOFUS, COMING THIS WAY WITH HIS MARKET BASKET!
MMPHH!
VALUE DAYS

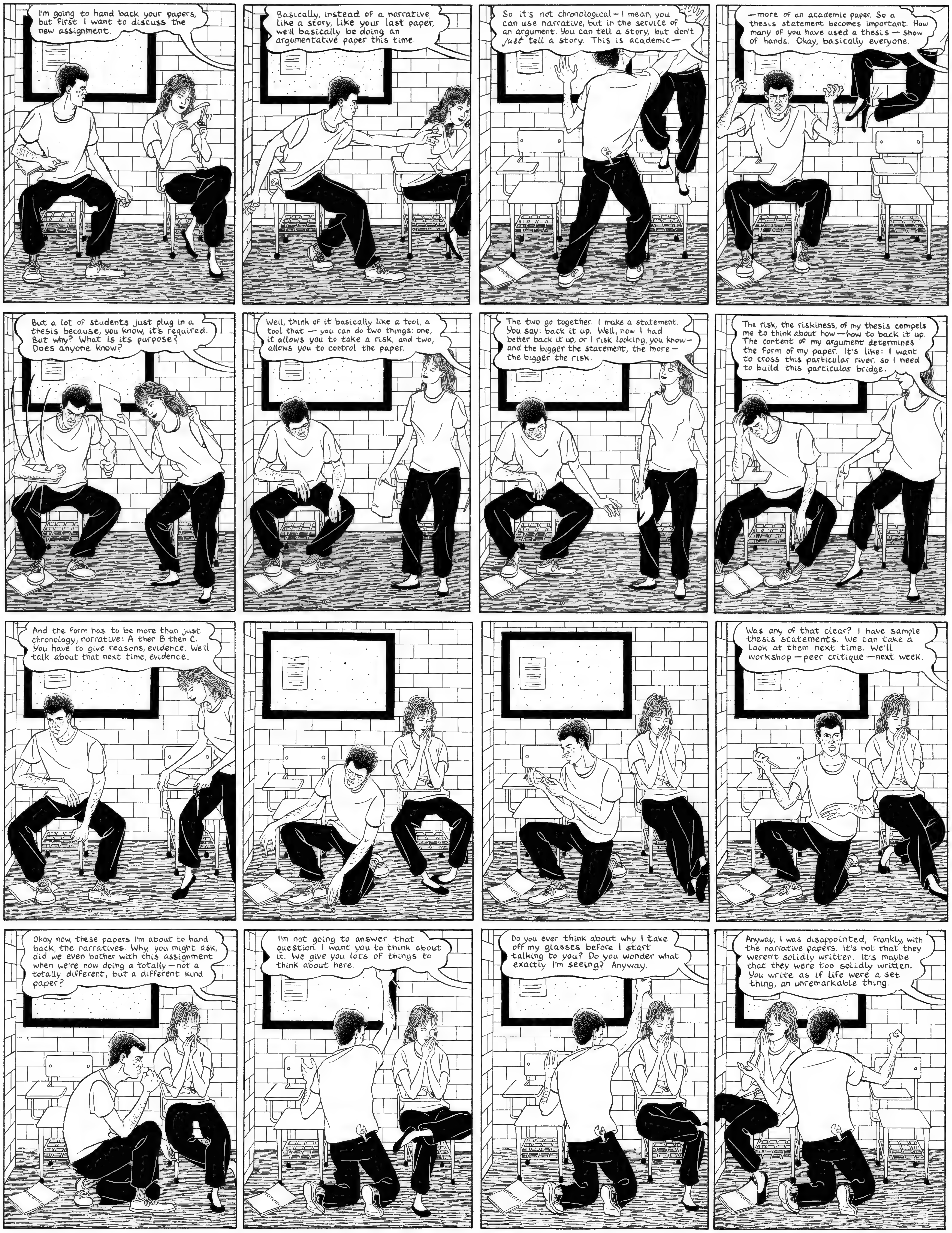

DOOFUS
R.A. 2008
FOOD PRICE SLITTER
50% OFF
PUSSY Tonite! NEW! Just Add 1 lb. Ground Beef ..and YOUR IMAGINATION!! Ready to use in Minutes!
BLONDE
PUSSY Tonite!
BRUNETTE
FLIP!
3 Easy Steps!
1 ADD "ESSENCE" PACKET TO BEEF AND KNEAD INTO A TIGHT MOUND.
2 HEAT OVEN TO 300 DEGREES
300°
3 POSITION "PUSSY" ON TOP OF GROUND BEEF AND PLACE IN OVEN.
NOW REMOVE FROM HEAT AND GET BIZZY
Fresh Meats
FROZEN
BAKERY
end

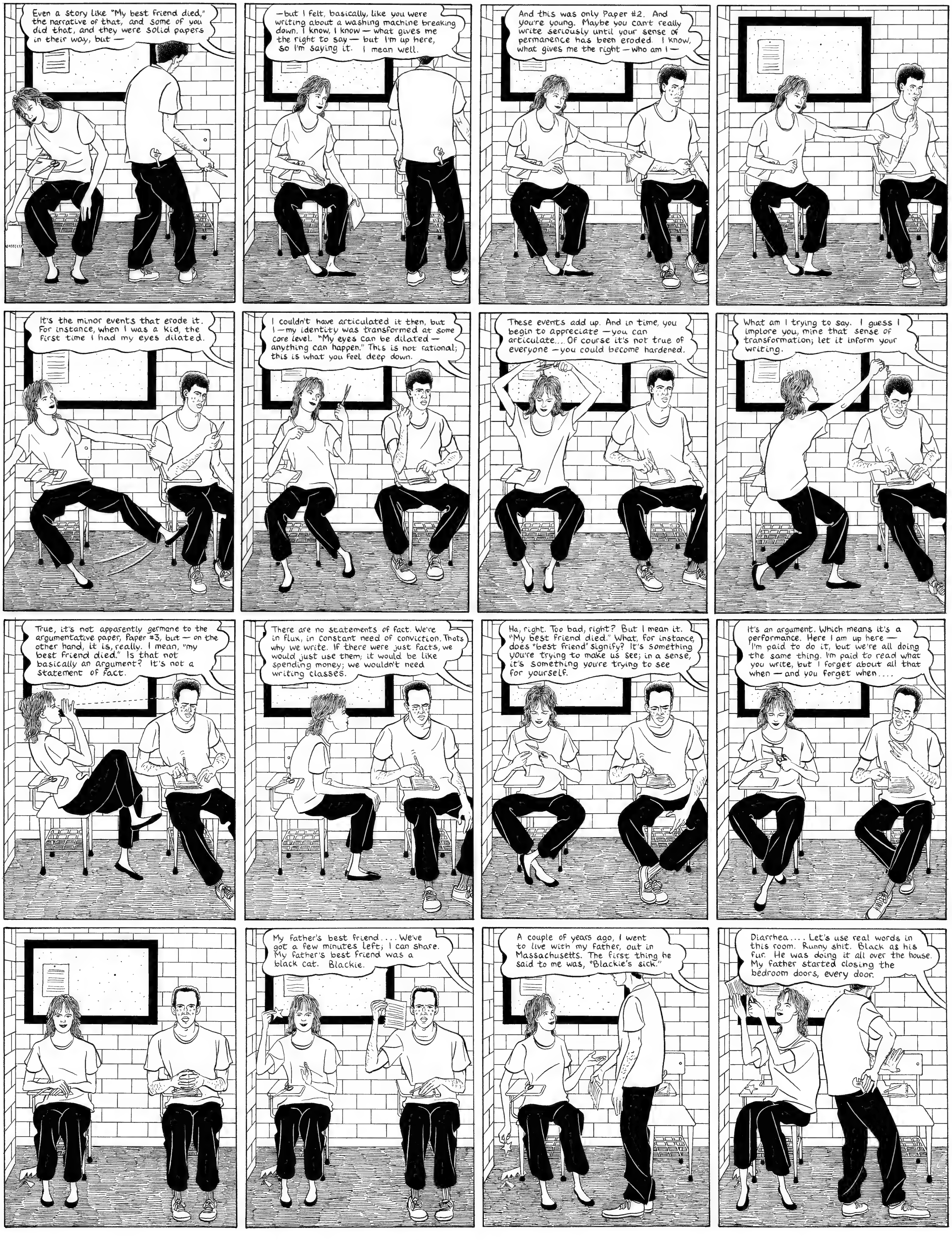

henry hotchkiss
DOOFUS, DO YOU HAVE A PENNY I CAN BORROW?!
"BORROW", HENRY HOTCHKISS?
TOUCH
DON'T WORRY, IT'S NOT CHARITY, DOOFUS. I JUST WANT TO USE YOUR PENNY TO SCRAPE OFF THE LAYER THAT WILL REVEAL IF MY "PIK SIX" NUMBER IS THE PRIZE WINNING TICKET!
BONUS! PIK 6 SWEEP-STAKES
THE LOTTERY, EH?
YES, DOOFUS. THE SWEEPSTAKES AMOUNT HAS RISEN TO 14 MILLION DOLLARS!!
HERE, HENRY HOTCHKISS, BUT REMEMBER, IF YOU WIN, YOU USED MY PENNY, AND YOU HAVE TO PROMISE TO SPLIT THE PRIZE MONEY WITH ME!
WELL, OK. I PROMISE, DOOFUS.
SCRAPE! SCRAPE!
WELL?
SIGH
RIP!
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A LOSER, HENRY HOTCHKISS?
end.

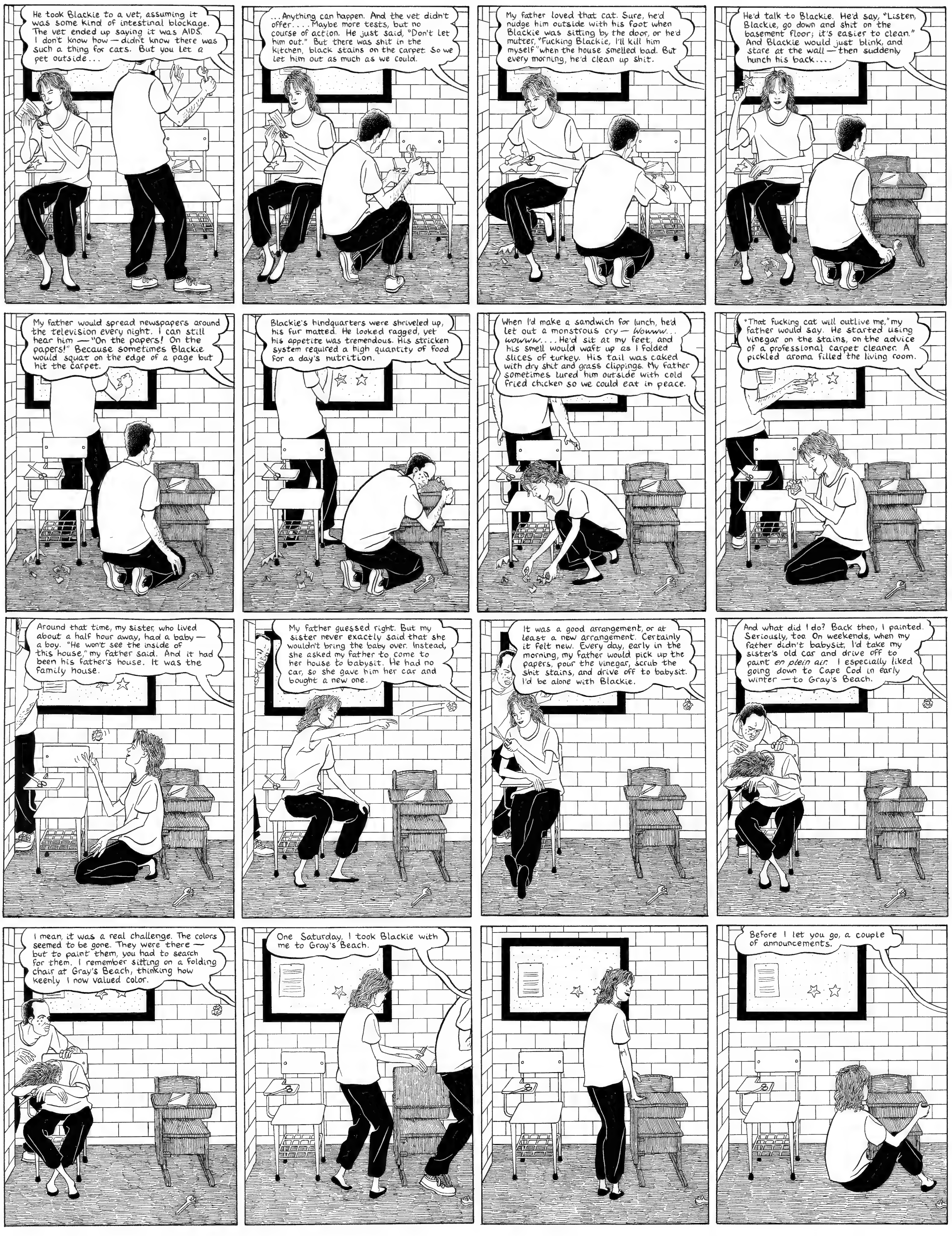

DOOFUS
in: THE SURVIVORS
WELL GANG, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THE SHIPWRECK. AND THIS IS GOING TO BE OUR NEW HOME!
IT'S AN UNCHARTED ISLAND SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC. HERE'S THE GOOD NEWS: I'VE JUST COMPLETED A SURVEY OF THE ISLAND AND IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S PLENTY OF NATURAL ASSETS TO HELP KEEP US ALIVE.
BUT IT WON'T BE EASY. LET'S INTRODUCE OURSELVES AND TELL THE GROUP OF ANY FIELD OF EXPERTISE THEY HAVE, SO WE'LL ALL KNOW THE STRENGTHS EACH MEMBER BRINGS TO OUR TEAM.
I'LL BEGIN..
-- I'M RAMROD. I'M A WORLD REKNOWNED TRACKER AND ZOOLOGIST WITH SPECIAL SKILLS IN ANIMAL HUSBANDRY.
I'M CONNER. I'M A SPECIALIST IN TROPICAL BOTANY WITH EXTENSIVE EXPERIENCE IN DEVELOPING CROP CULTIVATION IN ARID, SANDY CLIMES.
GOOD!
I'M BRANIGAN. I'M A PROFESSIONAL SURVEYOR AND STRUCTURAL ENGINEER WHO SPECIALIZES IN CREATING BUILDINGS AND SHELTERS FROM DECIDIOUS MATERIALS.
EXCELLENT!
I'M BROCK. I'M AN HERBAL HEALER AND BUSH DOCTOR, WORLD REKNOWN FOR CREATING HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES FROM EXISTING FLORA AND FAUNA.
PERFECT!
I'M DOOFUS. I'M THE WORLD'S LEADING AUTHORITY ON THE HISTORY AND PRODUCT LINE OF THE FERRARO-PAN CANDY COMPANY, MAKERS OF LEMONHEADS, JAWBREAKERS AND ATOMIC FIREBALLS!
EPILOGUE:
THEN IN 1954 CAME THE BREAKTHROUGH THAT SHOOK THE INDUSTRY TO ITS VERY CORE ..THE ATOMIC FIREBALL!

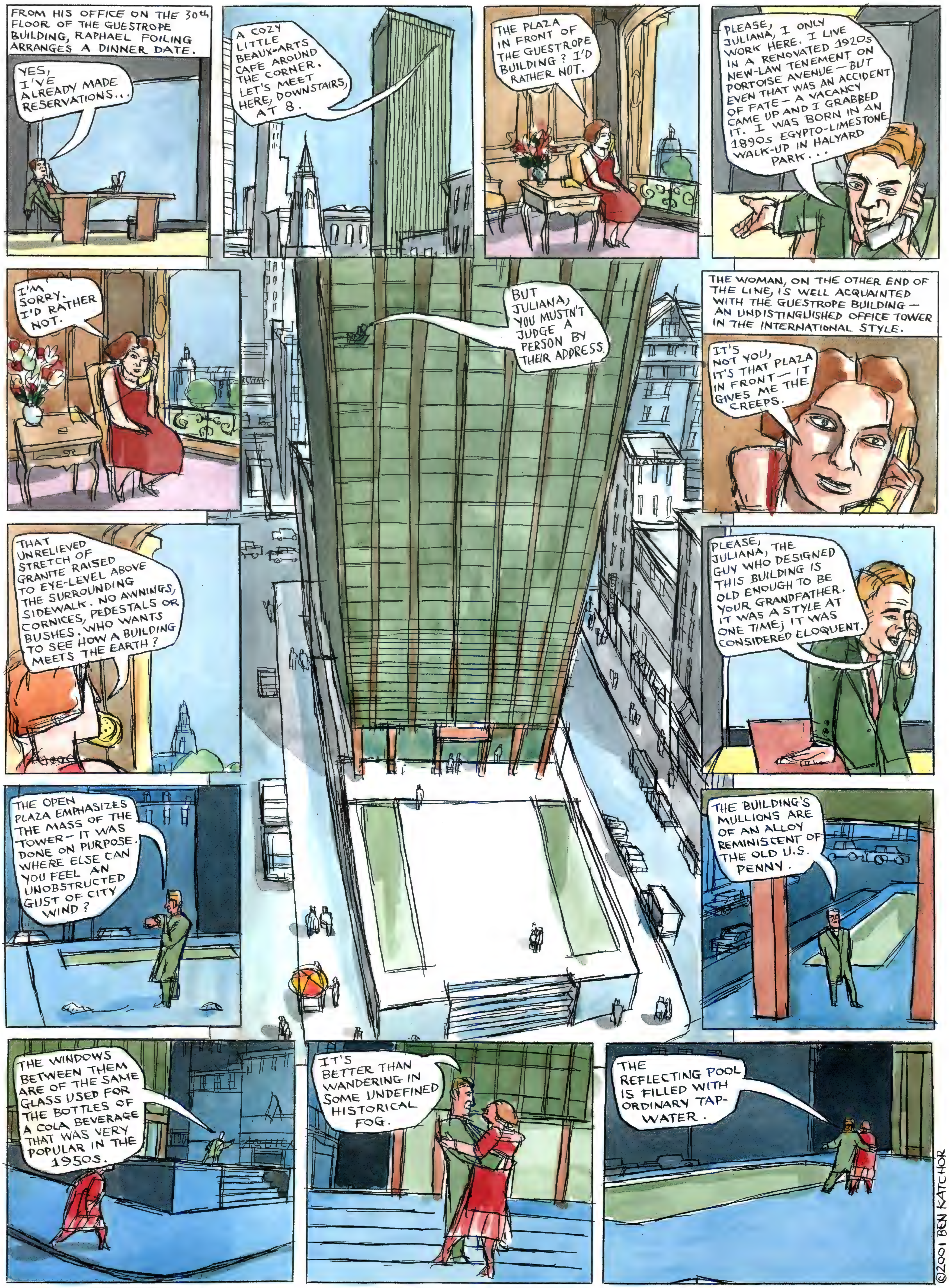

SCREENSAVOR SWAMP
I see the Will-o-wisps are working at their loom of light again
ENO
CONNY PLANK
IN A NEW TALE OF GRAND GUIGNOL
"PRODUCE THE CORPSE"
SUICIDE BLONDE
MY NAME IS BEERS: GARY GARRY BEERS. ONCE I PLUCKED THE STRINGS OF A LUTE TO EARN MY BREAD, AND WAS MY OWN LANDLORD.
NOW EACH DAY I WALK A 5 MILE DIRT ROAD FROM MY VILLAGE TO CANBERRA TO SELL ONIONS IN THE MARKET.
OUR BAND WAS BROKEN UP AFTER OUR SINGER WAS FOUND DEAD HE WAS STRANGLED BY HIS VERY OWN BELT.
THE CORONER BECLARED HIS DEATH TO BE A SUICIDE
AUTO-ASPHYXIATION
BUT THE BELT WAS TORN AT BOTH ENDS, AS IF BY HOOKS OR CLAWS...
OUR APPEAL OF THE REPORT RESULTED ONLY IN OUR BANISHMENT FROM AMEUROPASIA.
I GREW UP ON THE LABOR CONTINENT AND DOUBTLESS I'LL BE A WORKING STIFF FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE AN ONION MAN.
AWK FUCK PARROT TREE!
SQ FUC
My hair is a superconductor. It stores static electricity which I can patch back into the synths. Ever read TESLA?
SOMEWHERE IN MONEYHATTAN
AMID THE ALTARS OF BLOOD SACRIFICE
...A TABLE FULL OF 20TH CENTURY NOTABLES! FOR ONE THING, ENO IS HERE!!...AND BOWIE! WE HAVE THE PRINCE OF DUBAI... JENNA BUSH.... AND CYBORG O.D.B!
BIG TIP?
SOLAR PANEL
No, no, it doesn't hurt at all... what's that? oh thank you, I feel marvelous too!
MR. ENO, YOUR SERVICES ARE URGENTLY REQUESTED IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY BROOKLYN
Jesus christ!!! I'm eating here!!
THE MEAL WILL BE PAID FOR BY MY EMPLOYER— PLEASE DEPART IMMEDIATELY.
SQUAW
THIS IS IT MR ENO, THE EDGE OF THE GRAVEYARD. PLEASE PROCEED IN A FORWARDLY DIRECTION AND NO PUSSYFOOTING!


PLEASED TO MEET THEE
I AM FUCK PARROT TREE
I'M A FAN OF YOUR MUSIC
I GREW OUT OF YOUR SEED
I LIVE UNDERNEATH GREENWOOD CEMETERY
I'D LIKE YOU TO MAKE A NEW RECORD FOR ME
ALL RIGHT. Here I am. I didn't particularly want to work tonight but I think you have something I NEED...
WHAT YOU NEED! WHAT YOU NEED! SQUAWK!
My fees are a thousand dollars an hour. Are we recording analog or digital?
NEITHER. WE'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO PARROT
THE ALBUM WILL BE SUNG BY ONE BIRD TO THE NEXT — NO MEDIA, AVAILABLE ONLY ON "DIE TUNES." MICHAEL HAS WRITTEN SOME GREAT SONGS IN THE LAST TEN YEARS... I BELIEVE THE BAND IS HERE, SHALL WE BEGIN?
IT JUST SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF HEAVY BREATHING OVER SYNTH WASHES!
It's an ambient record.
His esophagus has completely rotted away.
Okay. Look... we'll add some backing vocals.
PLAYBACK AND ANALYSIS
WELL, IT'S DAWN, TIME FOR YOU TO RETURN TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING. HERE IS YOUR PAYMENT: THE ONLY KNOWN 3-DIMENSIONAL SCREEN-SAVER.
It's so beautiful!
2007-Mthbr


I'm going to hand back your papers, but first I want to discuss the new assignment.
Basically, instead of a narrative, like a story, like your last paper, we'll basically be doing an argumentative paper this time.
So it's not chronological—I mean, you can use narrative, but in the service of an argument. You can tell a story, but don't *just* tell a story. This is academic—
—more of an academic paper. So a thesis statement becomes important. How many of you have used a thesis—show of hands. Okay, basically everyone.
But a lot of students just plug in a thesis because, you know, it's required. But why? What is its purpose? Does anyone know?
Well, think of it basically like a tool, a tool that — you can do two things: one, it allows you to take a risk, and two, allows you to control the paper.
The two go together. I make a statement. You say: back it up. Well, now I had better back it up, or I risk looking, you know—and the bigger the statement, the more—the bigger the risk.
The risk, the riskiness, of my thesis compels me to think about how—how to back it up. The content of my argument determines the form of my paper. It's like: I want to cross this particular river, so I need to build this particular bridge.
And the form has to be more than just chronology, narrative: A then B then C. You have to give reasons, evidence. We'll talk about that next time, evidence.
Was any of that clear? I have sample thesis statements. We can take a look at them next time. We'll workshop—peer critique—next week.
Okay now, these papers I'm about to hand back, the narratives. Why, you might ask, did we even bother with this assignment when we're now doing a totally—not a totally different, but a different kind paper?
I'm not going to answer that question. I want you to think about it. We give you lots of things to think about here.
Do you ever think about why I take off my glasses before I start talking to you? Do you wonder what exactly I'm seeing? Anyway.
Anyway, I was disappointed, frankly, with the narrative papers. It's not that they weren't solidly written. It's maybe that they were too solidly written. You write as if life were a set thing, an unremarkable thing.

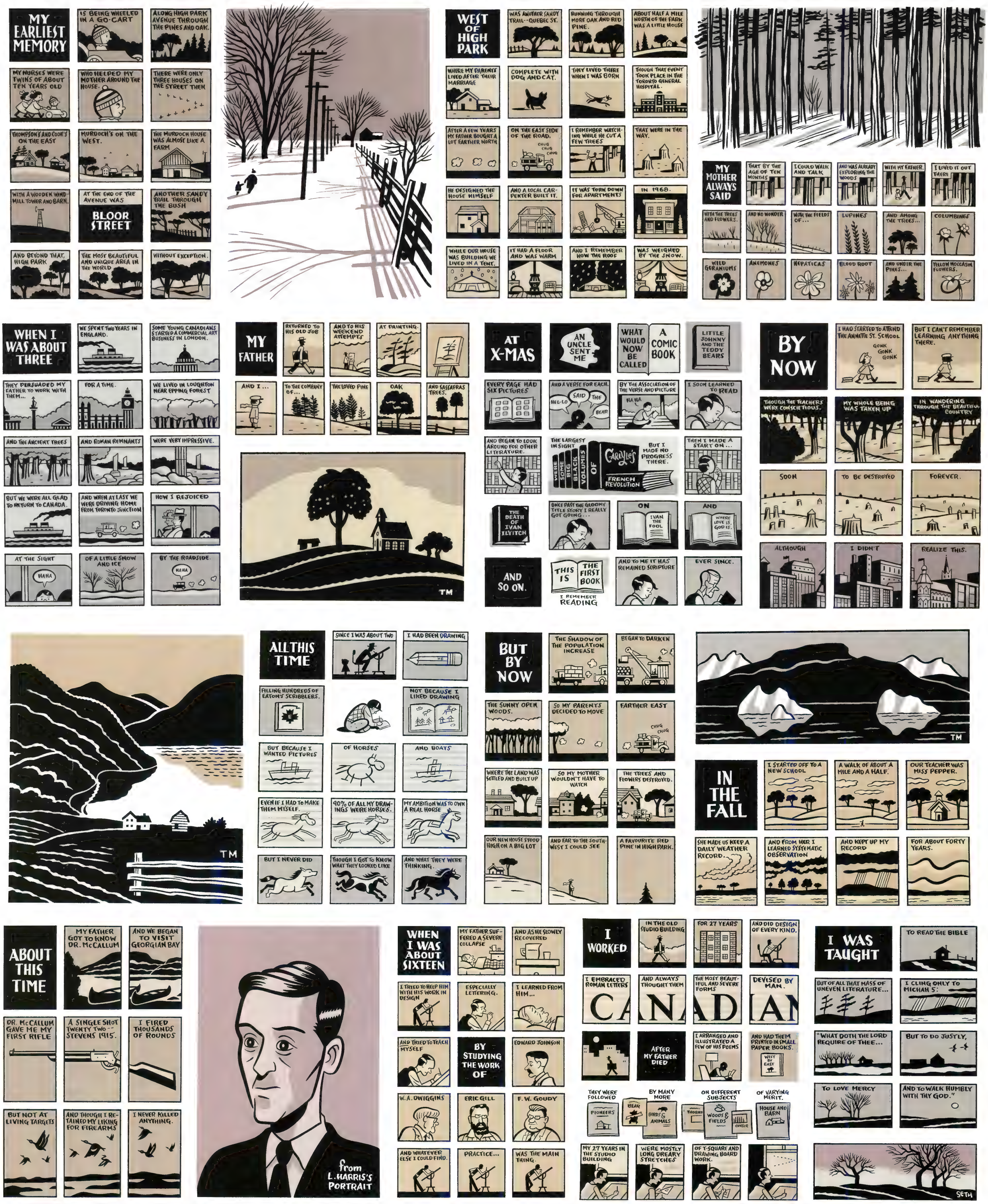

Even a story like "My best friend died," the narrative of that, and some of you did that, and they were solid papers in their way, but —
—but I felt, basically, like you were writing about a washing machine breaking down. I know, I know — what gives me the right to say — but I'm up here, so I'm saying it. I mean well.
And this was only Paper #2. And you're young. Maybe you can't really write seriously until your sense of permanence has been eroded. I know, what gives me the right — who am I —
It's the minor events that erode it. For instance, when I was a kid, the first time I had my eyes dilated.
I couldn't have articulated it then, but I — my identity was transformed at some core level. "My eyes can be dilated — anything can happen." This is not rational; this is what you feel deep down.
These events add up. And in time, you begin to appreciate — you can articulate... Of course it's not true of everyone — you could become hardened.
What am I trying to say. I guess I implore you, mine that sense of transformation; let it inform your writing.
True, it's not apparently germane to the argumentative paper, Paper #3, but — on the other hand, it is, really. I mean, "my best friend died." Is that not basically an argument? It's not a statement of fact.
There are no statements of fact. We're in flux, in constant need of conviction. That's why we write. If there were just facts, we would just use them; it would be like spending money; we wouldn't need writing classes.
Ha, right. Too bad, right? But I mean it. "My best friend died." What, for instance, does "best friend" signify? It's something you're trying to make us see; in a sense, it's something you're trying to see for yourself.
It's an argument. Which means it's a performance. Here I am up here — I'm paid to do it, but we're all doing the same thing. I'm paid to read what you write, but I forget about all that when — and you forget when....
My father's best friend.... We've got a few minutes left; I can share. My father's best friend was a black cat. Blackie.
A couple of years ago, I went to live with my father, out in Massachusetts. The first thing he said to me was, "Blackie's sick."
Diarrhea.... Let's use real words in this room. Runny shit. Black as his fur. He was doing it all over the house. My father started closing the bedroom doors, every door.


He took Blackie to a vet, assuming it was some kind of intestinal blockage. The vet ended up saying it was AIDS. I don't know how — didn't know there was such a thing for cats. But you let *a* pet outside . . .
. . . Anything can happen. And the vet didn't offer. . . . Maybe more tests, but no course of action. He just said, "Don't let him out." But there was shit in the kitchen, black stains on the carpet. So we let him out as much as we could.
My father loved that cat. Sure, he'd nudge him outside with his foot when Blackie was sitting by the door, or he'd mutter, "Fucking Blackie, I'll kill him myself" when the house smelled bad. But every morning, he'd clean up shit.
He'd talk to Blackie. He'd say, "Listen, Blackie, go down and shit on the basement floor; it's easier to clean." And Blackie would just blink, and stare at the wall — then suddenly hunch his back. . . .
My father would spread newspapers around the television every night. I can still hear him — "On the papers! On the papers!" Because sometimes Blackie would squat on the edge of a page but hit the carpet.
Blackie's hindquarters were shriveled up, his fur matted. He looked ragged, yet his appetite was tremendous. His stricken system required a high quantity of food for a day's nutrition.
When I'd make a sandwich for lunch, he'd let out a monstrous cry — *Wowww. . . wowww. . . .* He'd sit at my feet, and his smell would waft up as I folded slices of turkey. His tail was caked with dry shit and grass clippings. My father sometimes lured him outside with cold fried chicken so we could eat in peace.
"That fucking cat will outlive me," my father would say. He started using vinegar on the stains, on the advice of a professional carpet cleaner. A pickled aroma filled the living room.
Around that time, my sister, who lived about a half hour away, had a baby — a boy. "He won't see the inside of this house," my father said. And it had been his father's house. It was the family house.
My father guessed right. But my sister never exactly said that she wouldn't bring the baby over. Instead, she asked my father to come to her house to babysit. He had no car, so she gave him her car and bought a new one.
It was a good arrangement, or at least a new arrangement. Certainly it felt new. Every day, early in the morning, my father would pick up the papers, pour the vinegar, scrub the shit stains, and drive off to babysit. I'd be alone with Blackie.
And what did I do? Back then, I painted. Seriously, too. On weekends, when my father didn't babysit, I'd take my sister's old car and drive off to paint *en plein air.* I especially liked going down to Cape Cod in early winter — to Gray's Beach.
I mean, it was a real challenge. The colors seemed to be gone. They were there — but to paint them, you had to search for them. I remember sitting on a folding chair at Gray's Beach, thinking how keenly I now valued color.
One Saturday, I took Blackie with me to Gray's Beach.
Before I let you go, a couple of announcements.

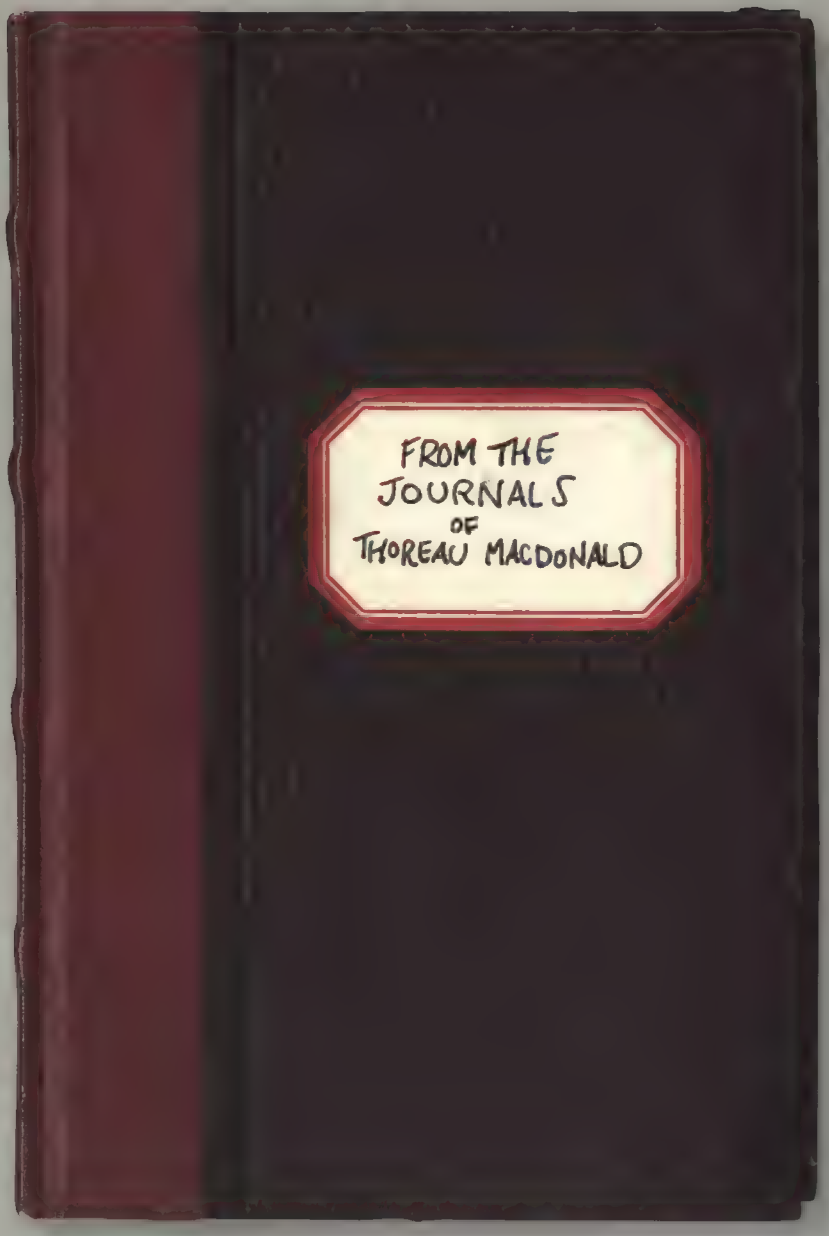

FROM HIS OFFICE ON THE 30th FLOOR OF THE GUESTROPE BUILDING, RAPHAEL FOILING ARRANGES A DINNER DATE.
YES, I'VE ALREADY MADE RESERVATIONS...
A COZY LITTLE BEAUX-ARTS CAFE AROUND THE CORNER. LET'S MEET HERE, DOWNSTAIRS, AT 8.
THE PLAZA IN FRONT OF THE GUESTROPE BUILDING? I'D RATHER NOT.
PLEASE, JULIANA, I ONLY WORK HERE. I LIVE IN A RENOVATED 1920s NEW-LAW TENEMENT ON PORTOISE AVENUE — BUT EVEN THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT OF FATE — A VACANCY CAME UP AND I GRABBED IT. I WAS BORN IN AN 1890s EGYPTO-LIMESTONE WALK-UP IN HALYARD PARK...
I'M SORRY. I'D RATHER NOT.
BUT JULIANA, YOU MUSTN'T JUDGE A PERSON BY THEIR ADDRESS.
THE WOMAN, ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE, IS WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE GUESTROPE BUILDING — AN UNDISTINGUISHED OFFICE TOWER IN THE INTERNATIONAL STYLE.
IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S THAT PLAZA IN FRONT — IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
THAT UNRELIEVED STRETCH OF GRANITE RAISED TO EYE-LEVEL ABOVE THE SURROUNDING SIDEWALK. NO AWNINGS, CORNICES, PEDESTALS OR BUSHES. WHO WANTS TO SEE HOW A BUILDING MEETS THE EARTH?
PLEASE, JULIANA, THE GUY WHO DESIGNED THIS BUILDING IS OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR GRANDFATHER. IT WAS A STYLE AT ONE TIME; IT WAS CONSIDERED ELOQUENT.
THE OPEN PLAZA EMPHASIZES THE MASS OF THE TOWER — IT WAS DONE ON PURPOSE. WHERE ELSE CAN YOU FEEL AN UNOBSTRUCTED GUST OF CITY WIND?
THE BUILDING'S MULLIONS ARE OF AN ALLOY REMINISCENT OF THE OLD U.S. PENNY.
THE WINDOWS BETWEEN THEM ARE OF THE SAME GLASS USED FOR THE BOTTLES OF A COLA BEVERAGE THAT WAS VERY POPULAR IN THE 1950s.
IT'S BETTER THAN WANDERING IN SOME UNDEFINED HISTORICAL FOG.
THE REFLECTING POOL IS FILLED WITH ORDINARY TAP-WATER.
©2001 BEN KATCHOR

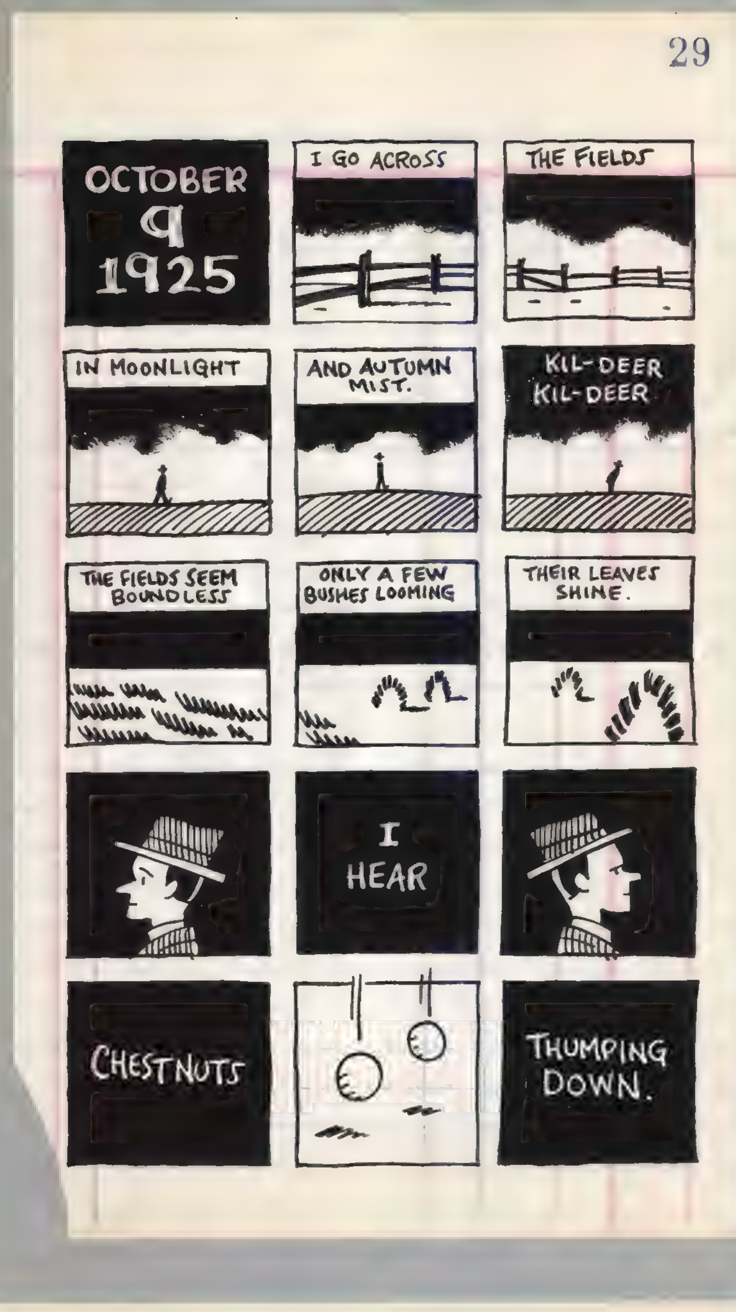
SOUNDS OF BOMBS
TEENAGERS
SAN
TORO

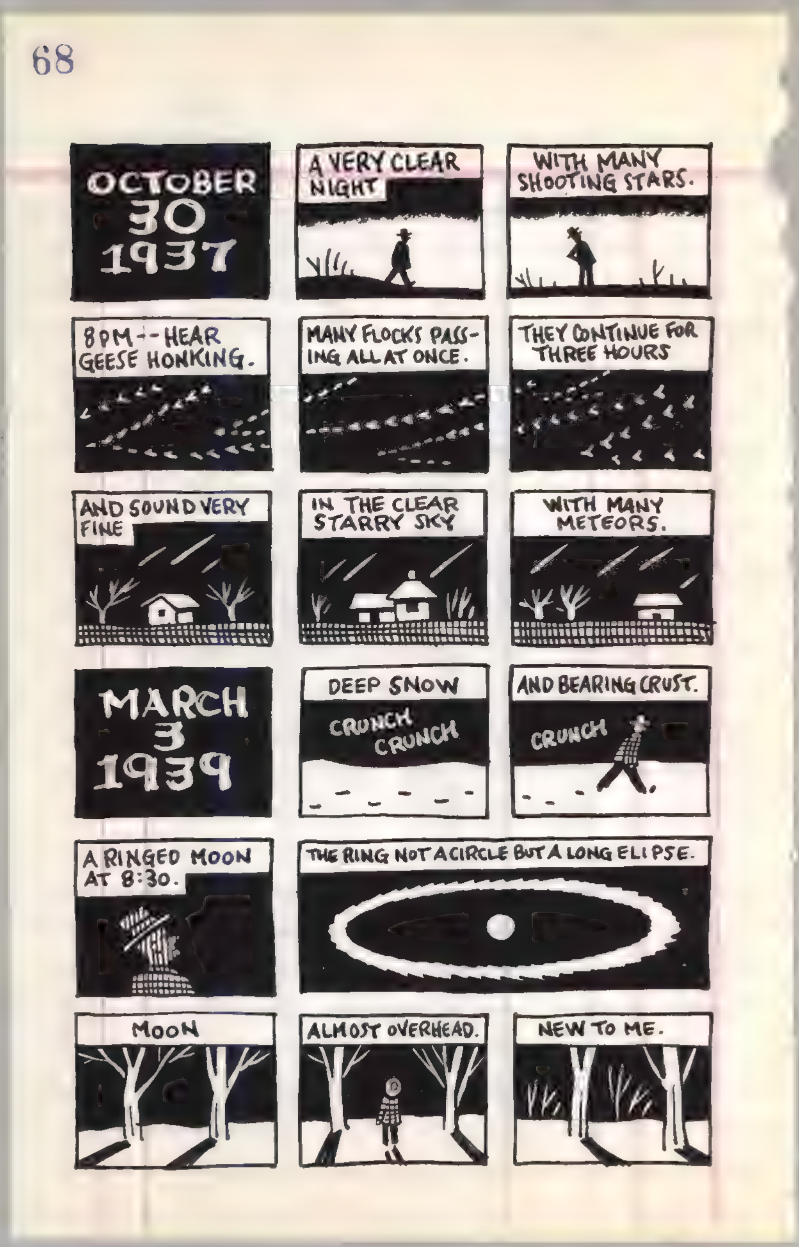
THOREAU MACDONALD

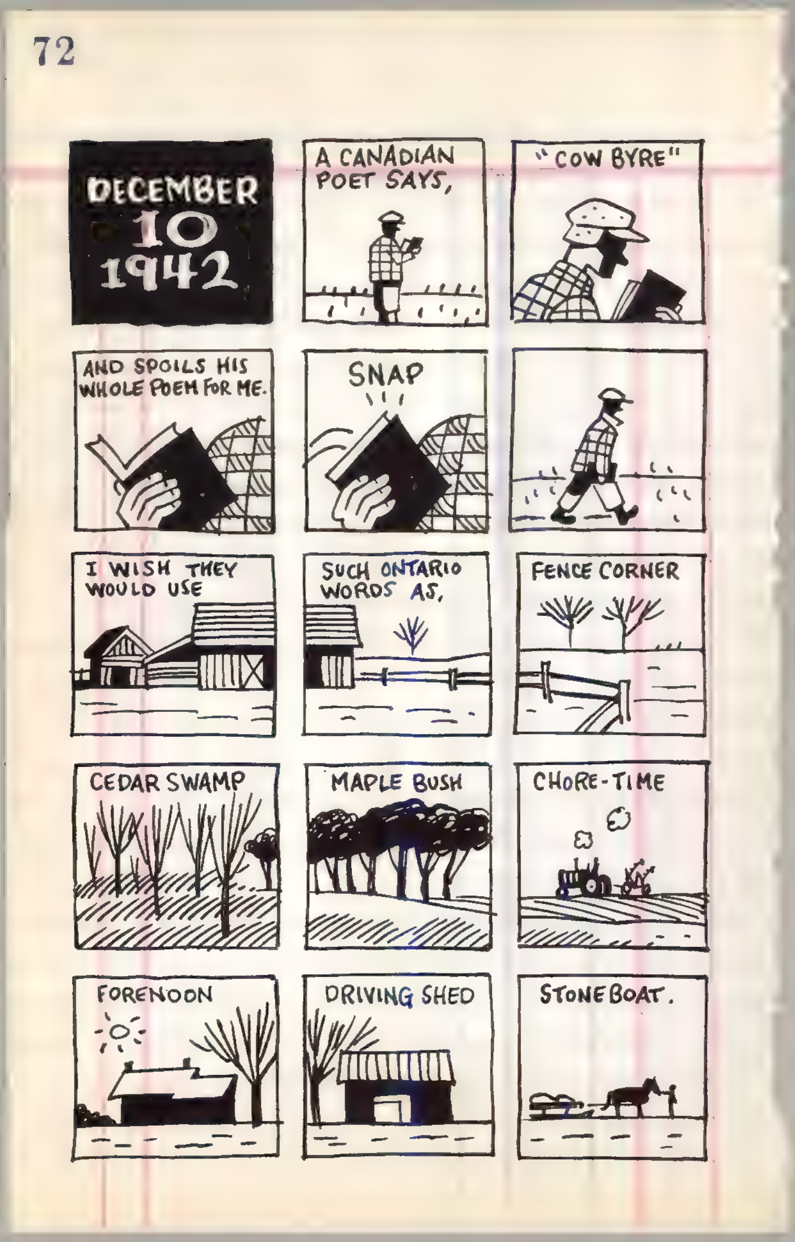

MY EARLIEST MEMORY
IS BEING WHEELED IN A GO-CART
ALONG HIGH PARK AVENUE THROUGH THE PINES AND OAK.
MY NURSES WERE TWINS OF ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD
WHO HELPED MY MOTHER AROUND THE HOUSE.
THERE WERE ONLY THREE HOUSES ON THE STREET THEN
THOMPSON'S AND COOK'S ON THE EAST
MURDOCH'S ON THE WEST.
THE MURDOCH HOUSE WAS ALMOST LIKE A FARM
WITH A WOODEN WIND-MILL TOWER AND BARN.
AT THE END OF THE AVENUE WAS
BLOOR STREET
ANOTHER SANDY TRAIL THROUGH THE BUSH
AND BEYOND THAT, HIGH PARK
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND UNIQUE AREA IN THE WORLD
WITHOUT EXCEPTION.
WEST OF HIGH PARK
WAS ANOTHER SANDY TRAIL--QUEBEC ST.
RUNNING THROUGH MORE OAK AND RED PINE.
ABOUT HALF A MILE NORTH OF THE PARK WAS A LITTLE HOUSE
WHERE MY PARENTS LIVED AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE
COMPLETE WITH DOG AND CAT.
THEY LIVED THERE WHEN I WAS BORN
THOUGH THAT EVENT TOOK PLACE IN THE TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL.
AFTER A FEW YEARS MY FATHER BOUGHT A LOT FARTHER NORTH
ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE ROAD.
CHUG CHUG CHUG
I REMEMBER WATCHING WHILE HE CUT A FEW TREES
THAT WERE IN THE WAY.
HE DESIGNED THE HOUSE HIMSELF
AND A LOCAL CARPENTER BUILT IT.
IT WAS TORN DOWN FOR APARTMENTS
IN 1968.
WHILE OUR HOUSE WAS BUILDING WE LIVED IN A TENT.
IT HAD A FLOOR AND WAS WARM
AND I REMEMBER HOW THE ROOF
WAS WEIGHED BY THE SNOW.
MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID
THAT BY THE AGE OF TEN MONTHS
I COULD WALK AND TALK
AND WAS ALREADY EXPLORING THE WOODS
WITH MY FATHER.
I LOVED IT OUT THERE
WITH THE TREES AND FLOWERS.
AND NO WONDER
WITH THE FIELDS OF...
LUPINES
AND AMONG THE TREES...
COLUMBINES
WILD GERANIUMS
ANEMONES
HEPATICAS
BLOOD ROOT
AND UNDER THE PINES...
YELLOW MOCCASIN FLOWERS.
WHEN I WAS ABOUT THREE
WE SPENT TWO YEARS IN ENGLAND.
SOME YOUNG CANADIANS STARTED A COMMERCIAL ART BUSINESS IN LONDON.
THEY PERSUADED MY FATHER TO WORK WITH THEM...
FOR A TIME.
WE LIVED IN LOUGHTON NEAR EPPING FOREST
AND THE ANCIENT TREES
AND ROMAN REMNANTS
WERE VERY IMPRESSIVE.
BUT WE WERE ALL GLAD TO RETURN TO CANADA.
AND WHEN AT LAST WE WERE DRIVING HOME FROM TORONTO JUNCTION
HOW I REJOICED
AT THE SIGHT
HAHA
OF A LITTLE SNOW AND ICE
BY THE ROADSIDE.
HAHA
MY FATHER
RETURNED TO HIS OLD JOB
AND TO HIS WEEKEND ATTEMPTS
AT PAINTING.
AND I...
TO THE COMPANY OF...
THE LOVED PINE
OAK
AND SASSAFRAS TREES.
TM
AT X-MAS
AN UNCLE SENT ME
WHAT WOULD NOW BE CALLED A COMIC BOOK
LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS
EVERY PAGE HAD SIX PICTURES
AND A VERSE FOR EACH.
HEL-LO
SAID
THE
BEAR
BY THE ASSOCIATION OF THE VERSE AND PICTURE
HA HA
I SOON LEARNED TO READ
AND BEGAN TO LOOK AROUND FOR OTHER LITERATURE.
THE LARGEST IN SIGHT
WERE SOME BIG BLACK VOLUMES OF
CARLYLE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION
BUT I MADE NO PROGRESS THERE.
THEN I MADE A START ON...
THE DEATH OF IVAN ILYITCH
ONCE PAST THE GLOOMY TITLE STORY I REALLY GOT GOING...
ON
IVAN THE FOOL
AND
WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS.
AND SO ON.
THIS IS THE FIRST BOOK
I REMEMBER READING
AND TO ME IT HAS REMAINED SCRIPTURE
EVER SINCE.
BY NOW
I HAD STARTED TO ATTEND THE ANNETTE ST. SCHOOL
GONK GONK GONK
BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER LEARNING ANYTHING THERE.
THOUGH THE TEACHERS WERE CONSCIENTIOUS.
MY WHOLE BEING WAS TAKEN UP
IN WANDERING THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY
SOON
TO BE DESTROYED
FOREVER.
ALTHOUGH
I DIDN'T
REALIZE THIS.
TM
ALL THIS TIME
SINCE I WAS ABOUT TWO
I HAD BEEN DRAWING
HB
FILLING HUNDREDS OF EATON'S SCRIBBLERS.
E
NOT BECAUSE I LIKED DRAWING
BUT BECAUSE I WANTED PICTURES
OF HORSES
AND BOATS
EVEN IF I HAD TO MAKE THEM MYSELF.
90% OF ALL MY DRAWINGS WERE HORSES.
MY AMBITION WAS TO OWN A REAL HORSE
BUT I NEVER DID
THOUGH I GOT TO KNOW WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE
AND WHAT THEY WERE THINKING.
BUT BY NOW
THE SHADOW OF THE POPULATION INCREASE
BEGAN TO DARKEN
THE SUNNY OPEN WOODS.
SO MY PARENTS DECIDED TO MOVE
FARTHER EAST
CHUG CHUG
WHERE THE LAND WAS SETTLED AND BUILT UP
SO MY MOTHER WOULDN'T HAVE TO WATCH
THE TREES AND FLOWERS DESTROYED.
OUR NEW HOUSE STOOD HIGH ON A BIG LOT
AND FAR TO THE SOUTH-WEST I COULD SEE
A FAVOURITE RED PINE IN HIGH PARK.
TM
IN THE FALL
I STARTED OFF TO A NEW SCHOOL
A WALK OF ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF.
OUR TEACHER WAS MISS PEPPER.
SHE MADE US KEEP A DAILY WEATHER RECORD.
AND FROM HER I LEARNED SYSTEMATIC OBSERVATION
AND KEPT UP MY RECORD
FOR ABOUT FORTY YEARS.
ABOUT THIS TIME
MY FATHER GOT TO KNOW DR. McCALLUM
AND WE BEGAN TO VISIT GEORGIAN BAY
DR. McCALLUM GAVE ME MY FIRST RIFLE
A SINGLE SHOT TWENTY TWO-- STEVENS 1915.
I FIRED THOUSANDS OF ROUNDS
BUT NOT AT LIVING TARGETS
AND THOUGH I RETAINED MY LIKING FOR FIREARMS
I NEVER KILLED ANYTHING.
from L. HARRIS'S PORTRAIT
WHEN I WAS ABOUT SIXTEEN
MY FATHER SUFFERED A SEVERE COLLAPSE
AND AS HE SLOWLY RECOVERED
I TRIED TO HELP HIM WITH HIS WORK IN DESIGN
ESPECIALLY LETTERING.
I LEARNED FROM HIM...
AND TRIED TO TEACH MYSELF
BY STUDYING THE WORK OF
EDWARD JOHNSON
W. A. DWIGGINS
ERIC GILL
F. W. GOUDY
AND WHATEVER ELSE I COULD FIND.
PRACTICE...
WAS THE MAIN THING.
I WORKED
IN THE OLD STUDIO BUILDING
FOR 27 YEARS
AND DID DESIGN OF EVERY KIND.
I EMBRACED ROMAN LETTERS
AND ALWAYS THOUGHT THEM
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND SEVERE FORMS
DEVISED BY MAN.
CANADIAN
AFTER MY FATHER DIED
I ARRANGED AND ILLUSTRATED A FEW OF HIS POEMS
AND HAD THEM PRINTED IN SMALL PAPER BOOKS.
WEST BY EAST
THEY WERE FOLLOWED
PIONEERS
BEAR
BY MANY MORE
BIRDS & ANIMALS
THORNH
ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS
WOODS & FIELDS
HUNTER
OF VARYING MERIT.
HOUSE AND BARN
MY 27 YEARS IN THE STUDIO BUILDING
WERE MOSTLY LONG DREARY STRETCHES
OF T-SQUARE AND DRAWING BOARD WORK.
I WAS TAUGHT
TO READ THE BIBLE
BUT OF ALL THAT MASS OF UNEVEN LITERATURE...
I CLING ONLY TO MICHAH 5:
"WHAT DOTH THE LORD REQUIRE OF THEE...
BUT TO DO JUSTLY,
TO LOVE MERCY
AND TO WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD."
SETH

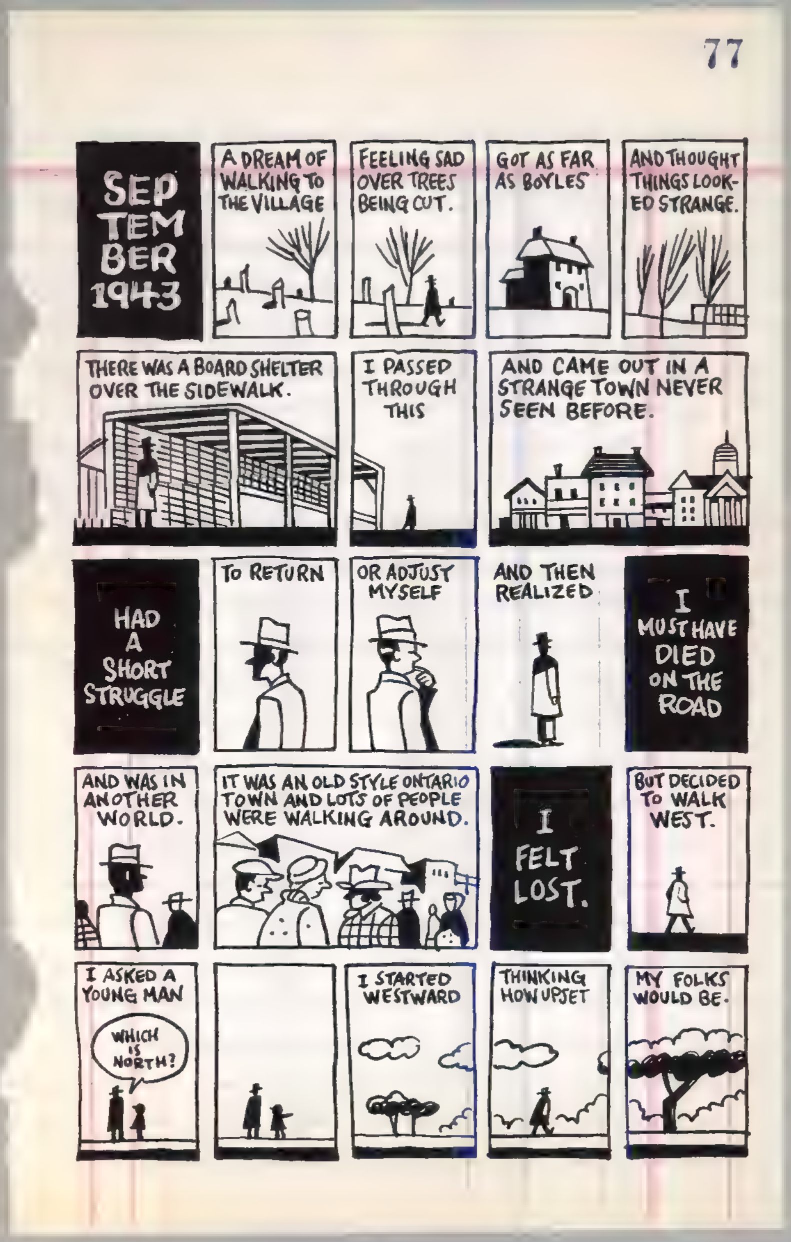
THOREAU MACDONALD'S WORDS HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM THE FOLLOWING BOOKS: THOREAU MACDONALD - A CATALOGUE OF DESIGN AND ILLUSTRATION (U of T PRESS, 1973), NOTEBOOKS (PENUMBRA, 1980) + A BOY ALL SPIRIT (PENUMBRA, 2002). I HAVE PRUNED A FEW WORDS FOR SPACE CONCERNS. THE LARGE DRAWINGS ARE MY INTERPRETATIONS OF SOME OF TM'S OWN.

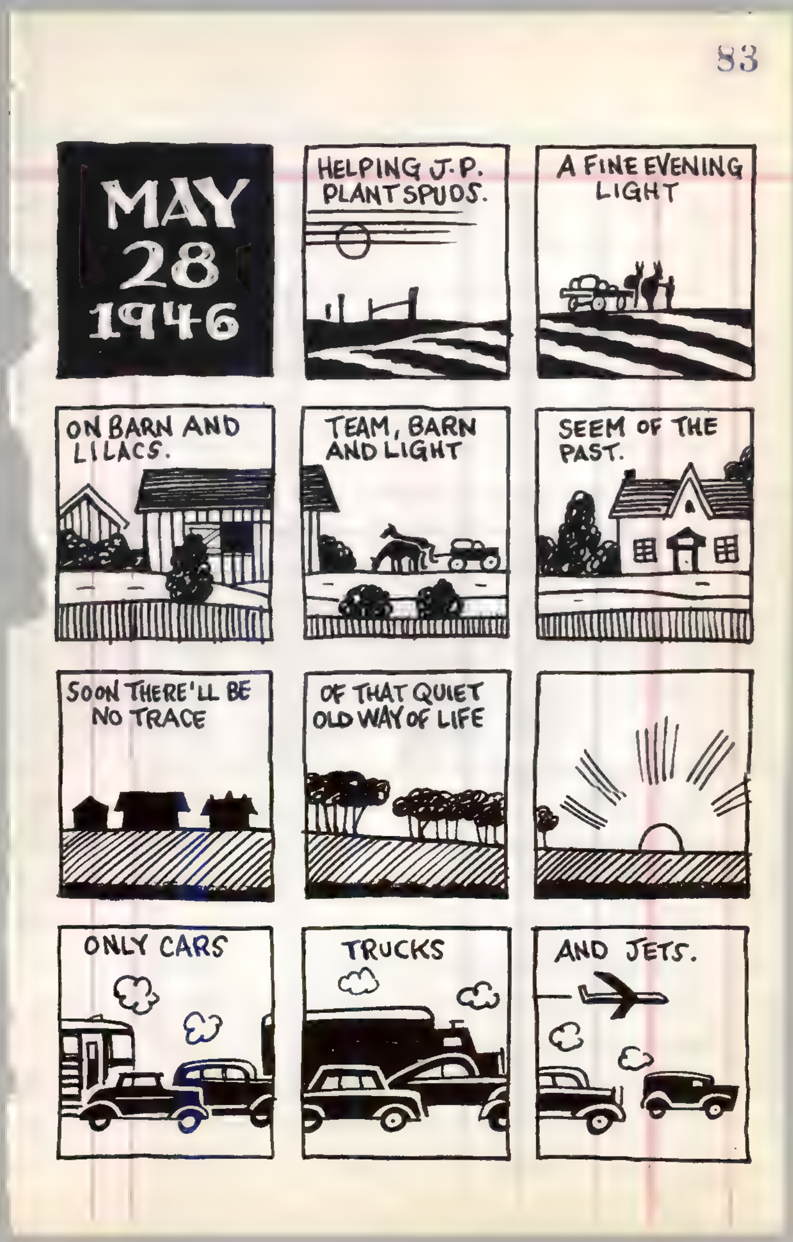

FROM THE JOURNALS OF THOREAU MACDONALD

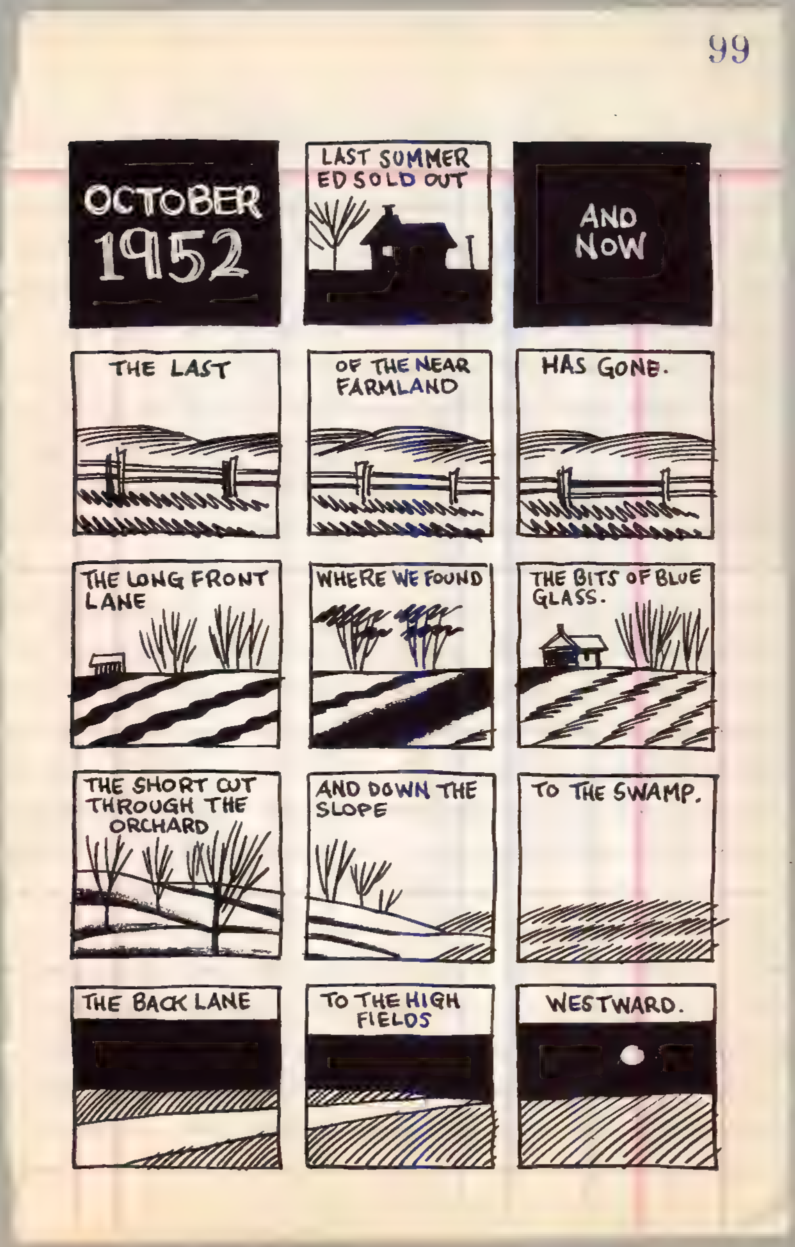

29
OCTOBER 9 1925
I GO ACROSS
THE FIELDS
IN MOONLIGHT
AND AUTUMN MIST.
KIL-DEER KIL-DEER
THE FIELDS SEEM BOUNDLESS
ONLY A FEW BUSHES LOOMING
THEIR LEAVES SHINE.
I HEAR
CHESTNUTS
THUMPING DOWN.

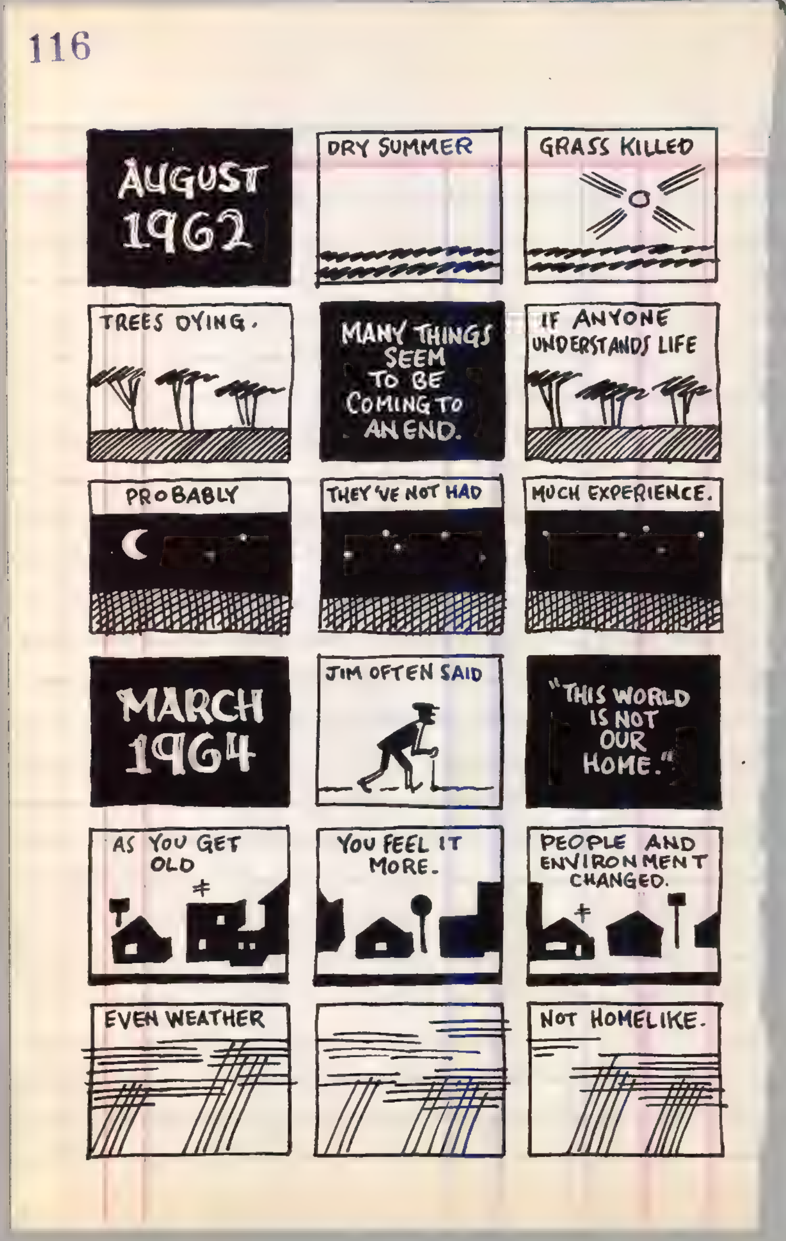

68
OCTOBER 30 1937
A VERY CLEAR NIGHT
WITH MANY SHOOTING STARS.
8PM--HEAR GEESE HONKING.
MANY FLOCKS PASSING ALL AT ONCE.
THEY CONTINUE FOR THREE HOURS
AND SOUND VERY FINE
IN THE CLEAR STARRY SKY
WITH MANY METEORS.
MARCH 3 1939
DEEP SNOW
CRUNCH CRUNCH
AND BEARING CRUST.
CRUNCH
A RINGED MOON AT 8:30.
THE RING NOT A CIRCLE BUT A LONG ELIPSE.
MOON
ALMOST OVERHEAD.
NEW TO ME.

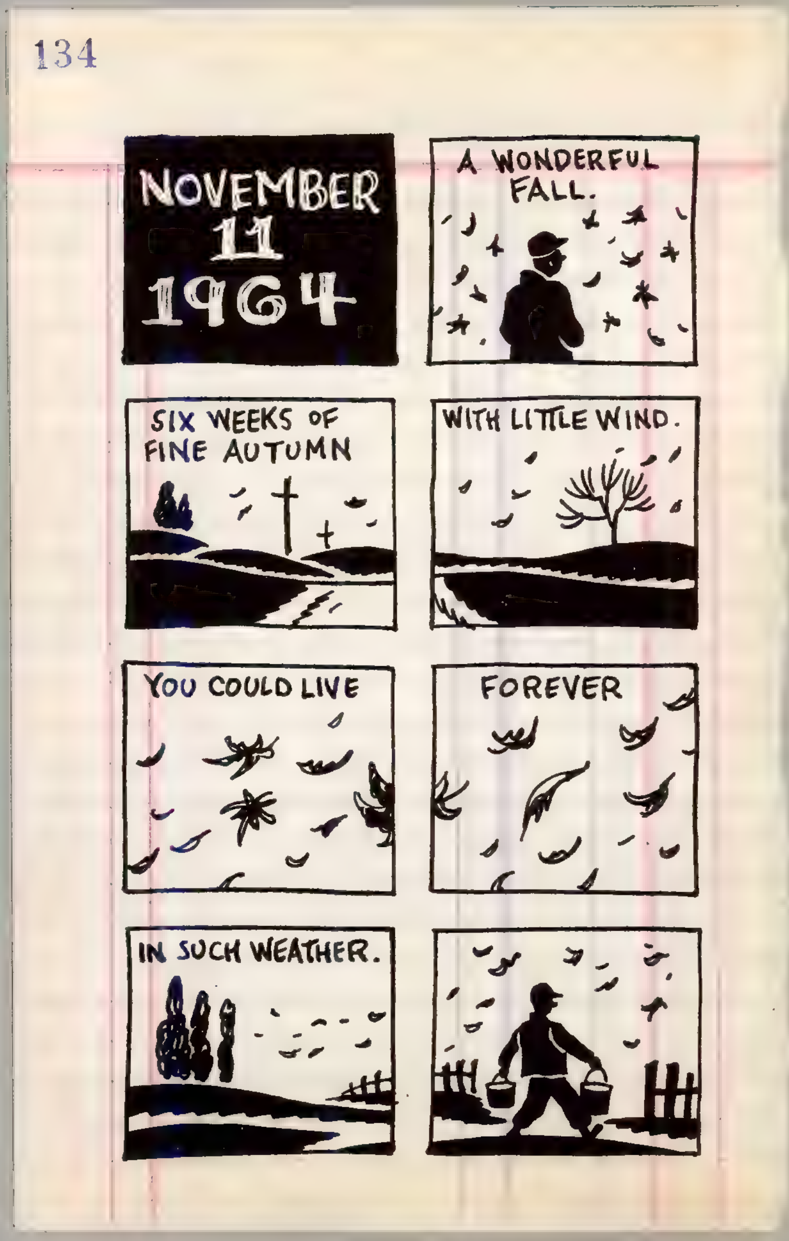

72
DECEMBER 10 1942
A CANADIAN POET SAYS,
"COW BYRE"
AND SPOILS HIS WHOLE POEM FOR ME.
SNAP
I WISH THEY WOULD USE
SUCH ONTARIO WORDS AS,
FENCE CORNER
CEDAR SWAMP
MAPLE BUSH
CHORE-TIME
FORENOON
DRIVING SHED
STONE BOAT.


77
SEPTEMBER 1943
A DREAM OF WALKING TO THE VILLAGE
FEELING SAD OVER TREES BEING CUT.
GOT AS FAR AS BOYLES
AND THOUGHT THINGS LOOKED STRANGE.
THERE WAS A BOARD SHELTER OVER THE SIDEWALK.
I PASSED THROUGH THIS
AND CAME OUT IN A STRANGE TOWN NEVER SEEN BEFORE.
HAD A SHORT STRUGGLE
TO RETURN
OR ADJUST MYSELF
AND THEN REALIZED
I MUST HAVE DIED ON THE ROAD
AND WAS IN ANOTHER WORLD.
IT WAS AN OLD STYLE ONTARIO TOWN AND LOTS OF PEOPLE WERE WALKING AROUND.
I FELT LOST.
BUT DECIDED TO WALK WEST.
I ASKED A YOUNG MAN
WHICH IS NORTH?
I STARTED WESTWARD
THINKING HOW UPSET
MY FOLKS WOULD BE.

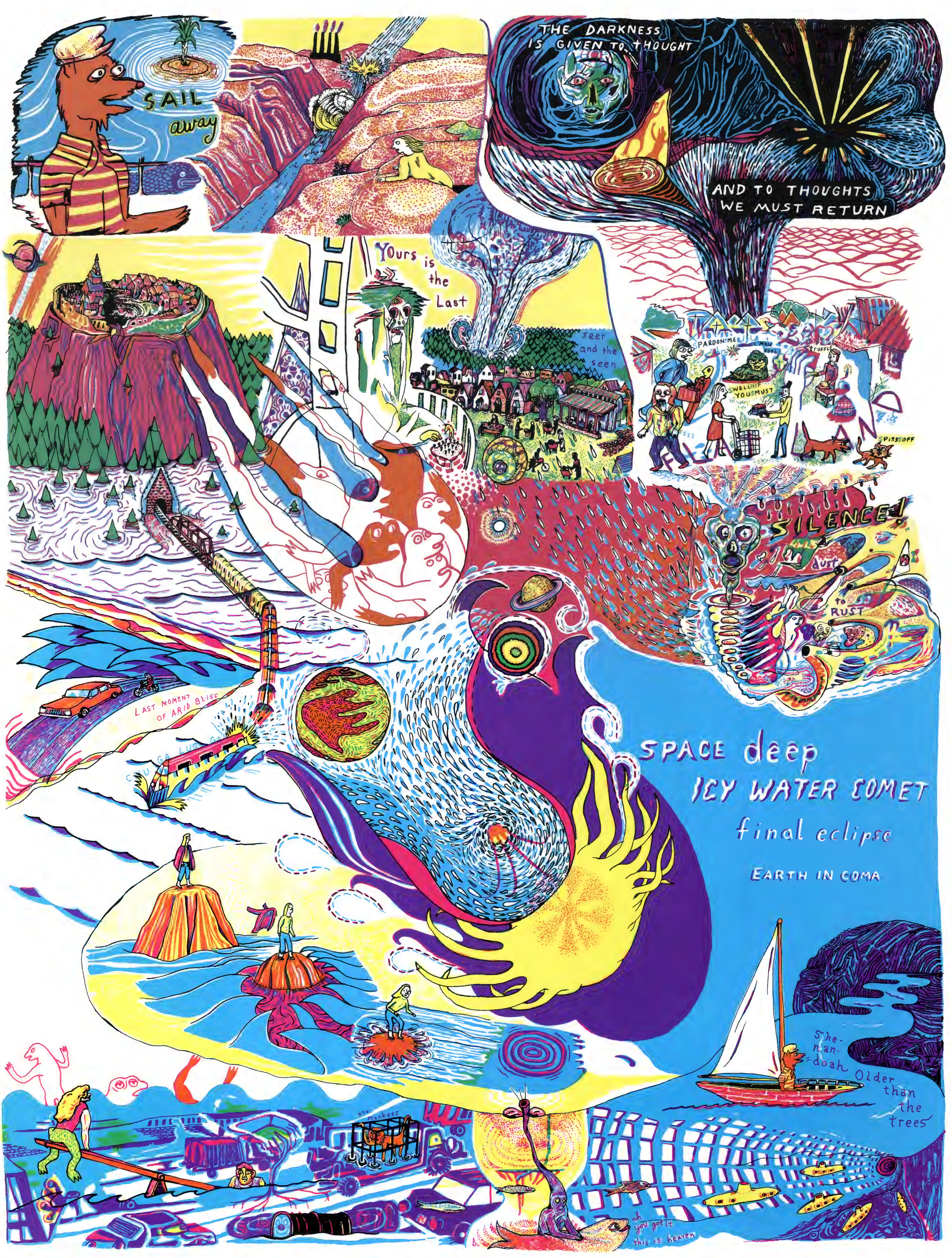

83
MAY 28 1946
HELPING J.P. PLANT SPUDS.
A FINE EVENING LIGHT
ON BARN AND LILACS.
TEAM, BARN AND LIGHT
SEEM OF THE PAST.
SOON THERE'LL BE NO TRACE
OF THAT QUIET OLD WAY OF LIFE
ONLY CARS
TRUCKS
AND JETS.

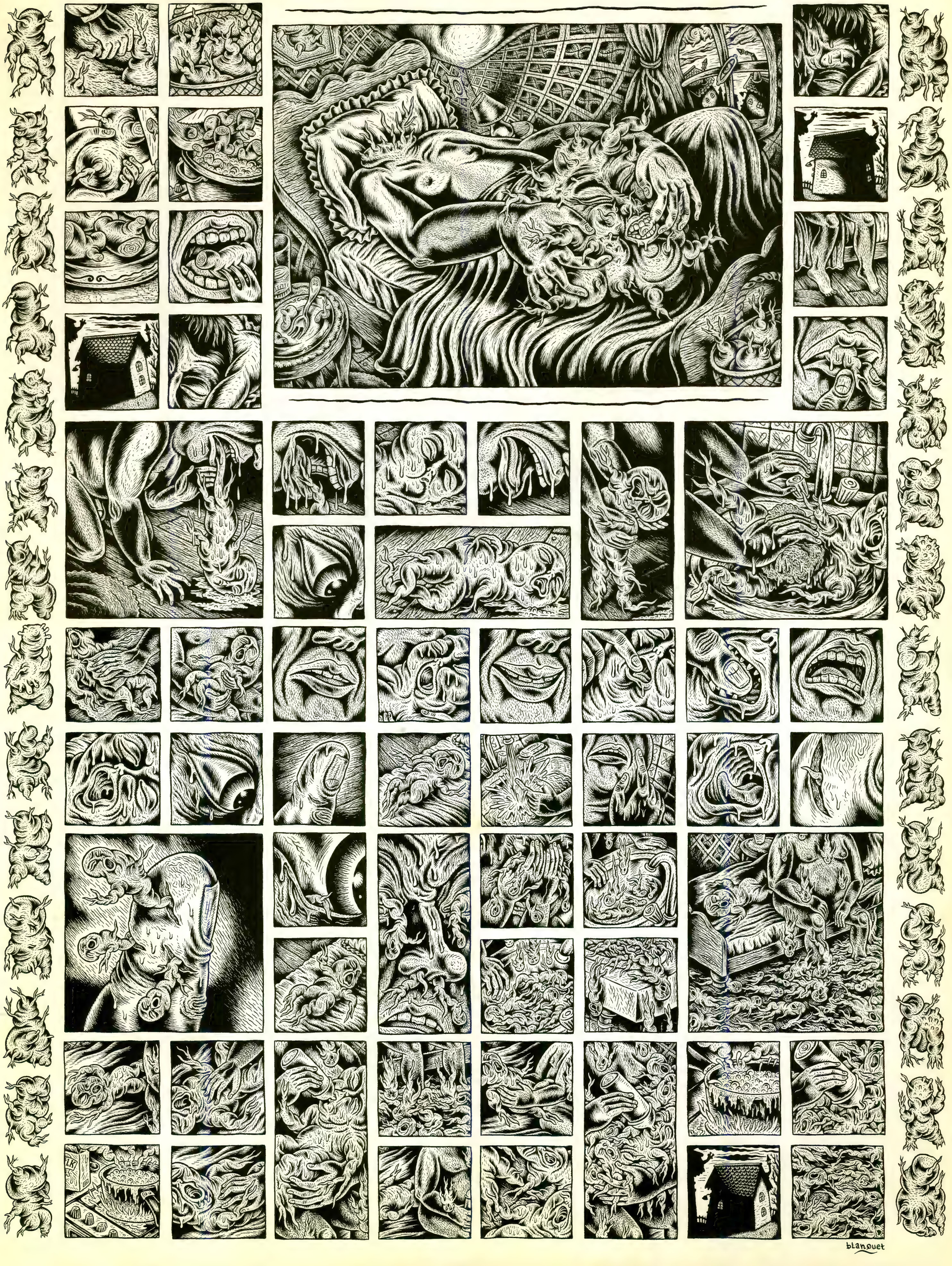

99
OCTOBER 1952
LAST SUMMER ED SOLD OUT
AND NOW
THE LAST
OF THE NEAR FARMLAND
HAS GONE.
THE LONG FRONT LANE
WHERE WE FOUND
THE BITS OF BLUE GLASS.
THE SHORT CUT THROUGH THE ORCHARD
AND DOWN THE SLOPE
TO THE SWAMP.
THE BACK LANE
TO THE HIGH FIELDS
WESTWARD.


116
AUGUST 1962
DRY SUMMER
GRASS KILLED
TREES DYING.
MANY THINGS SEEM TO BE COMING TO AN END.
IF ANYONE UNDERSTANDS LIFE
PROBABLY
THEY'VE NOT HAD
MUCH EXPERIENCE.
MARCH 1964
JIM OFTEN SAID
"THIS WORLD IS NOT OUR HOME."
AS YOU GET OLD
YOU FEEL IT MORE.
PEOPLE AND ENVIRONMENT CHANGED.
EVEN WEATHER
NOT HOMELIKE.


134
NOVEMBER 11 1964
A WONDERFUL FALL.
SIX WEEKS OF FINE AUTUMN
WITH LITTLE WIND.
YOU COULD LIVE
FOREVER
IN SUCH WEATHER.

TM (1901-1989)

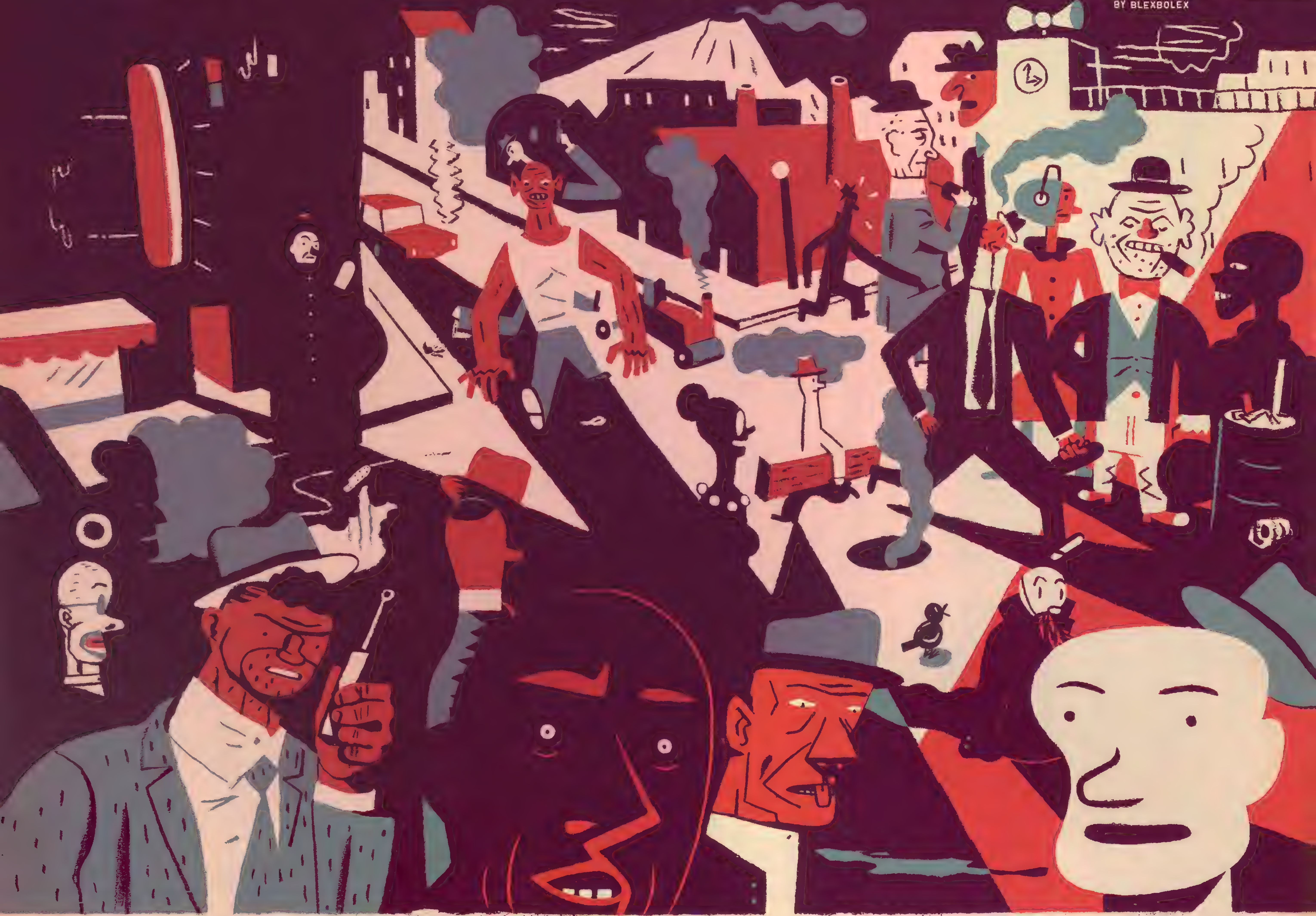

SAIL
away
THE DARKNESS
IS GIVEN TO THOUGHT
AND TO THOUGHTS
WE MUST RETURN
Yours is the Last
seer and the seen
PARDON ME
SWELLNIF
YOUSMUST
truffle
ssss
FLAND
PISSSOFF
SILENCE!
dust
to RUST
LAST MOMENT
OF ARID BLISS
CHU GA LU GA
SPACE deep
ICY WATER COMET
final eclipse
EARTH IN COMA
She-
nan-
doah
Older
than
the
trees
you
monkees
ah
you got it
this is heaven

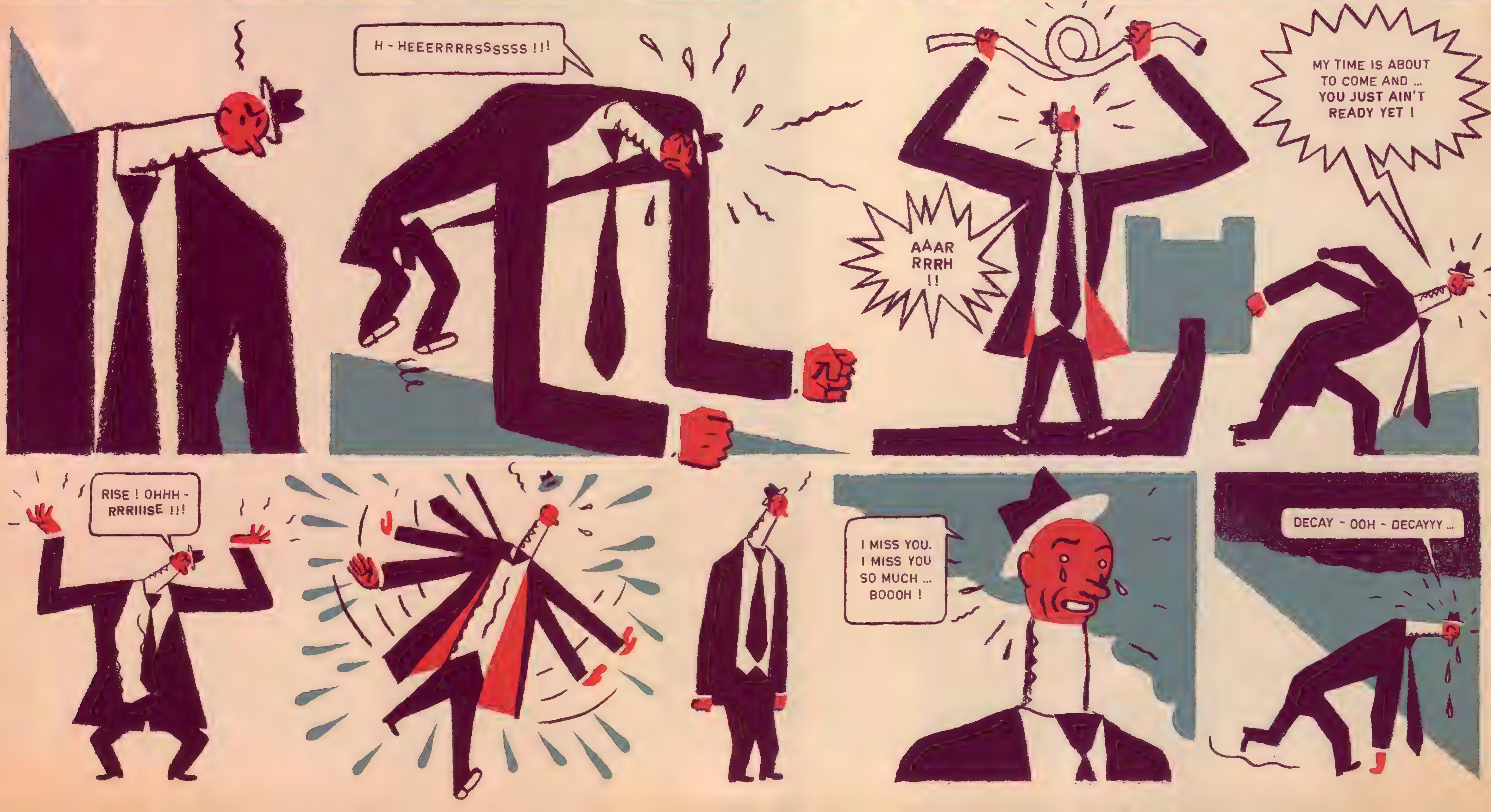

blanquet

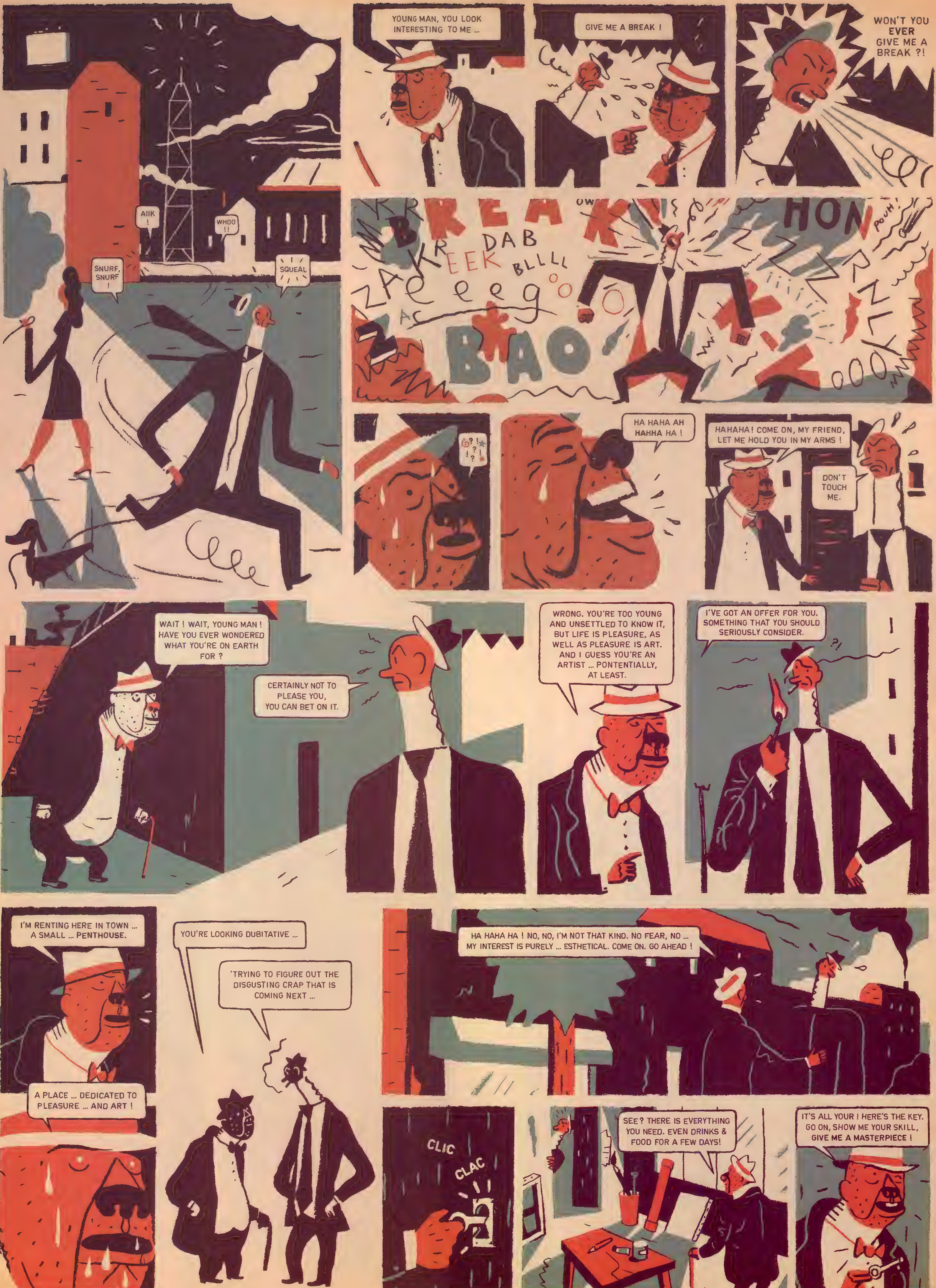
Lost for Life

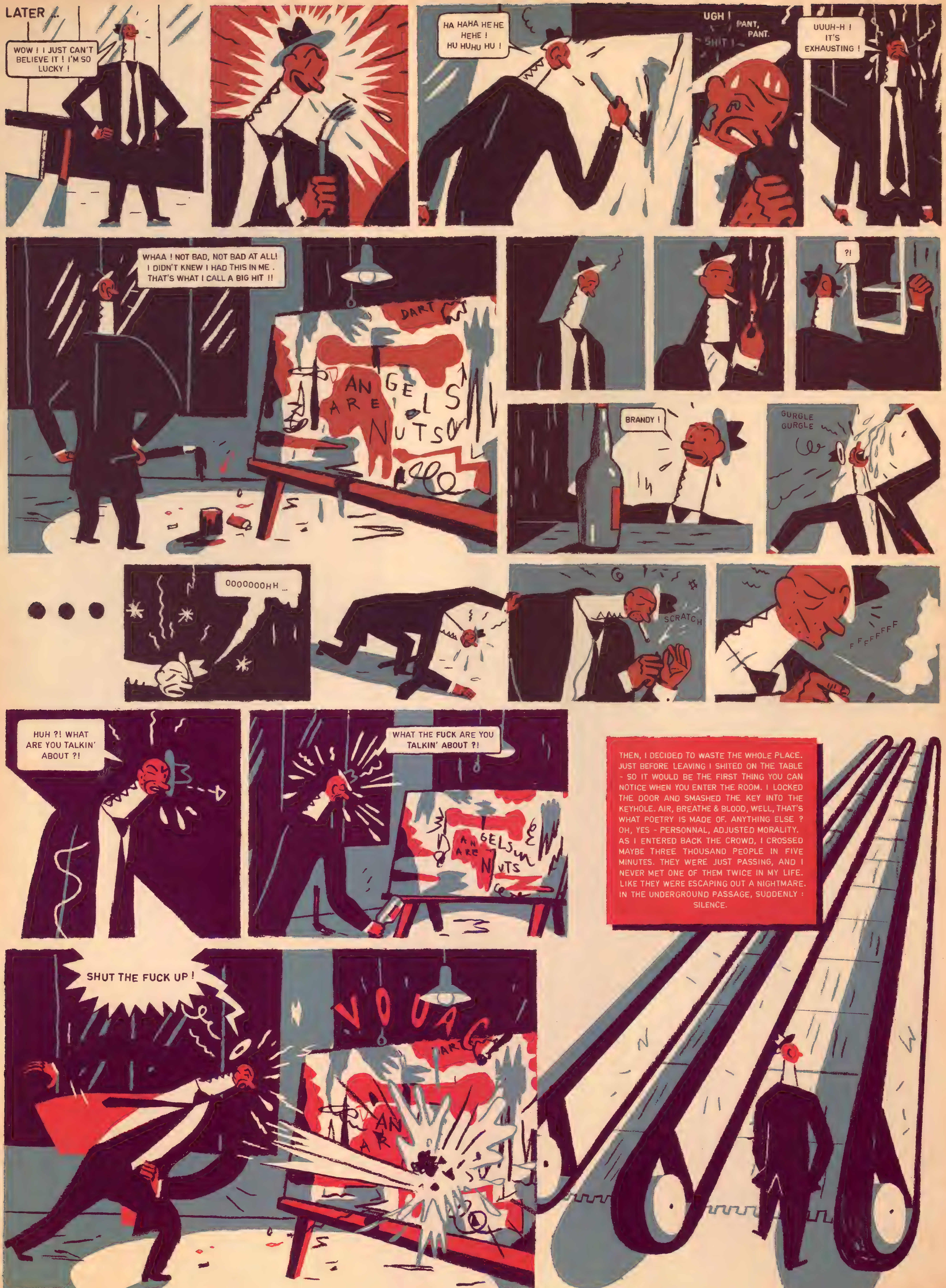
BY BLEXBOLEX

EACH TIME THEY ASK ME WHAT I USED TO BE BEFORE BECOMING THE PIECE OF JUNK EVERYONE KNOWS, I SLOWLY LIGHT A CIGARETTE AND EXPIRE SOME SMOKE, LIKE I'VE GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD. THEN, WITH A LITTLE SMILE - THE KIND YOU WOULD LIKE TO ERASE WITH A SLAP - I ALWAYS ANSWER:
- " I WAS A POET. "

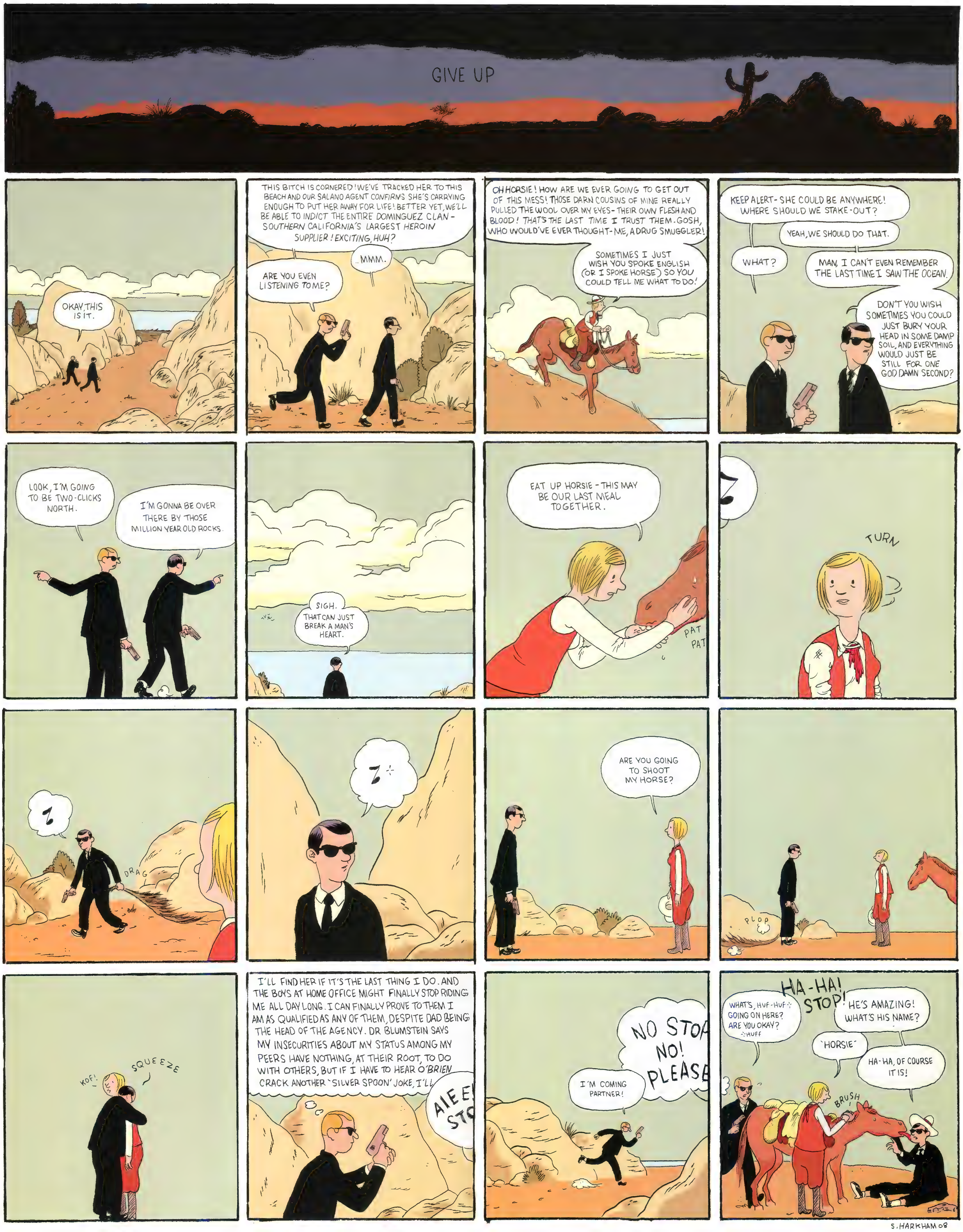



H - HEEERRRRRSSSSSS !!!
AAAR RRRH !!
MY TIME IS ABOUT TO COME AND ... YOU JUST AIN'T READY YET !
RISE ! OHHH - RRRIIISE !!!
I MISS YOU. I MISS YOU SO MUCH ... BOOOH !
DECAY - OOH - DECAYYY ...

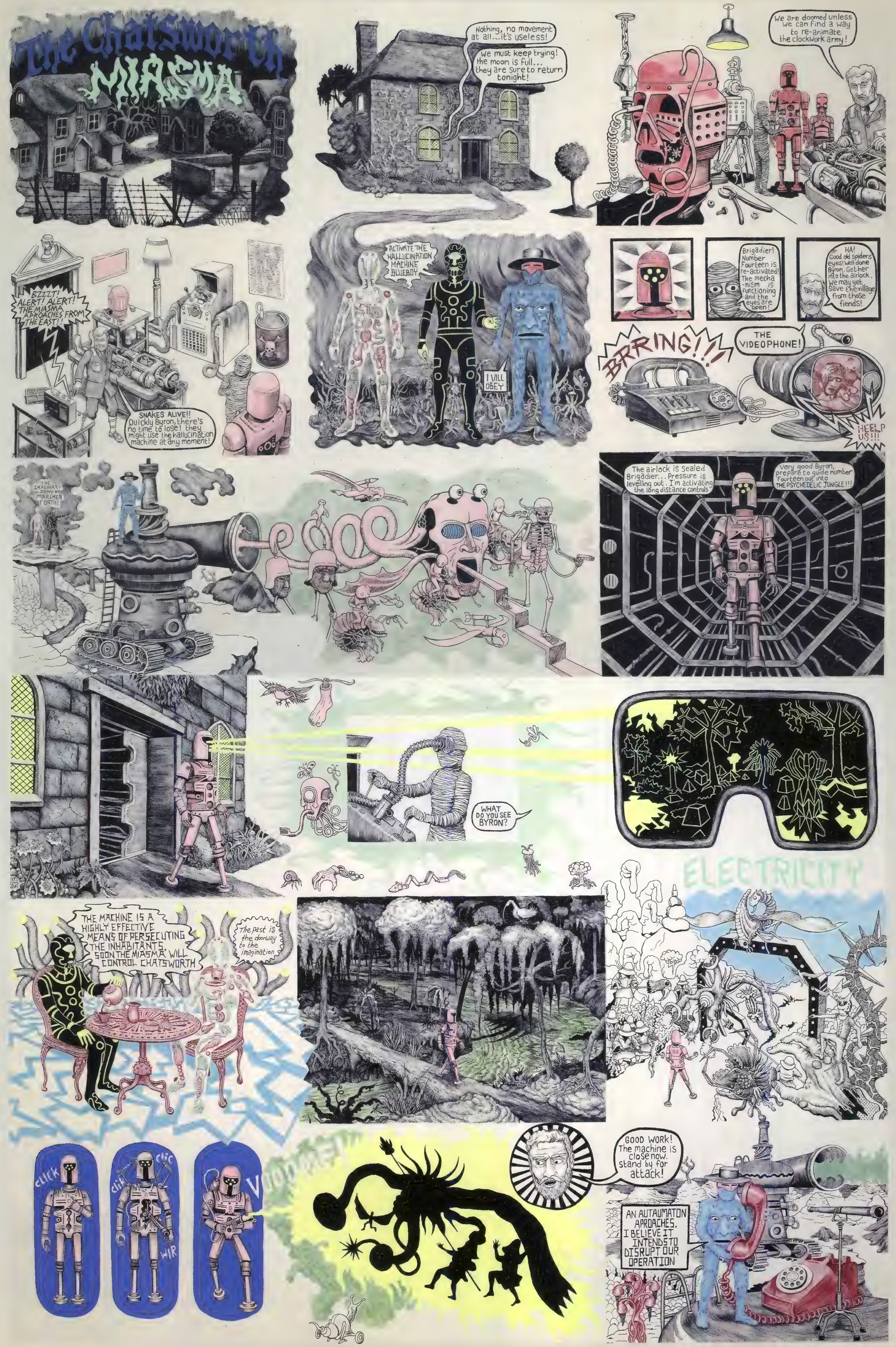

AIIK !
WHOO !!
SNURF, SNURF !
SQUEAL
YOUNG MAN, YOU LOOK INTERESTING TO ME ...
GIVE ME A BREAK !
WON'T YOU EVER GIVE ME A BREAK ?!
BREAK
KRR
OW
HON
POUH !
DAB
KR
EEK
BLLLL
BAO
?! ?! ?!
HA HAHA AH HAHHA HA !
HAHAHA ! COME ON, MY FRIEND, LET ME HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS !
DON'T TOUCH ME.
WAIT ! WAIT, YOUNG MAN ! HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT YOU'RE ON EARTH FOR ?
CERTAINLY NOT TO PLEASE YOU, YOU CAN BET ON IT.
WRONG. YOU'RE TOO YOUNG AND UNSETTLED TO KNOW IT, BUT LIFE IS PLEASURE, AS WELL AS PLEASURE IS ART. AND I GUESS YOU'RE AN ARTIST ... PONTENTIALLY, AT LEAST.
I'VE GOT AN OFFER FOR YOU. SOMETHING THAT YOU SHOULD SERIOUSLY CONSIDER.
?!
I'M RENTING HERE IN TOWN ... A SMALL ... PENTHOUSE.
A PLACE ... DEDICATED TO PLEASURE ... AND ART !
YOU'RE LOOKING DUBITATIVE ...
'TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THE DISGUSTING CRAP THAT IS COMING NEXT ...
HA HAHA HA ! NO, NO, I'M NOT THAT KIND. NO FEAR, NO ... MY INTEREST IS PURELY ... ESTHETICAL. COME ON. GO AHEAD !
CLIC
CLAC
SEE? THERE IS EVERYTHING YOU NEED. EVEN DRINKS & FOOD FOR A FEW DAYS!
IT'S ALL YOUR ! HERE'S THE KEY. GO ON, SHOW ME YOUR SKILL, GIVE ME A MASTERPIECE !

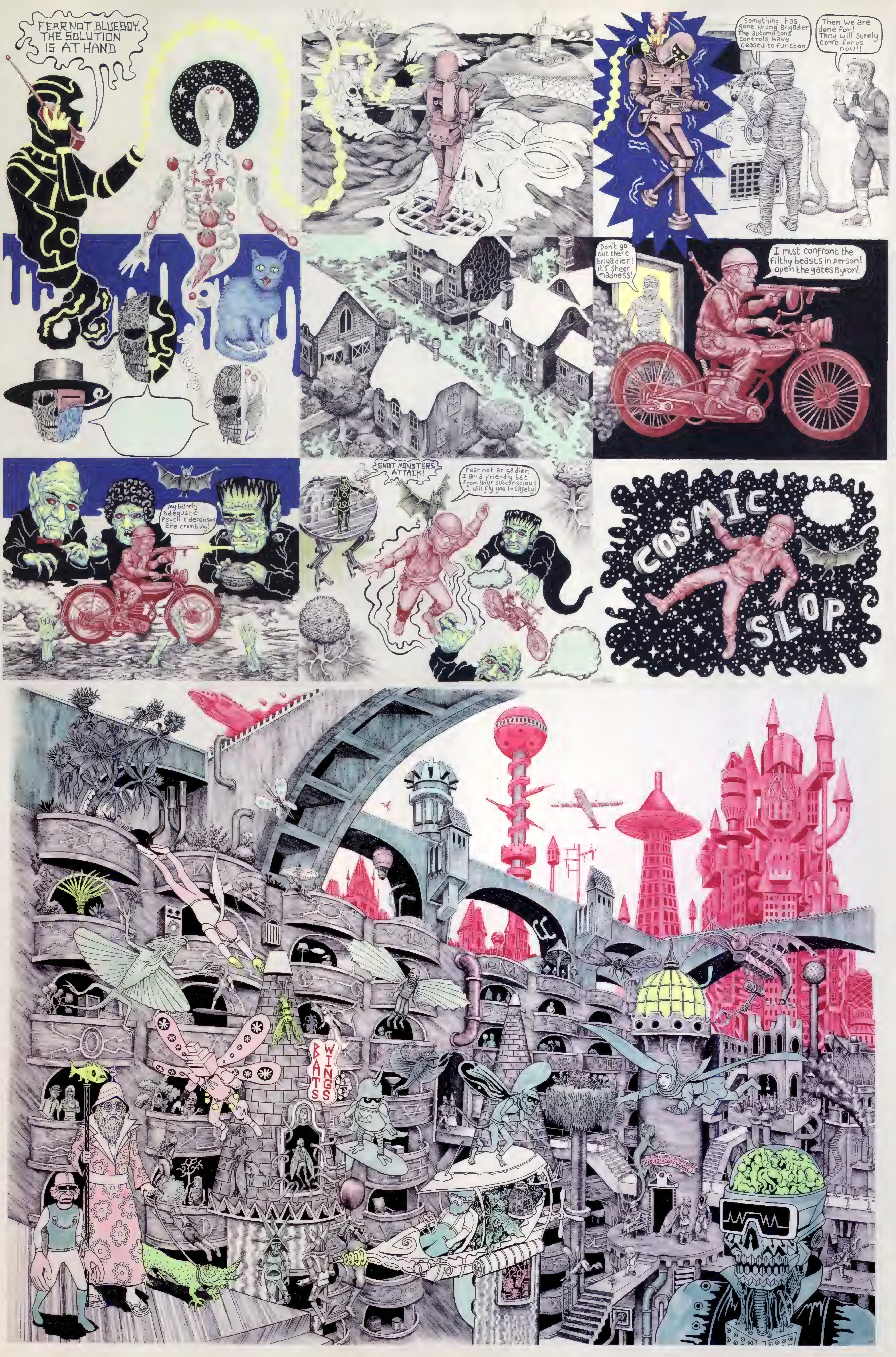

LATER ...
WOW ! I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT ! I'M SO LUCKY !
HA HAHA HE HE HEHE ! HU HUHU HU !
UGH !
SHIT !
PANT, PANT.
UUUH-H ! IT'S EXHAUSTING !
WHAA ! NOT BAD, NOT BAD AT ALL! I DIDN'T KNEW I HAD THIS IN ME . THAT'S WHAT I CALL A BIG HIT !!
DART
ANGELS ARE NUTS
?!
BRANDY !
GURGLE GURGLE
OOOOOOOHH ...
SCRATCH
FFFFFFFF
HUH ?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT ?!
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT ?!
THEN, I DECIDED TO WASTE THE WHOLE PLACE. JUST BEFORE LEAVING I SHITED ON THE TABLE - SO IT WOULD BE THE FIRST THING YOU CAN NOTICE WHEN YOU ENTER THE ROOM. I LOCKED THE DOOR AND SMASHED THE KEY INTO THE KEYHOLE. AIR, BREATHE & BLOOD, WELL, THAT'S WHAT POETRY IS MADE OF. ANYTHING ELSE ? OH, YES - PERSONNAL, ADJUSTED MORALITY. AS I ENTERED BACK THE CROWD, I CROSSED MAYBE THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE IN FIVE MINUTES. THEY WERE JUST PASSING, AND I NEVER MET ONE OF THEM TWICE IN MY LIFE. LIKE THEY WERE ESCAPING OUT A NIGHTMARE. IN THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE, SUDDENLY : SILENCE.
SHUT THE FUCK UP !
VOUAC

(THE END)

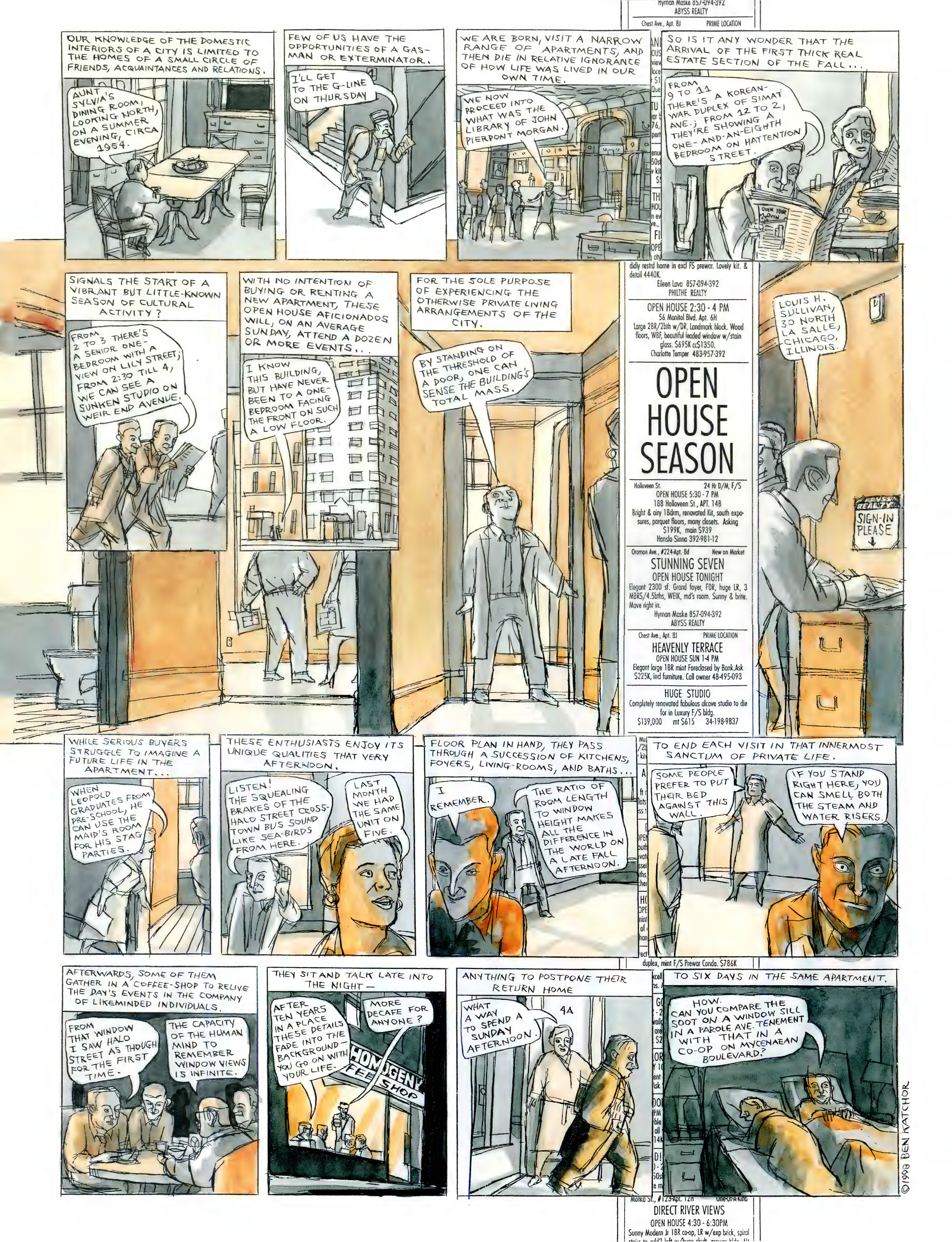

GIVE UP
OKAY, THIS IS IT.
THIS BITCH IS CORNERED! WE'VE TRACKED HER TO THIS BEACH AND OUR SALANO AGENT CONFIRMS SHE'S CARRYING ENOUGH TO PUT HER AWAY FOR LIFE! BETTER YET, WE'LL BE ABLE TO INDICT THE ENTIRE DOMINGUEZ CLAN - SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST HEROIN SUPPLIER! EXCITING, HUH?
ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?
..MMM.
OH HORSIE! HOW ARE WE EVER GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS! THOSE DARN COUSINS OF MINE REALLY PULLED THE WOOL OVER MY EYES - THEIR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD! THAT'S THE LAST TIME I TRUST THEM. GOSH, WHO WOULD'VE EVER THOUGHT - ME, A DRUG SMUGGLER!
SOMETIMES I JUST WISH YOU SPOKE ENGLISH (OR I SPOKE HORSE) SO YOU COULD TELL ME WHAT TO DO!
KEEP ALERT - SHE COULD BE ANYWHERE! WHERE SHOULD WE STAKE-OUT?
WHAT?
YEAH, WE SHOULD DO THAT.
MAN, I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I SAW THE OCEAN.
DON'T YOU WISH SOMETIMES YOU COULD JUST BURY YOUR HEAD IN SOME DAMP SOIL, AND EVERYTHING WOULD JUST BE STILL FOR ONE GOD DAMN SECOND?
LOOK, I'M GOING TO BE TWO-CLICKS NORTH.
I'M GONNA BE OVER THERE BY THOSE MILLION YEAR OLD ROCKS.
SIGH. THAT CAN JUST BREAK A MAN'S HEART.
EAT UP HORSIE - THIS MAY BE OUR LAST MEAL TOGETHER.
PAT PAT
Z
TURN
Z
DRAG
Z
ARE YOU GOING TO SHOOT MY HORSE?
PLOP
KOF!
SQUEEZE
I'LL FIND HER IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO. AND THE BOYS AT HOME OFFICE MIGHT FINALLY STOP RIDING ME ALL DAY LONG. I CAN FINALLY PROVE TO THEM I AM AS QUALIFIED AS ANY OF THEM, DESPITE DAD BEING THE HEAD OF THE AGENCY. DR BLUMSTEIN SAYS MY INSECURITIES ABOUT MY STATUS AMONG MY PEERS HAVE NOTHING, AT THEIR ROOT, TO DO WITH OTHERS, BUT IF I HAVE TO HEAR O'BRIEN CRACK ANOTHER 'SILVER SPOON' JOKE, I'LL
AIEE! STO
NO STO NO! PLEASE
I'M COMING PARTNER!
HA-HA! STOP!
WHAT'S, HUF-HUF GOING ON HERE? ARE YOU OKAY? HUFF
HE'S AMAZING! WHAT'S HIS NAME?
'HORSIE'
HA-HA, OF COURSE IT IS!
BRUSH

S. HARKHAM 08


The Chatsworth MIASMA
Nothing, no movement at all...it's useless!
We must keep trying! the moon is full... they are sure to return tonight!
We are doomed unless we can find a way to re-animate the clockwork army!
BZZZT! ALERT! ALERT! THE MIASMA APROACHES FROM THE EAST!!
SNAKES ALIVE!! Quickly Byron, there's no time to lose! they might use the hallucination machine at any moment!
ACTIVATE THE HALLUCINATION MACHINE BLUEBOY
I VILL OBEY
Brigadier! Number Fourteen is re-activated! The mecha-nism is functioning and the eyes are open!
HA! Good old spiders eyes! Well done Byron. Get her into the airlock. We may yet save the village from those fiends!
BRRING!!!
THE VIDEOPHONE!
HEELP US!!!
THE IMAGINARY ARMY MARCHES FORTH!
The airlock is sealed Brigadier... Pressure is levelling out. I'm activating the long distance controls
Very good Byron, prepare to guide number Fourteen out into THE PSYCHEDELIC JUNGLE!!!
WHAT DO YOU SEE BYRON?
ELECTRICITY
THE MACHINE IS A HIGHLY EFFECTIVE MEANS OF PERSECUTING THE INHABITANTS. SOON THE MIASMA WILL CONTROL CHATSWORTH
The past is the doorway to the imagination
CLICK
CLIC
CLIC
WIR
VOOOM
GOOD WORK! The machine is close now. stand by for attack!
AN AUTAUMATON APROACHES. I BELIEVE IT INTENDS TO DISRUPT OUR OPERATION


FEAR NOT BLUEBOY, THE SOLUTION IS AT HAND
Something has gone wrong Brigadier. The automaton's controls have ceased to function
Then we are done for! They will surely come for us now!!
Don't go out there brigadier! it's sheer madness!
I must confront the filthy beasts in person! open the gates Byron!
my barely adequate psychic defenses are crumbling!
SNOT MONSTERS ATTACK!
Fear not Brigadier, I am a friendly bat from your subconscious I will fly you to safety!
COSMIC SLOP
BATS WINGS
PIPES, TOBACCO & WEASEL.

OPEN HOUSE SEASON


OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE DOMESTIC INTERIORS OF A CITY IS LIMITED TO THE HOMES OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS, ACQUAINTANCES AND RELATIONS.
AUNT SYLVIA'S DINING ROOM, LOOKING NORTH, ON A SUMMER EVENING, CIRCA 1954.
FEW OF US HAVE THE OPPORTUNITIES OF A GAS-MAN OR EXTERMINATOR.
I'LL GET TO THE G-LINE ON THURSDAY.
WE ARE BORN, VISIT A NARROW RANGE OF APARTMENTS, AND THEN DIE IN RELATIVE IGNORANCE OF HOW LIFE WAS LIVED IN OUR OWN TIME.
WE NOW PROCEED INTO WHAT WAS THE LIBRARY OF JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN.
SO IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST THICK REAL ESTATE SECTION OF THE FALL...
FROM 9 TO 11 THERE'S A KOREAN-WAR DUPLEX OF SIMAT AVE.; FROM 12 TO 2, THEY'RE SHOWING A ONE-AND-AN-EIGHTH BEDROOM ON HATTENTION STREET.
OWN YOUR OWN
SIGNALS THE START OF A VIBRANT BUT LITTLE-KNOWN SEASON OF CULTURAL ACTIVITY?
FROM 2 TO 3 THERE'S A SENIOR ONE-BEDROOM WITH A VIEW ON LILY STREET; FROM 2:30 TILL 4, WE CAN SEE A SUNKEN STUDIO ON WEIR END AVENUE.
WITH NO INTENTION OF BUYING OR RENTING A NEW APARTMENT, THESE OPEN HOUSE AFICIONADOS WILL, ON AN AVERAGE SUNDAY, ATTEND A DOZEN OR MORE EVENTS...
I KNOW THIS BUILDING, BUT HAVE NEVER BEEN TO A ONE-BEDROOM FACING THE FRONT ON SUCH A LOW FLOOR.
FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF EXPERIENCING THE OTHERWISE PRIVATE LIVING ARRANGEMENTS OF THE CITY.
BY STANDING ON THE THRESHOLD OF A DOOR, ONE CAN SENSE THE BUILDING'S TOTAL MASS.
LOUIS H. SULLIVAN, 30 NORTH LA SALLE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
SIGN-IN PLEASE ↓
WHILE SERIOUS BUYERS STRUGGLE TO IMAGINE A FUTURE LIFE IN THE APARTMENT...
WHEN LEOPOLD GRADUATES FROM PRE-SCHOOL, HE CAN USE THE MAID'S ROOM FOR HIS STAG PARTIES.
THESE ENTHUSIASTS ENJOY ITS UNIQUE QUALITIES THAT VERY AFTERNOON.
LISTEN! THE SQUEALING BRAKES OF THE HALO STREET CROSS-TOWN BUS SOUND LIKE SEA-BIRDS FROM HERE.
LAST MONTH WE HAD THE SAME UNIT ON FIVE.
FLOOR PLAN IN HAND, THEY PASS THROUGH A SUCCESSION OF KITCHENS, FOYERS, LIVING-ROOMS, AND BATHS...
I REMEMBER.
THE RATIO OF ROOM LENGTH TO WINDOW HEIGHT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD ON A LATE FALL AFTERNOON.
TO END EACH VISIT IN THAT INNERMOST SANCTUM OF PRIVATE LIFE.
SOME PEOPLE PREFER TO PUT THEIR BED AGAINST THIS WALL.
IF YOU STAND RIGHT HERE, YOU CAN SMELL BOTH THE STEAM AND WATER RISERS.
AFTERWARDS, SOME OF THEM GATHER IN A COFFEE-SHOP TO RELIVE THE DAY'S EVENTS IN THE COMPANY OF LIKEMINDED INDIVIDUALS.
FROM THAT WINDOW I SAW HALO STREET AS THOUGH FOR THE FIRST TIME.
THE CAPACITY OF THE HUMAN MIND TO REMEMBER WINDOW VIEWS IS INFINITE.
THEY SIT AND TALK LATE INTO THE NIGHT—
AFTER TEN YEARS IN A PLACE THESE DETAILS FADE INTO THE BACKGROUND—YOU GO ON WITH YOUR LIFE.
MORE DECAFE FOR ANYONE?
HOMOGENY COFFEE SHOP
ANYTHING TO POSTPONE THEIR RETURN HOME
WHAT A WAY TO SPEND A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.
4A
TO SIX DAYS IN THE SAME APARTMENT.
HOW. CAN YOU COMPARE THE WINDOW SILL SOOT ON A WINDOW SILL IN A PAROLE AVE. TENEMENT WITH THAT IN A CO-OP ON MYCENAEAN BOULEVARD?
©1998 BEN KATCHOR

Hyman Maske 857-094-392
ABYSS REALTY

Chest Ave., Apt. 8J PRIME LOCATION

didly restrd home in excl FS prewar. Lovely kit. & detail 4440K.
Eileen Lava 857-094-392
PHILTHE REALTY

OPEN HOUSE 2:30 - 4 PM
56 Manitol Blvd. Apt. 6H
Large 2BR/2bth w/DR, Landmark block. Wood floors, WBF, beautiful leaded window w/stain glass. $695K cc$1350.
Charlotte Temper 483-957-392

Holloveen St. 24 Hr D/M, F/S
OPEN HOUSE 5:30 - 7 PM
188 Holloveen St., APT. 14B
Bright & airy 1Bdrm, renovated Kit, south exposures, parquet floors, many closets. Asking $199K, main $939
Hanslo Sinna 392-981-12

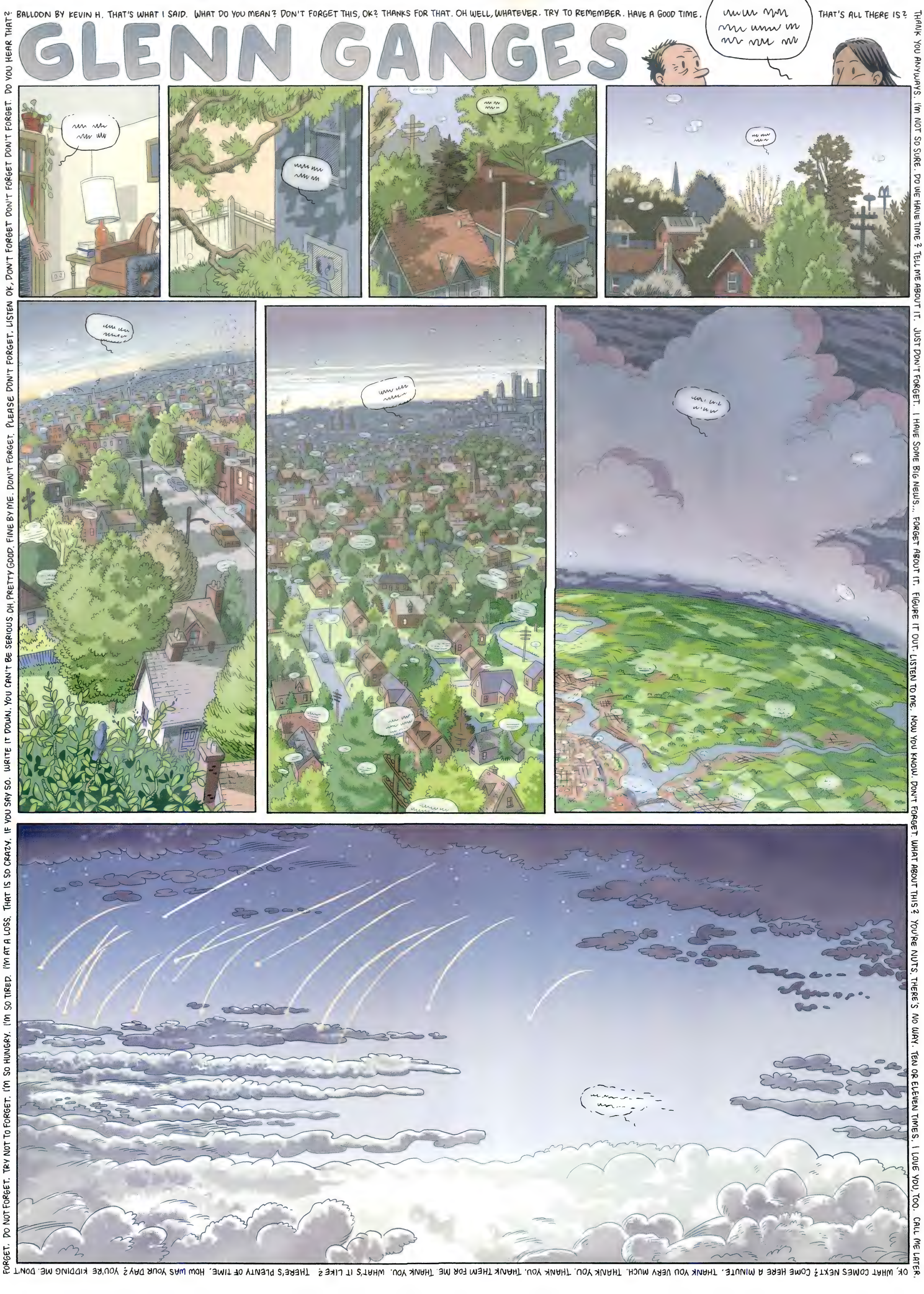
Oramon Ave., #224-Apt. 8d New on Market
STUNNING SEVEN
OPEN HOUSE TONIGHT
Elegant 2300 sf. Grand foyer, FDR, huge LR, 3 MBRS/4.5bths, WEIK, md's room. Sunny & brite. Move right in.
Hyman Maske 857-094-392
ABYSS REALTY

Chest Ave., Apt. 8J PRIME LOCATION
HEAVENLY TERRACE
OPEN HOUSE SUN 1-4 PM
Elegant large 1BR mint Foreclosed by Bank.Ask $225K, incl furniture. Call owner 48-495-093

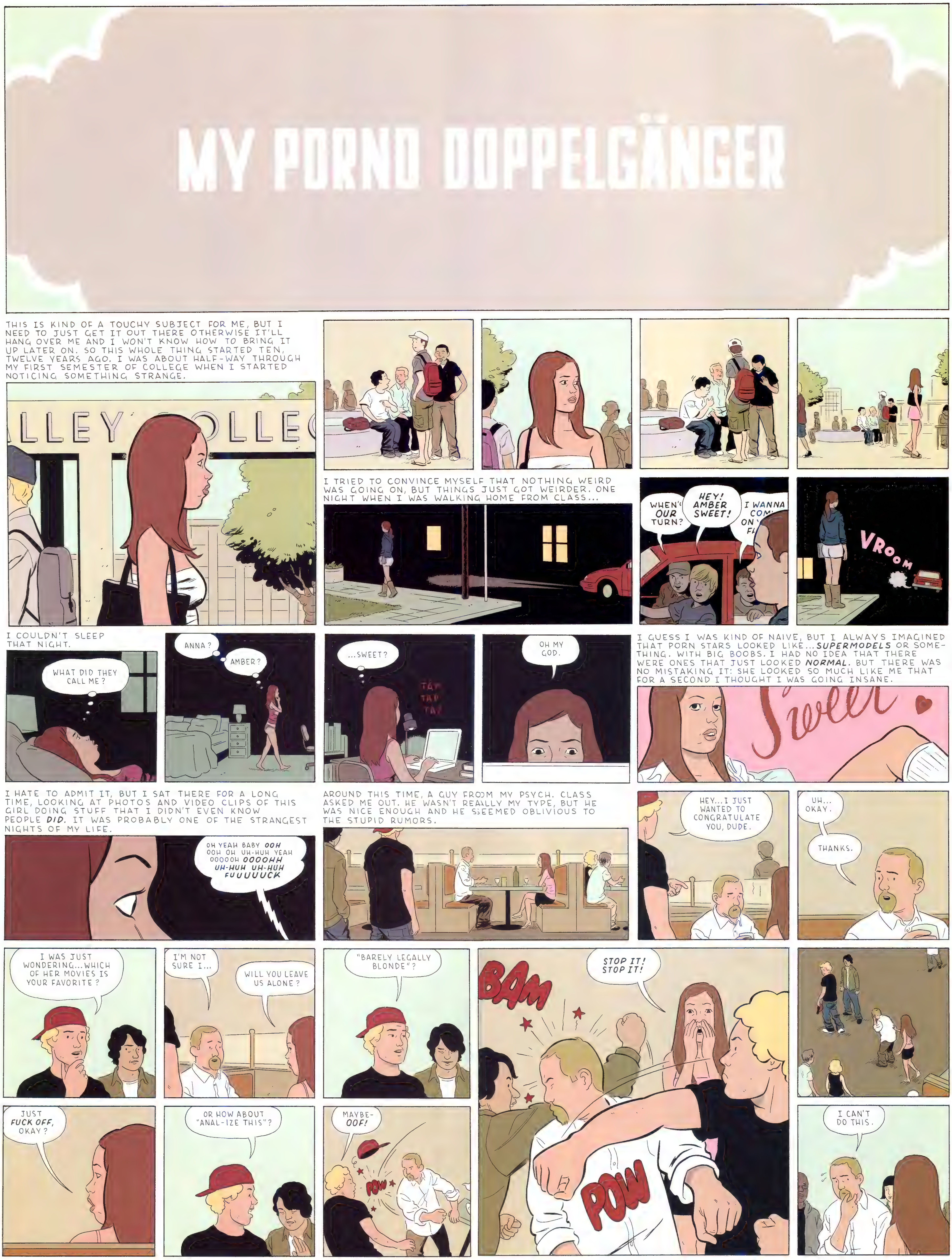
HUGE STUDIO
Completely renovated fabulous alcove studio to die for in Luxury F/S bldg.
$139,000 mt $615 34-198-9837

duplex, mint F/S Prewar Condo. $786K

Motka St., #123-Apt. 12H One-Of-A-Kind
DIRECT RIVER VIEWS
OPEN HOUSE 4:30 - 6:30PM
Sunny Modern Jr 1BR co-op, LR w/exp brick, spiral


GLENN GANGES
BALLOON BY KEVIN H. THAT'S WHAT I SAID. WHAT DO YOU MEAN? DON'T FORGET THIS, OK? THANKS FOR THAT. OH WELL, WHATEVER. TRY TO REMEMBER. HAVE A GOOD TIME.
THAT'S ALL THERE IS?
THANK YOU ANYWAYS. I'M NOT SO SURE. DO WE HAVE TIME? TELL ME ABOUT IT. JUST DON'T FORGET. I HAVE SOME BIG NEWS... FORGET ABOUT IT. FIGURE IT OUT. LISTEN TO ME. NOW YOU KNOW. DON'T FORGET. WHAT ABOUT THIS? YOU'RE NUTS. THERE'S NO WAY. TEN OR ELEVEN TIMES. I LOVE YOU, TOO. CALL ME LATER.
OK, WHAT COMES NEXT? COME HERE A MINUTE. THANK YOU VERY MUCH. THANK YOU. THANK THEM FOR ME. THANK YOU. WHAT'S IT LIKE? THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME. HOW WAS YOUR DAY? YOU'RE KIDDING ME. DON'T
FORGET. DO NOT FORGET. TRY NOT TO FORGET. I'M SO HUNGRY. I'M SO TIRED. I'M AT A LOSS. THAT IS SO CRAZY. IF YOU SAY SO. WRITE IT DOWN. YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. OH, PRETTY GOOD. FINE BY ME. DON'T FORGET. PLEASE DON'T FORGET. LISTEN OK, DON'T FORGET DON'T FORGET DON'T FORGET. DO YOU HEAR THAT?

MY PORNO DOPPELGÄNGER



THIS IS KIND OF A TOUCHY SUBJECT FOR ME, BUT I NEED TO JUST GET IT OUT THERE OTHERWISE IT'LL HANG OVER ME AND I WON'T KNOW HOW TO BRING IT UP LATER ON. SO THIS WHOLE THING STARTED TEN, TWELVE YEARS AGO. I WAS ABOUT HALF-WAY THROUGH MY FIRST SEMESTER OF COLLEGE WHEN I STARTED NOTICING SOMETHING STRANGE.

ALLEY COLLEG

I TRIED TO CONVINCE MYSELF THAT NOTHING WEIRD WAS GOING ON, BUT THINGS JUST GOT WEIRDER. ONE NIGHT WHEN I WAS WALKING HOME FROM CLASS...

WHEN' OUR TURN?
HEY! AMBER SWEET!
I WANNA COM ON Y F
VROOM

I COULDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT.

WHAT DID THEY CALL ME?
ANNA?
AMBER?
...SWEET?
TAP TAP TAP
OH MY GOD.

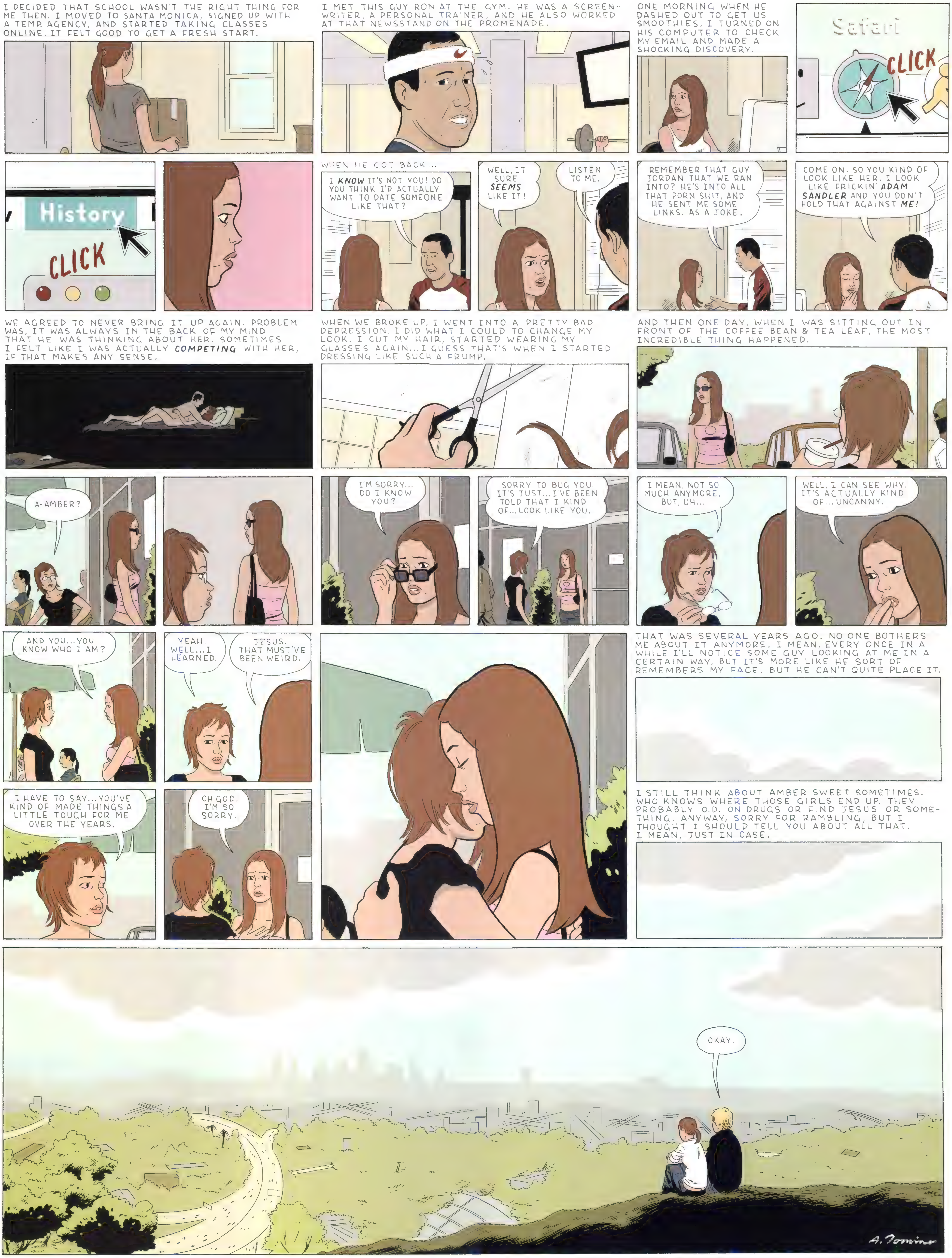
I GUESS I WAS KIND OF NAIVE, BUT I ALWAYS IMAGINED THAT PORN STARS LOOKED LIKE... **SUPERMODELS** OR SOMETHING. WITH BIG BOOBS. I HAD NO IDEA THAT THERE WERE ONES THAT JUST LOOKED **NORMAL**. BUT THERE WAS NO MISTAKING IT: SHE LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE ME THAT FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT I WAS GOING INSANE.

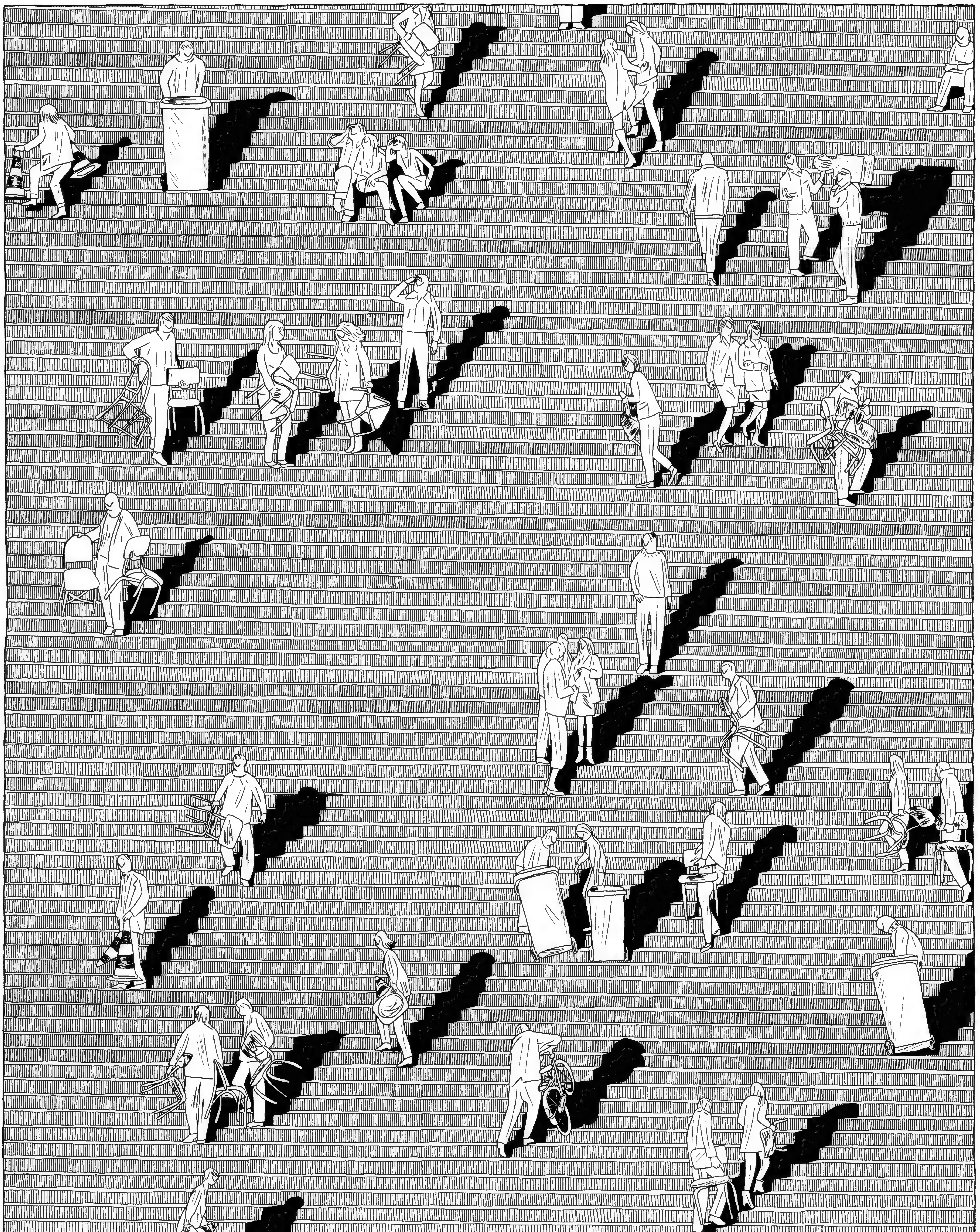
I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I SAT THERE FOR A LONG TIME, LOOKING AT PHOTOS AND VIDEO CLIPS OF THIS GIRL DOING STUFF THAT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW PEOPLE ***DID***. IT WAS PROBABLY ONE OF THE STRANGEST NIGHTS OF MY LIFE.

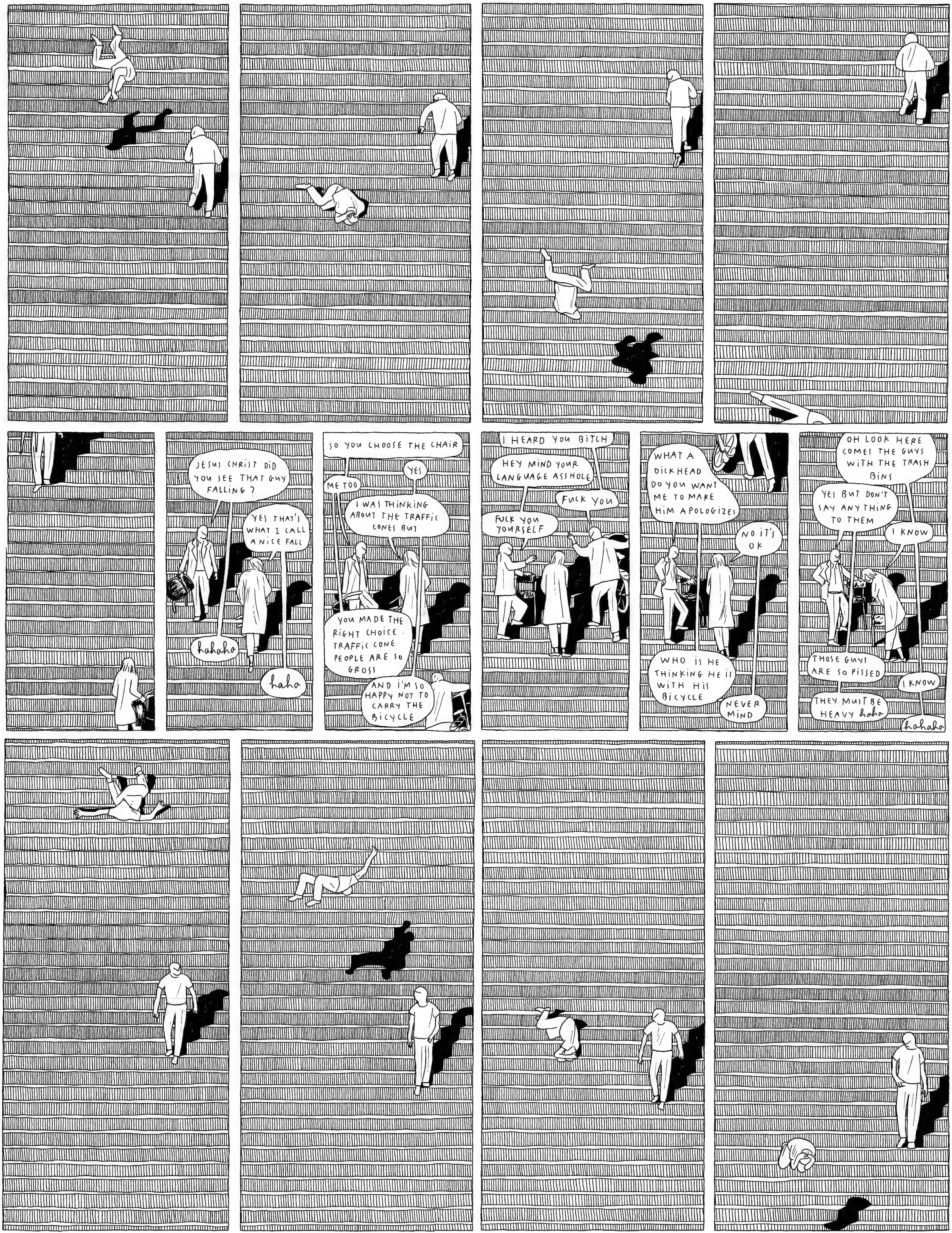
OH YEAH BABY ***OOH*** OOH OH UH-HUH YEAH OOOOOH ***OOOOHH UH-HUH UH-HUH FUUUUUCK***

AROUND THIS TIME, A GUY FROM MY PSYCH. CLASS ASKED ME OUT. HE WASN'T REALLY MY TYPE, BUT HE WAS NICE ENOUGH AND HE SEEMED OBLIVIOUS TO THE STUPID RUMORS.

HEY... I JUST WANTED TO CONGRATULATE YOU, DUDE.
UH... OKAY.
THANKS.
I WAS JUST WONDERING... WHICH OF HER MOVIES IS YOUR FAVORITE?
I'M NOT SURE I...
WILL YOU LEAVE US ALONE?
"BARELY LEGALLY BLONDE"?
JUST ***FUCK OFF***, OKAY?
OR HOW ABOUT "ANAL-IZE THIS"?
MAYBE- ***OOF!***
POW
BAM
STOP IT! STOP IT!
POW
I CAN'T DO THIS.

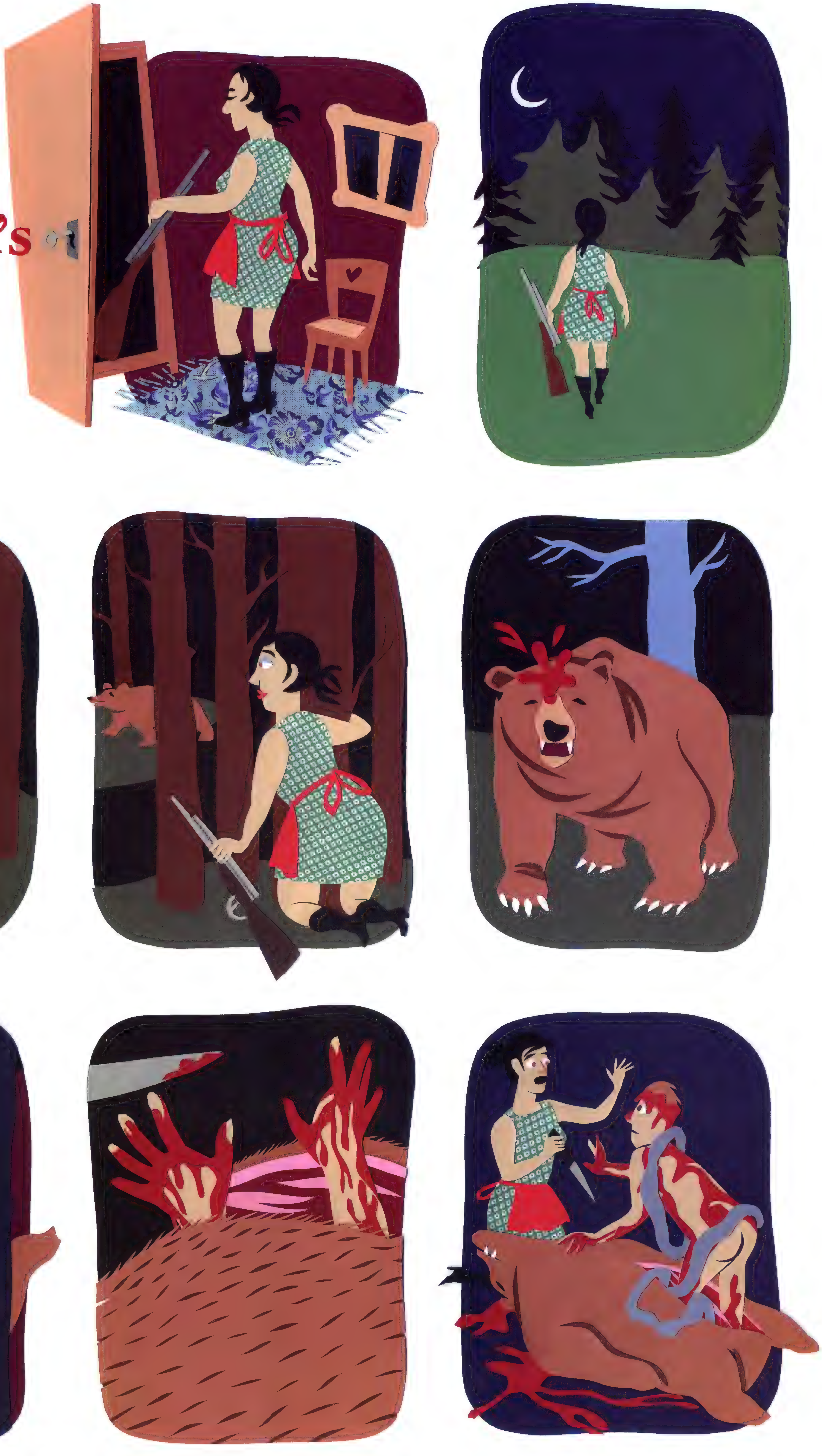

I DECIDED THAT SCHOOL WASN'T THE RIGHT THING FOR ME THEN. I MOVED TO SANTA MONICA, SIGNED UP WITH A TEMP AGENCY, AND STARTED TAKING CLASSES ONLINE. IT FELT GOOD TO GET A FRESH START.
I MET THIS GUY RON AT THE GYM. HE WAS A SCREENWRITER, A PERSONAL TRAINER, AND HE ALSO WORKED AT THAT NEWSSTAND ON THE PROMENADE.
ONE MORNING WHEN HE DASHED OUT TO GET US SMOOTHIES, I TURNED ON HIS COMPUTER TO CHECK MY EMAIL AND MADE A SHOCKING DISCOVERY.
Safari
CLICK
History
CLICK
WHEN HE GOT BACK...
I **KNOW** IT'S NOT YOU! DO YOU THINK I'D ACTUALLY WANT TO DATE SOMEONE LIKE THAT?
WELL, IT SURE **SEEMS** LIKE IT!
LISTEN TO ME.
REMEMBER THAT GUY JORDAN THAT WE RAN INTO? HE'S INTO ALL THAT PORN SHIT, AND HE SENT ME SOME LINKS. AS A JOKE.
COME ON. SO YOU KIND OF LOOK LIKE HER. I LOOK LIKE FRICKIN' **ADAM SANDLER** AND YOU DON'T HOLD THAT AGAINST **ME!**
WE AGREED TO NEVER BRING IT UP AGAIN. PROBLEM WAS, IT WAS ALWAYS IN THE BACK OF MY MIND THAT HE WAS THINKING ABOUT HER. SOMETIMES I FELT LIKE I WAS ACTUALLY **COMPETING** WITH HER, IF THAT MAKES ANY SENSE.
WHEN WE BROKE UP, I WENT INTO A PRETTY BAD DEPRESSION. I DID WHAT I COULD TO CHANGE MY LOOK. I CUT MY HAIR, STARTED WEARING MY GLASSES AGAIN... I GUESS THAT'S WHEN I STARTED DRESSING LIKE SUCH A FRUMP.
AND THEN ONE DAY, WHEN I WAS SITTING OUT IN FRONT OF THE COFFEE BEAN & TEA LEAF, THE MOST INCREDIBLE THING HAPPENED.
A-AMBER?
I'M SORRY... DO I KNOW YOU?
SORRY TO BUG YOU. IT'S JUST... I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT I KIND OF... LOOK LIKE YOU.
I MEAN, NOT SO MUCH ANYMORE, BUT, UH...
WELL, I CAN SEE WHY. IT'S ACTUALLY KIND OF... UNCANNY.
AND YOU... YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
YEAH, WELL... I LEARNED.
JESUS. THAT MUST'VE BEEN WEIRD.
I HAVE TO SAY... YOU'VE KIND OF MADE THINGS A LITTLE TOUGH FOR ME OVER THE YEARS.
OH GOD. I'M SO SORRY.
THAT WAS SEVERAL YEARS AGO. NO ONE BOTHERS ME ABOUT IT ANYMORE. I MEAN, EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I'LL NOTICE SOME GUY LOOKING AT ME IN A CERTAIN WAY, BUT IT'S MORE LIKE HE SORT OF REMEMBERS MY FACE, BUT HE CAN'T QUITE PLACE IT.
I STILL THINK ABOUT AMBER SWEET SOMETIMES. WHO KNOWS WHERE THOSE GIRLS END UP. THEY PROBABLY O.D. ON DRUGS OR FIND JESUS OR SOMETHING. ANYWAY, SORRY FOR RAMBLING, BUT I THOUGHT I SHOULD TELL YOU ABOUT ALL THAT. I MEAN, JUST IN CASE.
OKAY.
A. Tomine

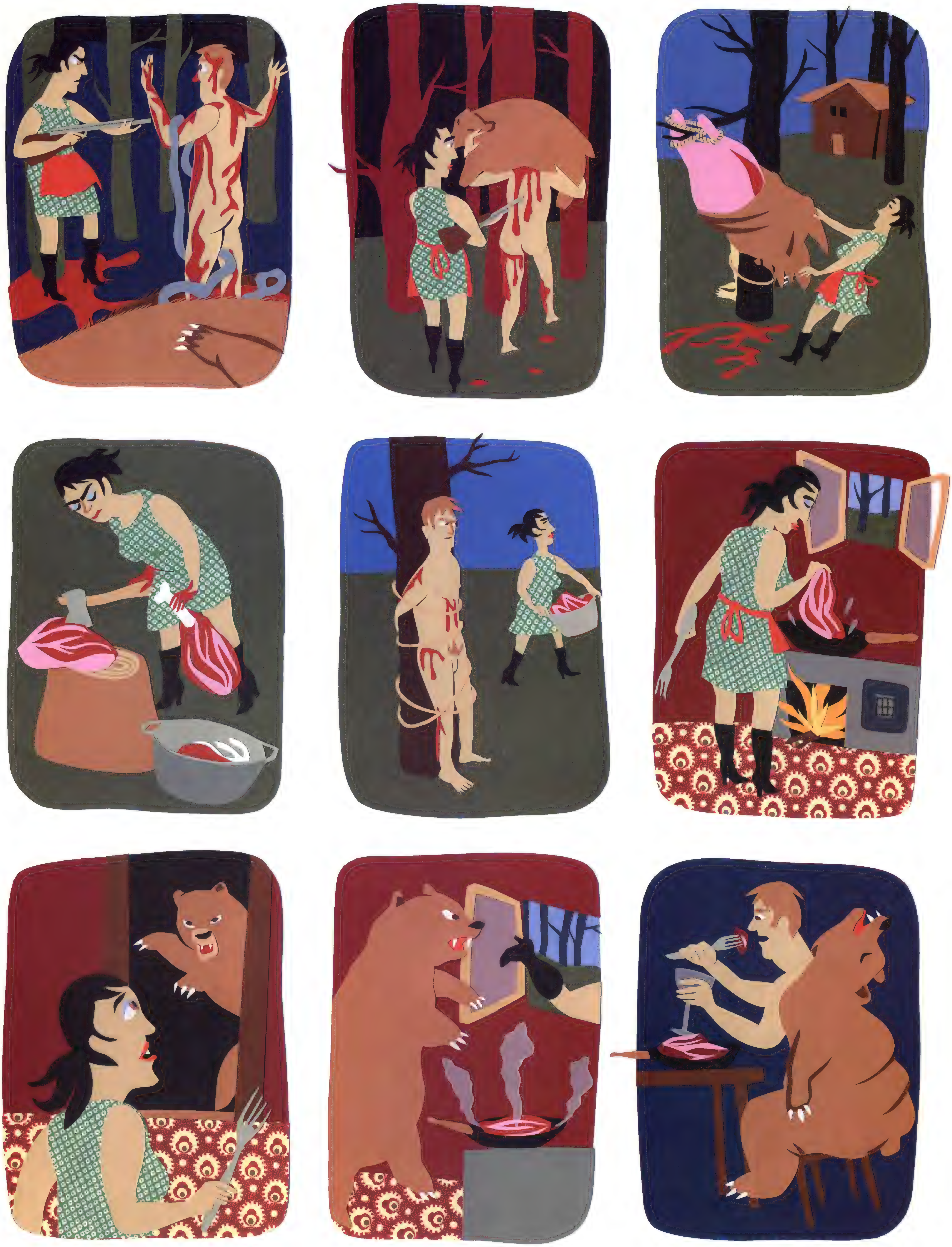



JESUS CHRIST DID YOU SEE THAT GUY FALLING ?
YES THAT'S WHAT I CALL A NICE FALL
hahaha
haha
SO YOU CHOOSE THE CHAIR
YES
ME TOO
I WAS THINKING ABOUT THE TRAFFIC CONES BUT
YOU MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE. TRAFFIC CONE PEOPLE ARE SO GROSS
AND I'M SO HAPPY NOT TO CARRY THE BICYCLE
I HEARD YOU BITCH
HEY MIND YOUR LANGUAGE ASSHOLE
FUCK YOU
FUCK YOU YOURSELF
WHAT A DICKHEAD DO YOU WANT ME TO MAKE HIM APOLOGIZES
NO IT'S OK
WHO IS HE THINKING HE IS WITH HIS BICYCLE
NEVER MIND
OH LOOK HERE COMES THE GUYS WITH THE TRASH BINS
YES BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO THEM
I KNOW
THOSE GUYS ARE SO PISSED
THEY MUST BE HEAVY haha
I KNOW
hahaha

ruppert & mulot

the lumberjack's widow

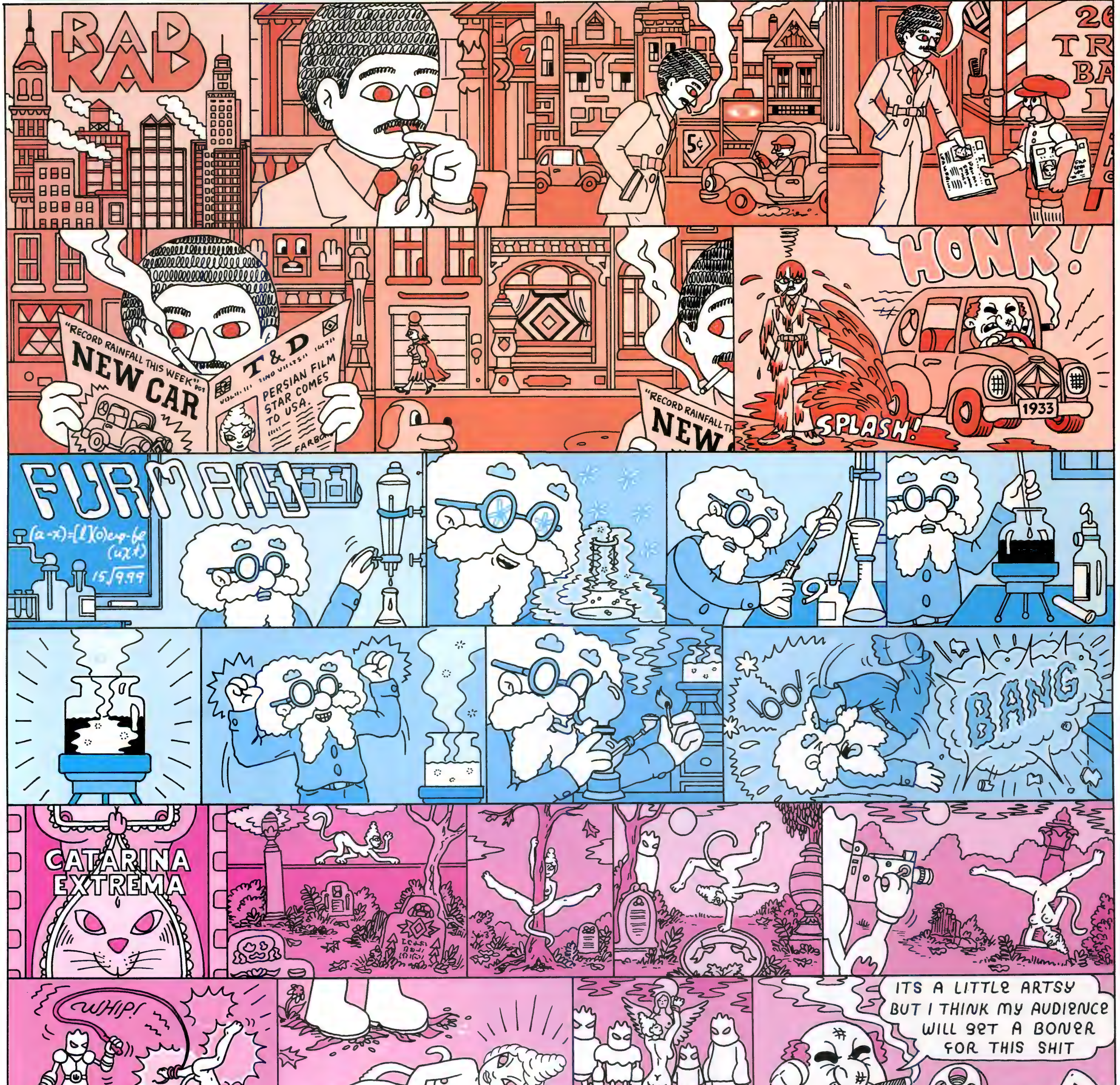


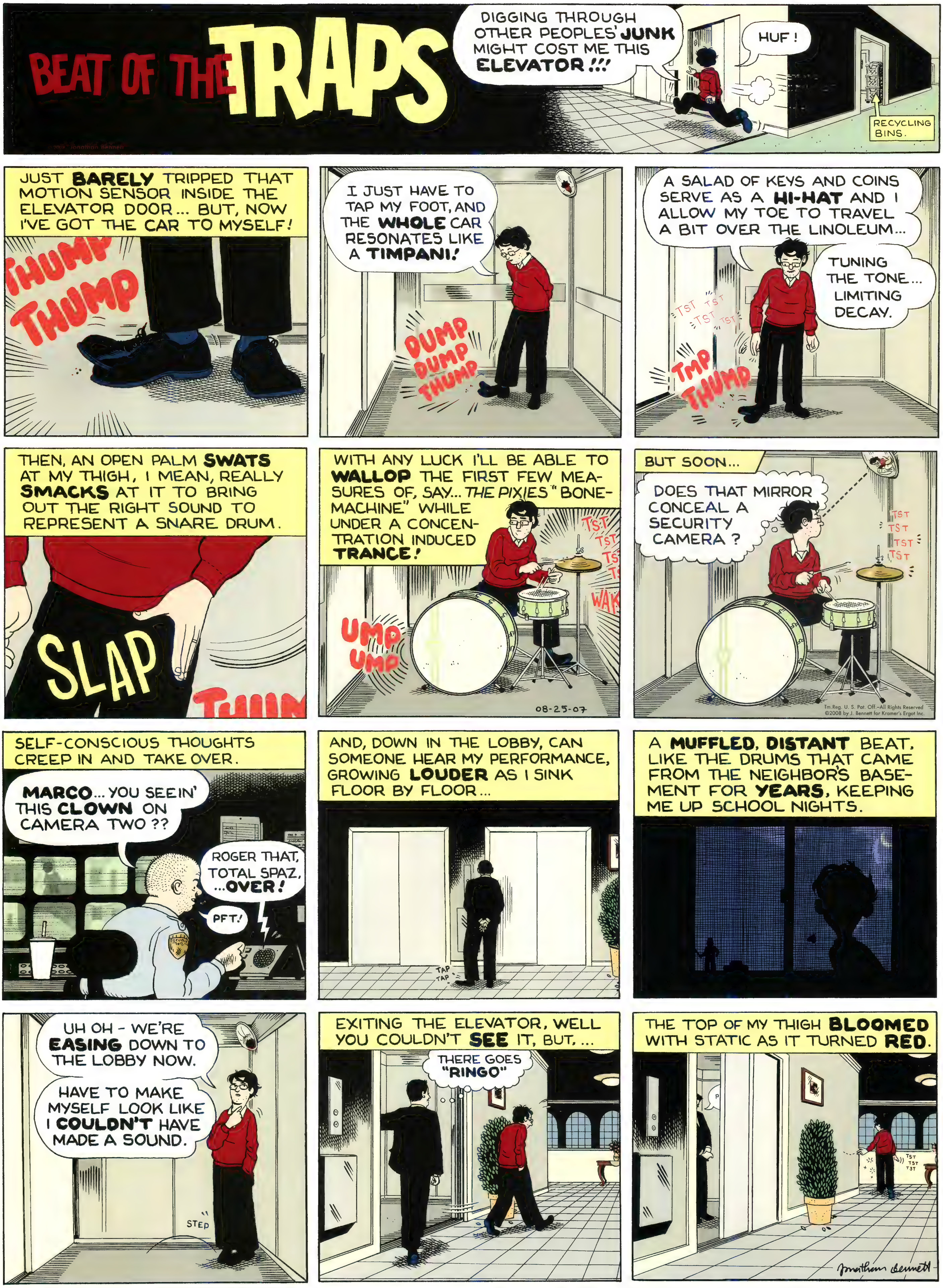


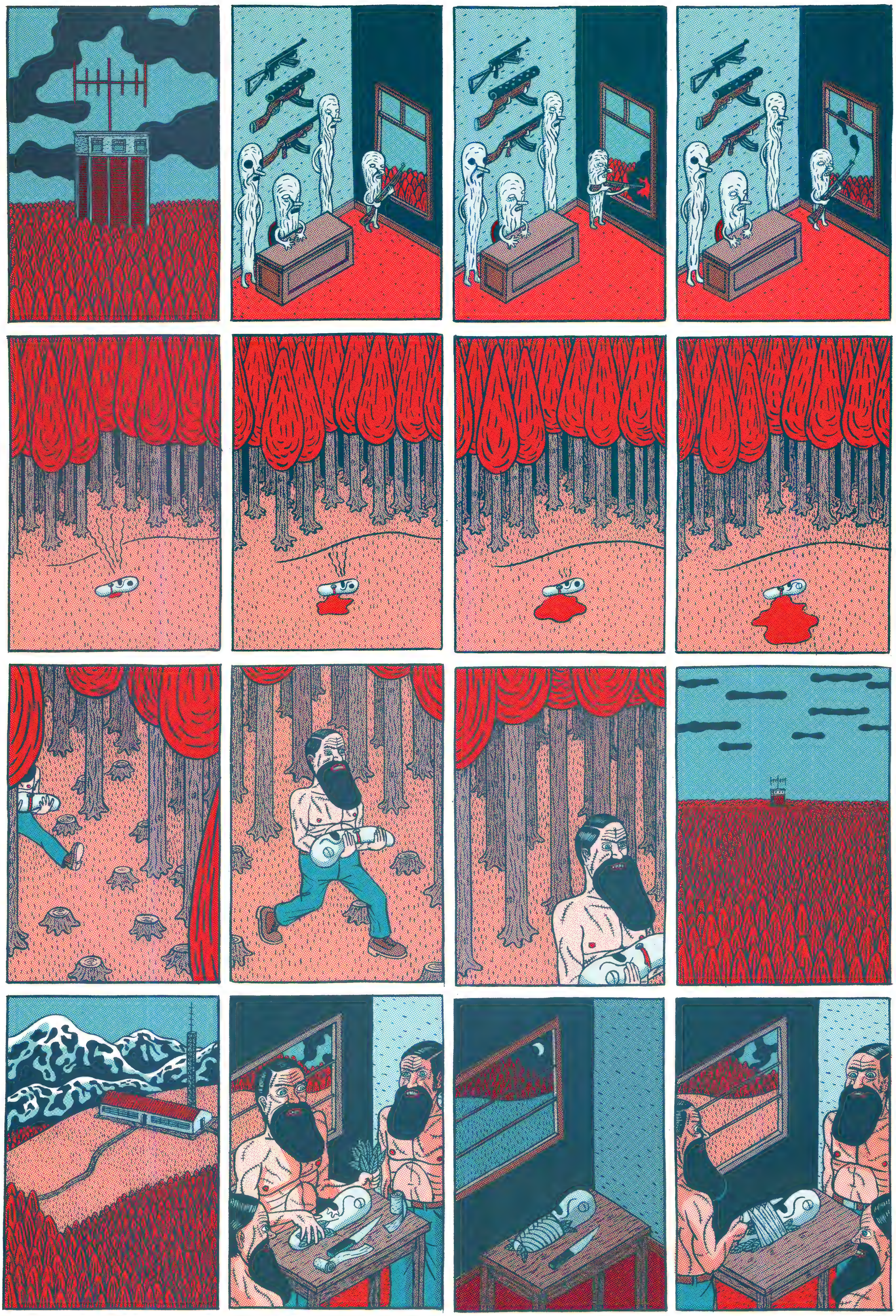
COMIC PAGES

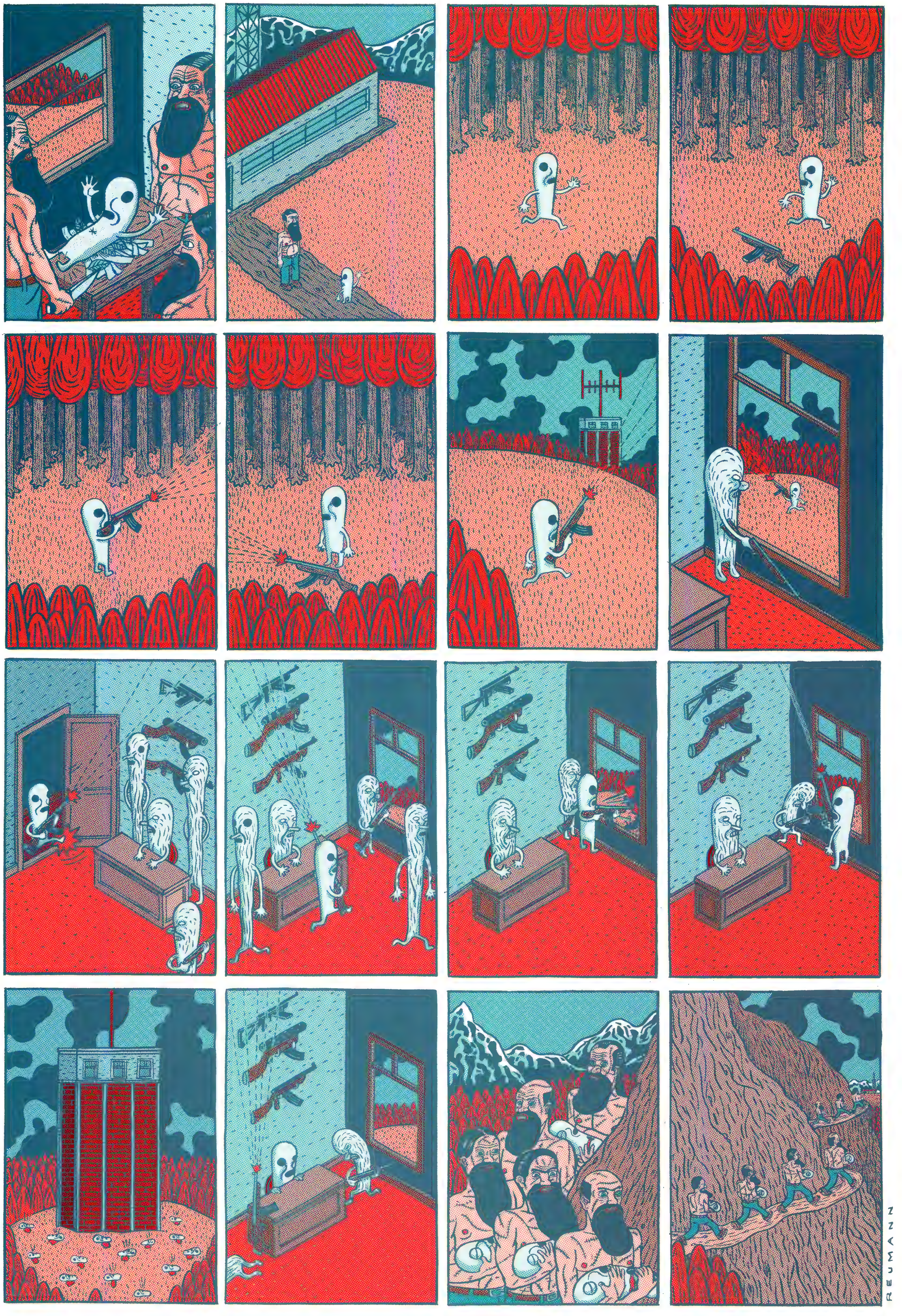
FARBORO FUNNIES

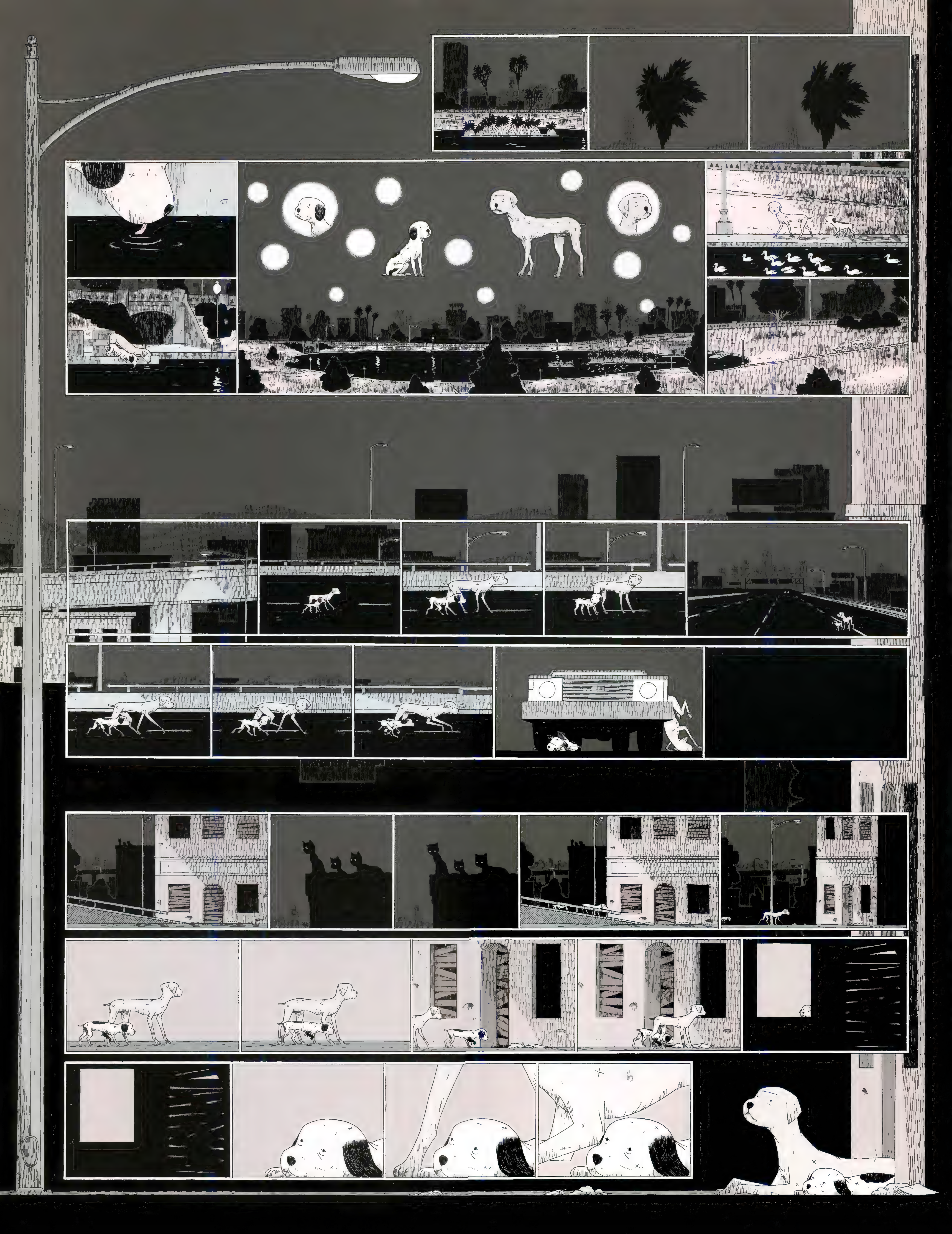
BEST


RAD RAD
7
5¢
26 TR BA 1
"RECORD RAINFALL THIS WEEK" PG 1
NEW CAR
T & D
PERSIAN FILM STAR COMES TO USA.
FARBORO
"RECORD RAINFALL TH
NEW
HONK!
1933
SPLASH!
FURMAN
(a-x)=[l](o)exp-fe (uX1)
15√9.99
BANG
CATARINA EXTREMA
WHIP!
ITS A LITTLE ARTSY BUT I THINK MY AUDIENCE WILL GET A BONER FOR THIS SHIT
Horsey
!!!


BEAT OF THE TRAPS
© 2008, Jonathan Bennett
DIGGING THROUGH OTHER PEOPLES' JUNK MIGHT COST ME THIS ELEVATOR !!!
HUF !
RECYCLING BINS.
JUST BARELY TRIPPED THAT MOTION SENSOR INSIDE THE ELEVATOR DOOR... BUT, NOW I'VE GOT THE CAR TO MYSELF!
THUMP THUMP
I JUST HAVE TO TAP MY FOOT, AND THE WHOLE CAR RESONATES LIKE A TIMPANI!
DUMP DUMP THUMP
A SALAD OF KEYS AND COINS SERVE AS A HI-HAT AND I ALLOW MY TOE TO TRAVEL A BIT OVER THE LINOLEUM...
TUNING THE TONE... LIMITING DECAY.
TST TST TST TST
TMP THUMP
THEN, AN OPEN PALM SWATS AT MY THIGH, I MEAN, REALLY SMACKS AT IT TO BRING OUT THE RIGHT SOUND TO REPRESENT A SNARE DRUM.
SLAP
THUM
WITH ANY LUCK I'LL BE ABLE TO WALLOP THE FIRST FEW MEASURES OF, SAY... THE PIXIES "BONE-MACHINE" WHILE UNDER A CONCENTRATION INDUCED TRANCE!
TST TST TS TS
WAK
UMP UMP
08-25-07
BUT SOON...
DOES THAT MIRROR CONCEAL A SECURITY CAMERA ?
TST TST TST TST
Tm.Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.–All Rights Reserved
©2008 by J. Bennett for Kramer's Ergot Inc.
SELF-CONSCIOUS THOUGHTS CREEP IN AND TAKE OVER.
MARCO... YOU SEEIN' THIS CLOWN ON CAMERA TWO ??
ROGER THAT, TOTAL SPAZ, ...OVER!
PFT!
AND, DOWN IN THE LOBBY, CAN SOMEONE HEAR MY PERFORMANCE, GROWING LOUDER AS I SINK FLOOR BY FLOOR...
TAP TAP
A MUFFLED, DISTANT BEAT. LIKE THE DRUMS THAT CAME FROM THE NEIGHBOR'S BASEMENT FOR YEARS, KEEPING ME UP SCHOOL NIGHTS.
UH OH - WE'RE EASING DOWN TO THE LOBBY NOW.
HAVE TO MAKE MYSELF LOOK LIKE I COULDN'T HAVE MADE A SOUND.
STEP
EXITING THE ELEVATOR, WELL YOU COULDN'T SEE IT, BUT, ...
THERE GOES "RINGO"
THE TOP OF MY THIGH BLOOMED WITH STATIC AS IT TURNED RED.
TST TST TST
Jonathan Bennett

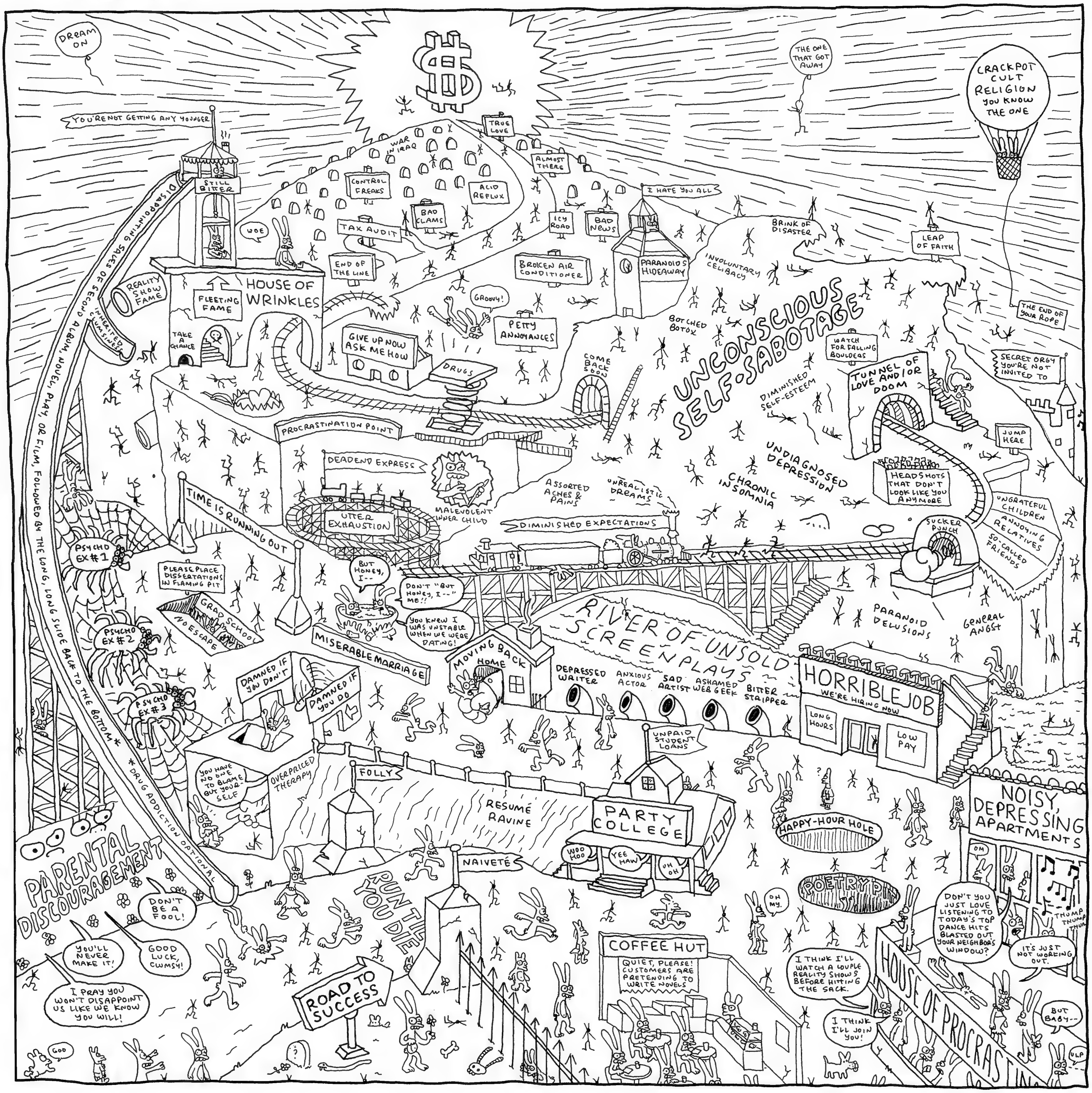



REUMANN



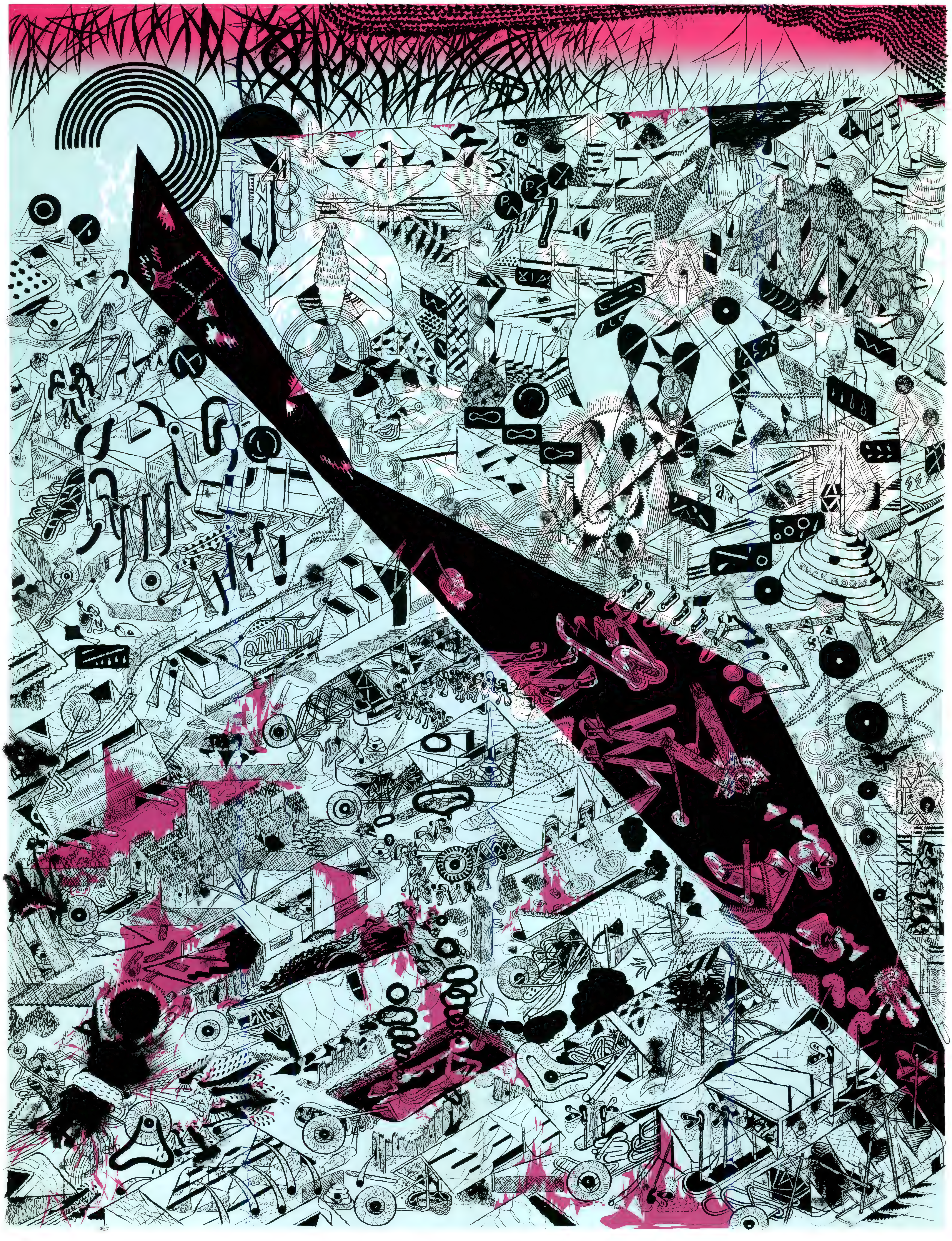
LIFE IN HEAVEN

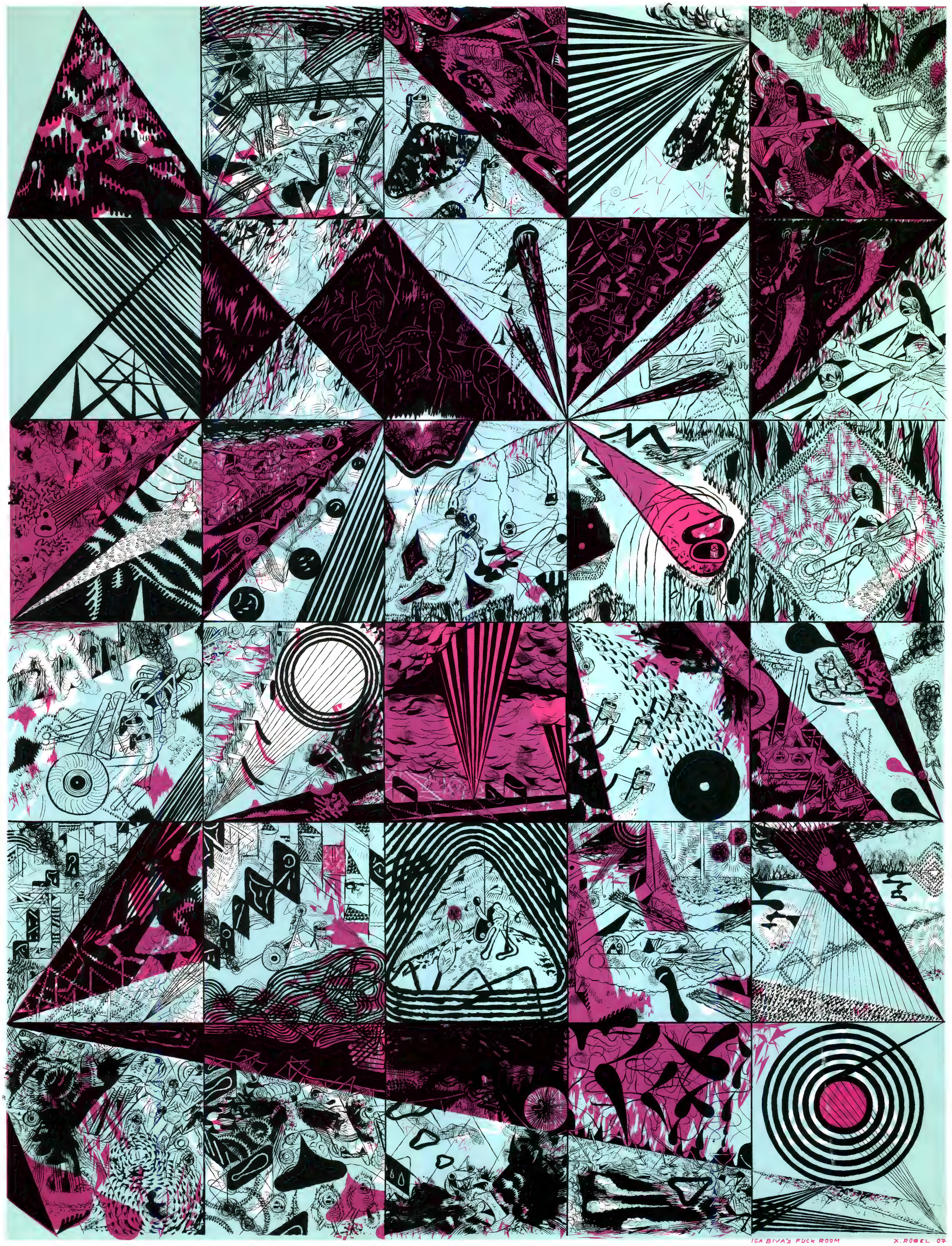
©2008 BY MATT GROENING


DREAM ON
YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER
THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY
CRACKPOT CULT RELIGION YOU KNOW THE ONE
TRUE LOVE
WAR IN IRAQ
ALMOST THERE
CONTROL FREAKS
ACID REFLUX
BAD CLAMS
ICY ROAD
BAD NEWS
I HATE YOU ALL
TAX AUDIT
END OF THE LINE
BROKEN AIR CONDITIONER
PARANOID'S HIDEAWAY
BRINK OF DISASTER
LEAP OF FAITH
INVOLUNTARY CELIBACY
THE END OF YOUR ROPE
STILL BITTER
WOE
DISAPPOINTING SALES OF SECOND ALBUM, NOVEL, PLAY, OR FILM, FOLLOWED BY THE LONG, LONG SLIDE BACK TO THE BOTTOM*
REALITY SHOW FAME
INHERITED CLUMSINESS
HOUSE OF WRINKLES
FLEETING FAME
TAKE A CHANCE
GROOVY!
PETTY ANNOYANCES
GIVE UP NOW ASK ME HOW
DRUGS
BOTCHED BOTOX
COME BACK SOON
UNCONSCIOUS SELF-SABOTAGE
WATCH FOR FALLING BOULDERS
TUNNEL OF LOVE AND/OR DOOM
SECRET ORGY YOU'RE NOT INVITED TO
DIMINISHED SELF-ESTEEM
JUMP HERE
PROCRASTINATION POINT
DEADEND EXPRESS
MALEVOLENT INNER CHILD
UTTER EXHAUSTION
ASSORTED ACHES & PAINS
UNREALISTIC DREAMS
UNDIAGNOSED DEPRESSION
CHRONIC INSOMNIA
HEADSHOTS THAT DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU ANYMORE
DIMINISHED EXPECTATIONS
SUCKER PUNCH
UNGRATEFUL CHILDREN
ANNOYING RELATIVES
SO-CALLED FRIENDS
TIME IS RUNNING OUT
PSYCHO EX #1
PLEASE PLACE DISSERTATIONS IN FLAMING PIT
GRAD SCHOOL
NO ESCAPE
BUT HONEY, I--
DON'T "BUT HONEY, I--" ME!!
YOU KNEW I WAS UNSTABLE WHEN WE WERE DATING!
MISERABLE MARRIAGE
PSYCHO EX #2
MOVING BACK HOME
RIVER OF UNSOLD SCREENPLAYS
PARANOID DELUSIONS
GENERAL ANGST
DEPRESSED WRITER
ANXIOUS ACTOR
SAD ARTIST
ASHAMED WEB GEEK
BITTER STRIPPER
HORRIBLE JOB
WE'RE HIRING NOW
LONG HOURS
LOW PAY
DAMNED IF YOU DON'T
DAMNED IF YOU DO
PSYCHO EX #3
UNPAID STUDENT LOANS
YOU HAVE NO ONE TO BLAME BUT YOURSELF
OVERPRICED THERAPY
FOLLY
*DRUG ADDICTION OPTIONAL
RESUMÉ RAVINE
PARTY COLLEGE
HAPPY-HOUR HOLE
NOISY, DEPRESSING APARTMENTS
PARENTAL DISCOURAGEMENT
NAIVETÉ
WOO HOO
YEE HAW
UH OH
OM
DON'T BE A FOOL!
RUN TILL YOU DIE
OH MY.
POETRY PIT
DON'T YOU JUST LOVE LISTENING TO TODAY'S TOP DANCE HITS BLASTED OUT YOUR NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW?
THUMP THUMP THUM
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
GOOD LUCK, CLUMSY!
COFFEE HUT
QUIET, PLEASE! CUSTOMERS ARE PRETENDING TO WRITE NOVELS
I THINK I'LL WATCH A COUPLE REALITY SHOWS BEFORE HITTING THE SACK.
IT'S JUST NOT WORKING OUT.
I PRAY YOU WON'T DISAPPOINT US LIKE WE KNOW YOU WILL!
ROAD TO SUCCESS
I THINK I'LL JOIN YOU!
HOUSE OF PROCRASTIN
BUT BABY--
GOD
?
ULP

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

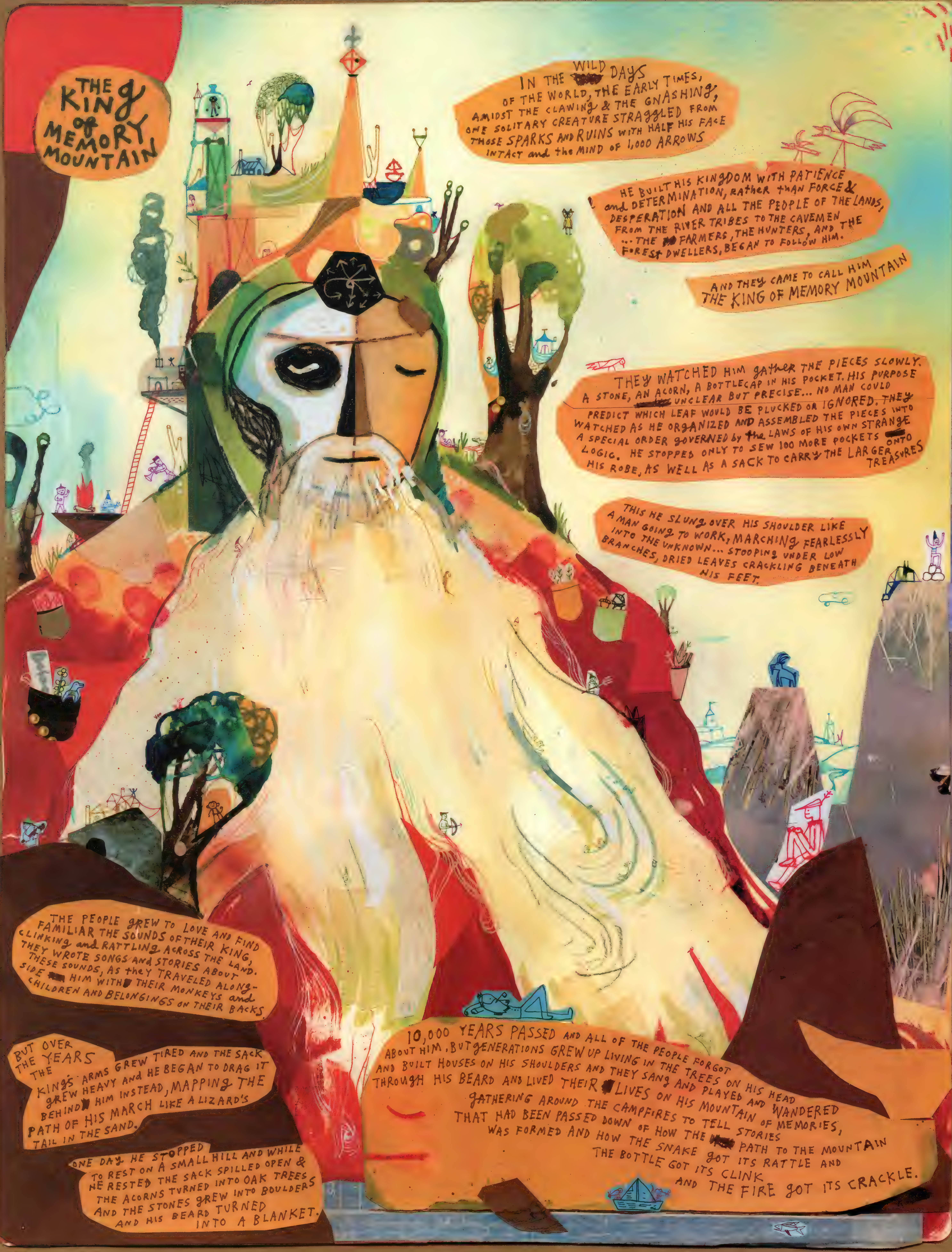
SLAPDASH HOMAGE TO A GREAT OLD ILLUSTRATION


FUCK ROOM



IGA BIVA'S FUCK ROOM

X. ROBEL 07



THE King of MEMORY MOUNTAIN

IN THE WILD DAYS OF THE WORLD, THE EARLY TIMES, AMIDST THE CLAWING & THE GNASHING, ONE SOLITARY CREATURE STRAGGLED FROM THOSE SPARKS AND RUINS WITH HALF HIS FACE INTACT and the MIND OF 1,000 ARROWS

HE BUILT HIS KINGDOM WITH PATIENCE and DETERMINATION, rather than FORCE & DESPERATION AND ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE LANDS, FROM THE RIVER TRIBES TO THE CAVEMEN ... THE FARMERS, THE HUNTERS, AND THE FOREST DWELLERS, BEGAN TO FOLLOW HIM.

AND THEY CAME TO CALL HIM THE KING OF MEMORY MOUNTAIN

THEY WATCHED HIM gather THE PIECES SLOWLY. A STONE, AN ACORN, A BOTTLECAP IN HIS POCKET. HIS PURPOSE UNCLEAR BUT PRECISE... NO MAN COULD PREDICT WHICH LEAF WOULD BE PLUCKED OR IGNORED. THEY WATCHED AS HE ORGANIZED AND ASSEMBLED THE PIECES INTO A SPECIAL ORDER governed by the LAWS OF HIS OWN STRANGE LOGIC. HE STOPPED ONLY TO SEW 100 MORE POCKETS ONTO HIS ROBE, AS WELL AS A SACK TO CARRY THE LARGER TREASURES

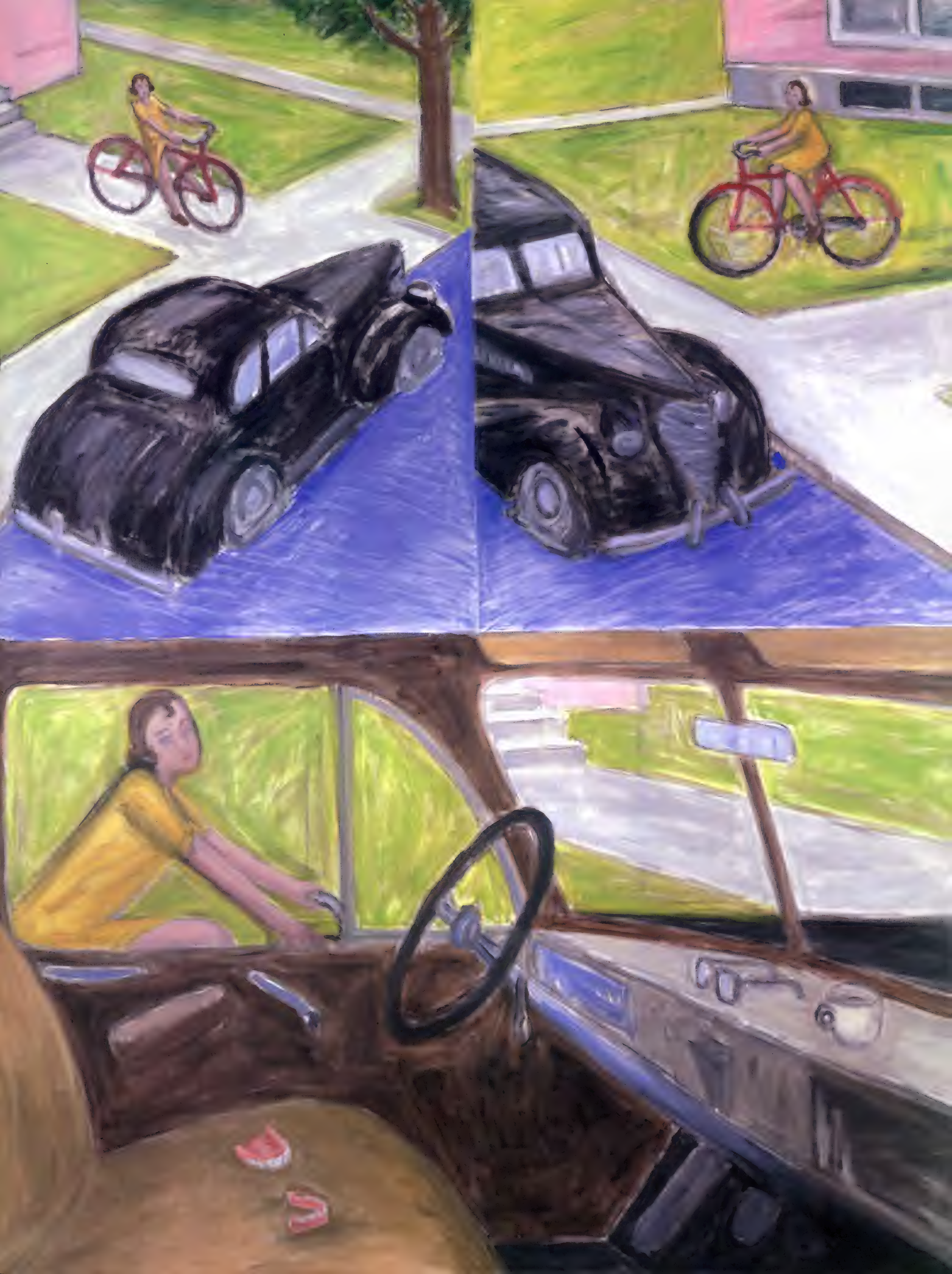
THIS HE SLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER LIKE A MAN GOING TO WORK, MARCHING FEARLESSLY INTO THE UNKNOWN... STOOPING UNDER LOW BRANCHES, DRIED LEAVES CRACKLING BENEATH HIS FEET.

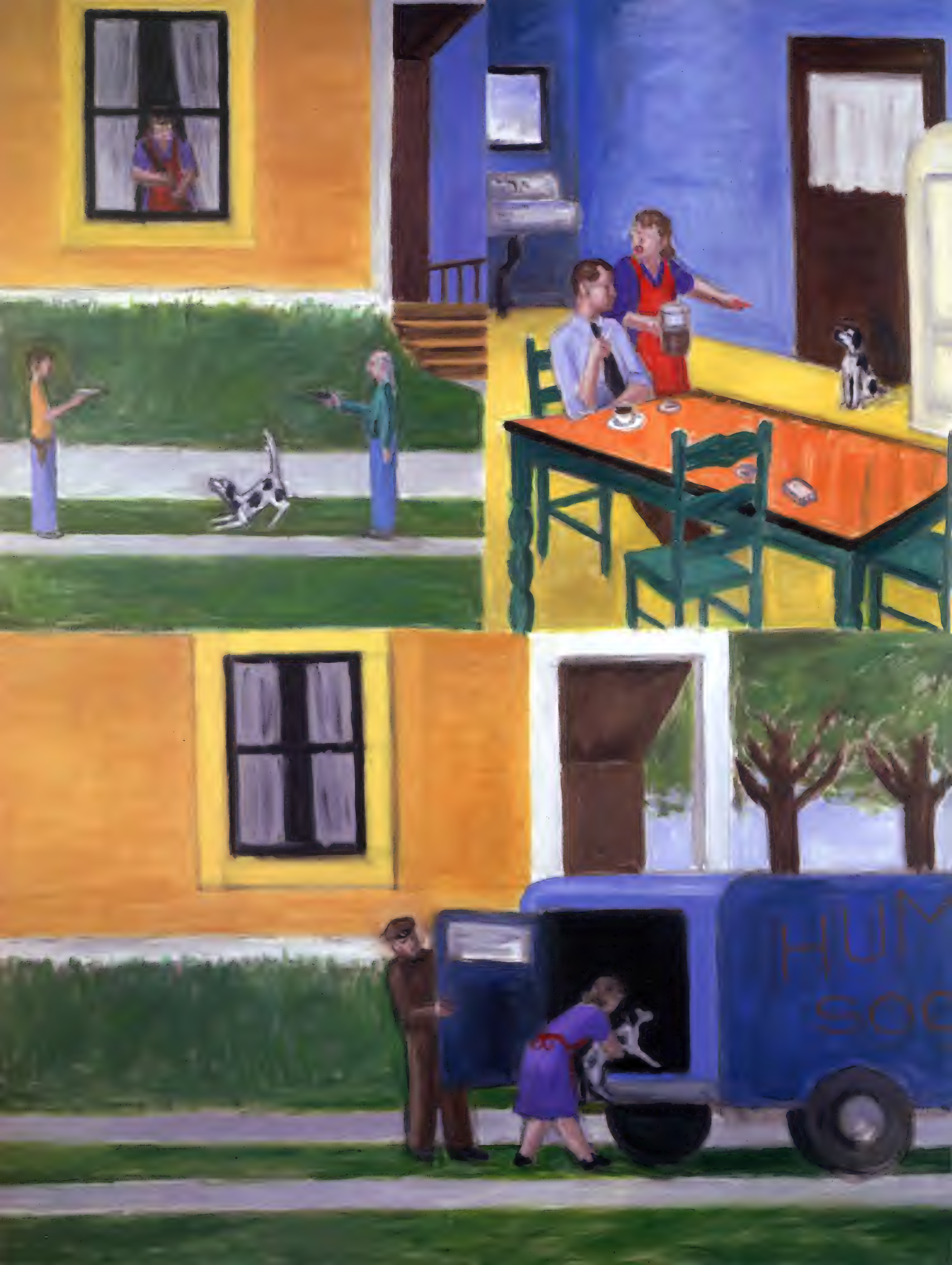
THE PEOPLE grew TO LOVE AND FIND FAMILIAR THE SOUNDS OF THEIR KING, CLINKING and RATTLING ACROSS THE LAND. THEY WROTE SONGS AND STORIES ABOUT THESE SOUNDS, AS they TRAVELED ALONGSIDE HIM WITH THEIR MONKEYS and CHILDREN AND BELONGINGS ON THEIR BACKS

BUT OVER THE YEARS THE KING'S ARMS GREW TIRED AND THE SACK GREW HEAVY and HE BEGAN TO DRAG IT BEHIND HIM INSTEAD, MAPPING THE PATH OF HIS MARCH LIKE A LIZARD'S TAIL IN THE SAND.

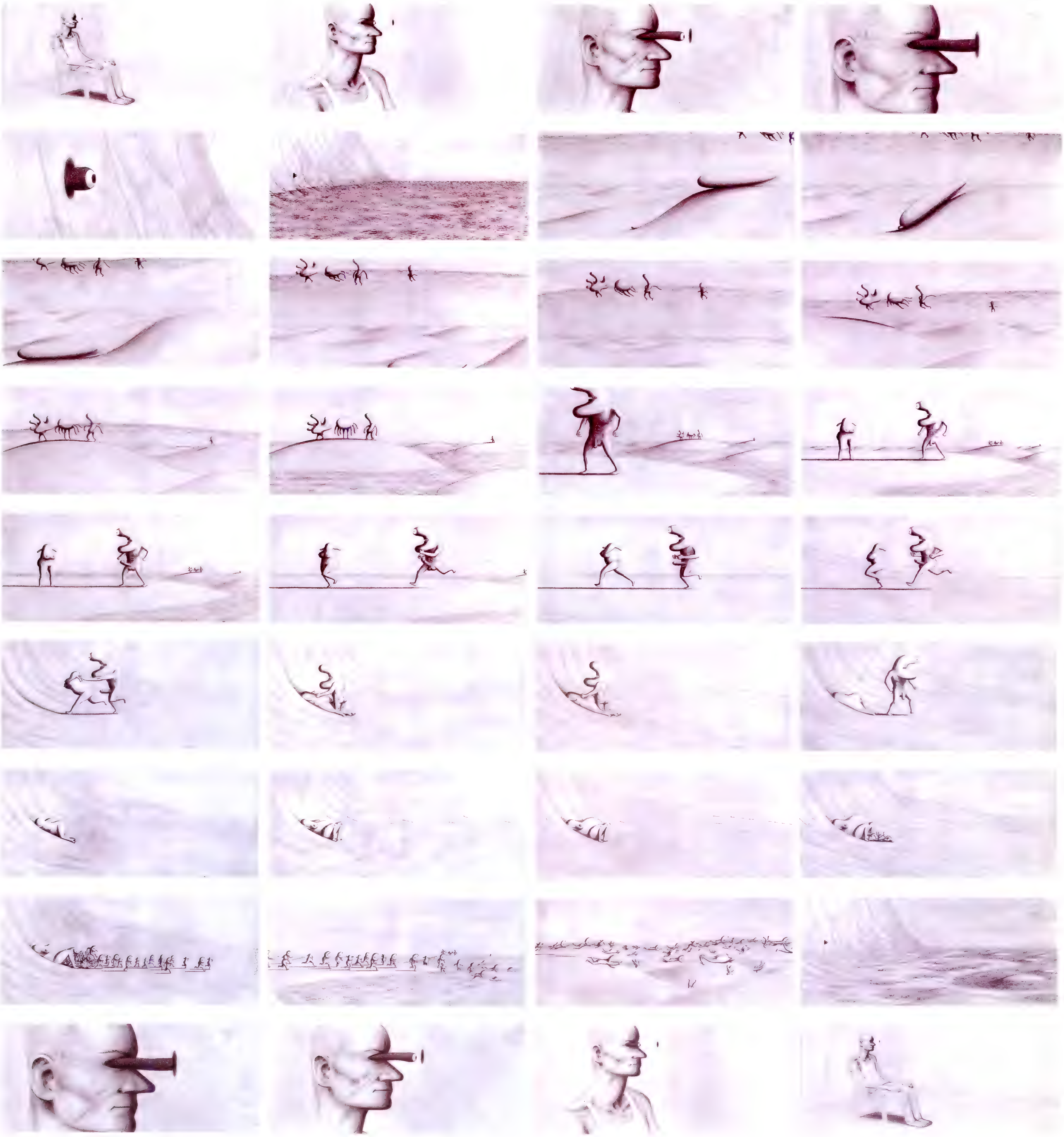
ONE DAY HE STOPPED TO REST ON A SMALL HILL AND WHILE HE RESTED THE SACK SPILLED OPEN & THE ACORNS TURNED INTO OAK TREES AND THE STONES GREW INTO BOULDERS AND HIS BEARD TURNED INTO A BLANKET.

10,000 YEARS PASSED AND ALL OF THE PEOPLE FORGOT ABOUT HIM, BUT GENERATIONS GREW UP LIVING IN THE TREES ON HIS HEAD AND BUILT HOUSES ON HIS SHOULDERS AND THEY SANG AND PLAYED AND WANDERED THROUGH HIS BEARD AND LIVED THEIR LIVES ON HIS MOUNTAIN OF MEMORIES, GATHERING AROUND THE CAMPFIRES TO TELL STORIES THAT HAD BEEN PASSED DOWN OF HOW THE PATH TO THE MOUNTAIN WAS FORMED AND HOW THE SNAKE GOT ITS RATTLE AND THE BOTTLE GOT ITS CLINK AND THE FIRE GOT ITS CRACKLE.

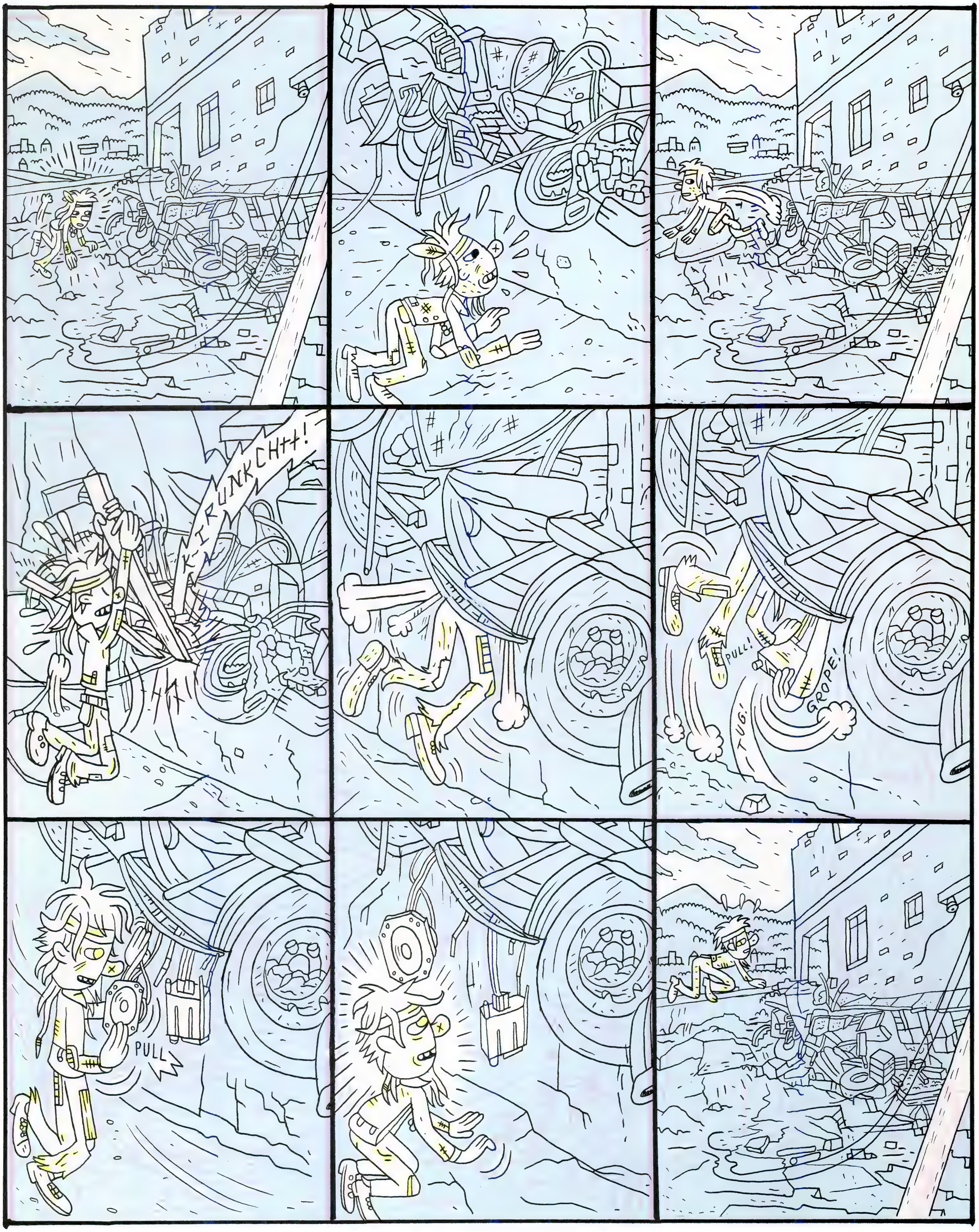



HUM
SOC

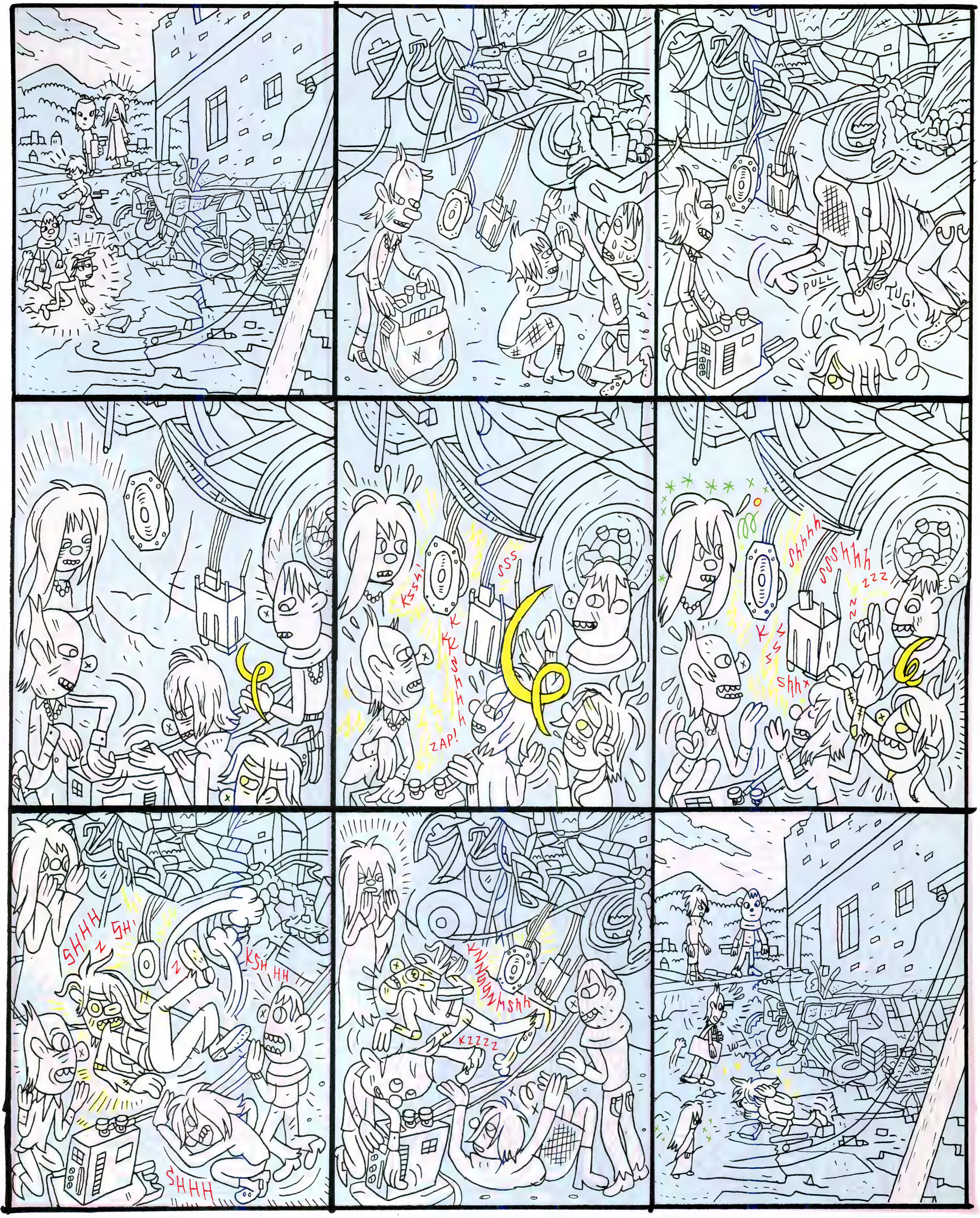
tidal transmission



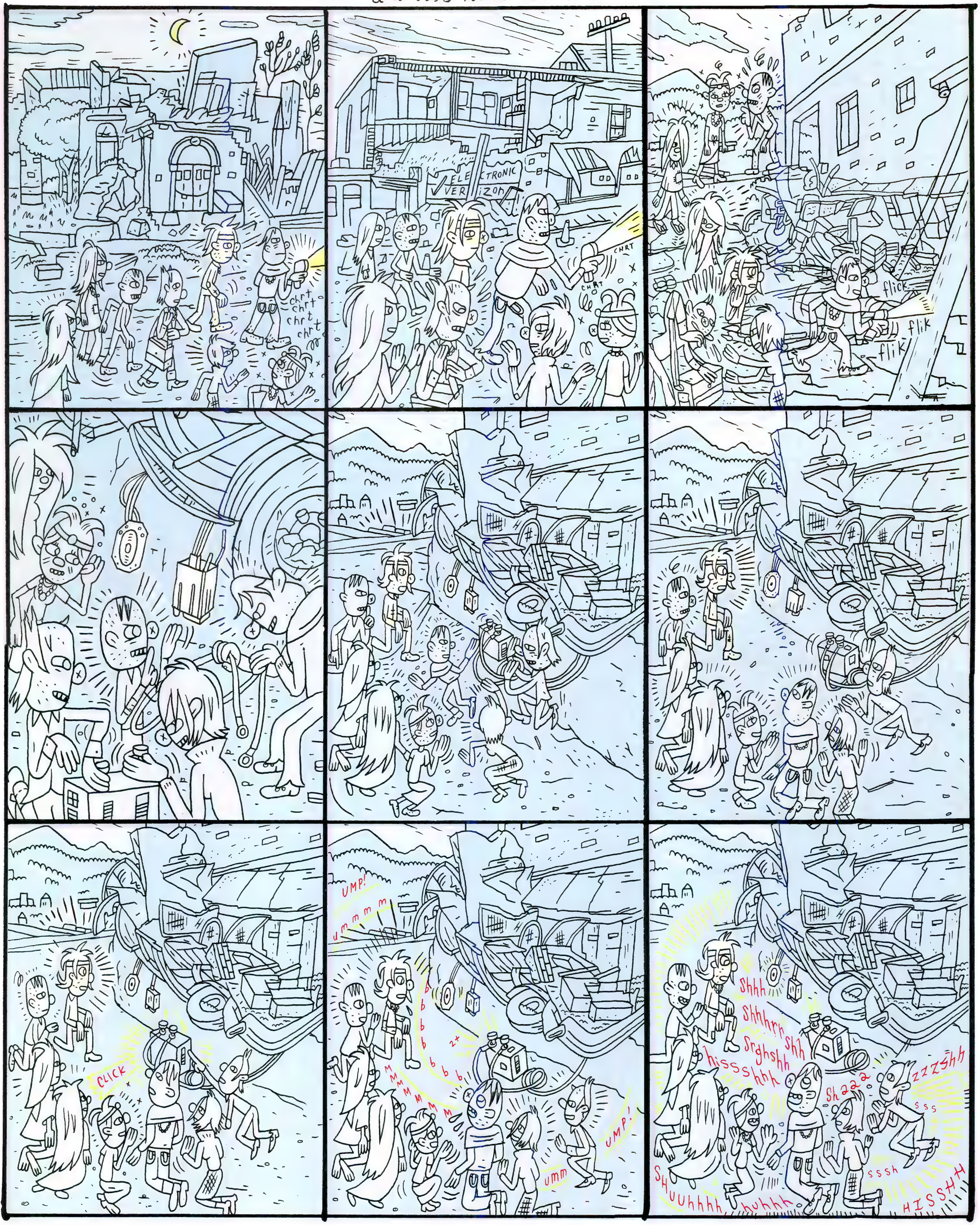
SILENT INTRODUCTION


KRUNKCHH!
PULL!
TUG!
GROPE!
PULL

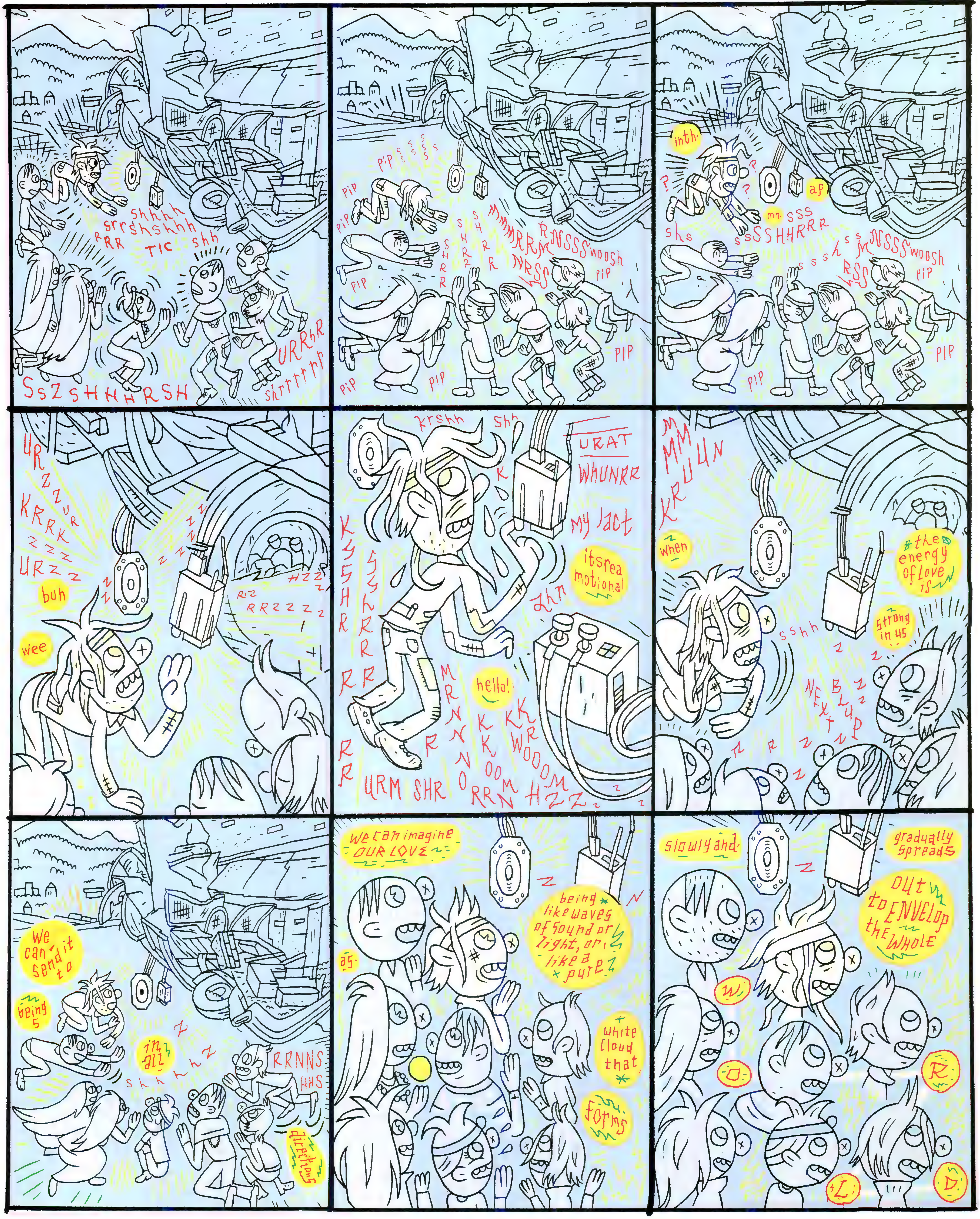
SILENT DEDICATION

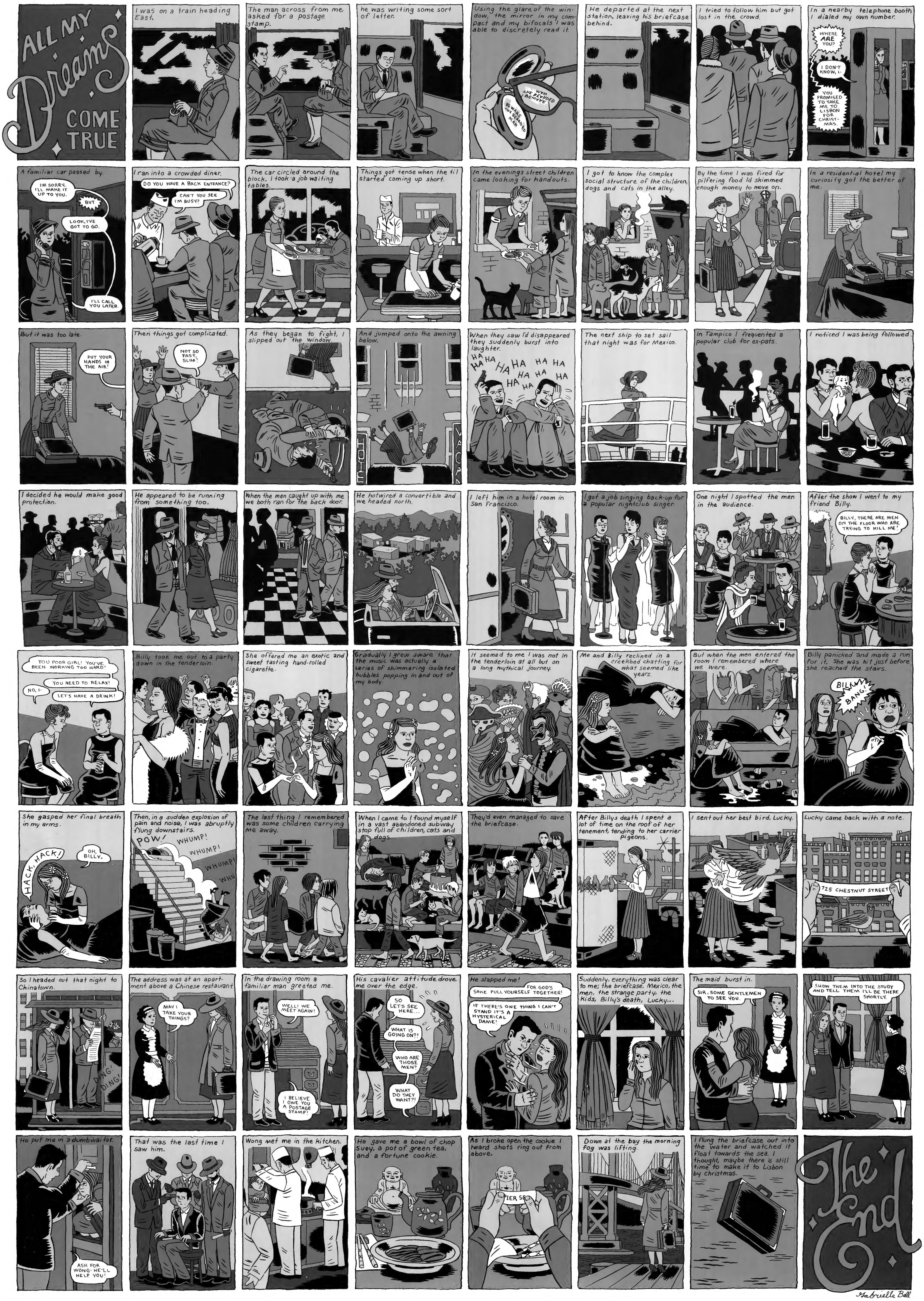

PULL
TUG!
Kssh!
SSS
K
KK
SHHH
ZAP!
Shhhh
SSSShhh
zzz
N
N
K
S
S
S
Shh
SHHH
z
SH'
z
KSH HH
SHHH
KNNGNNMSHH
KZZZZ

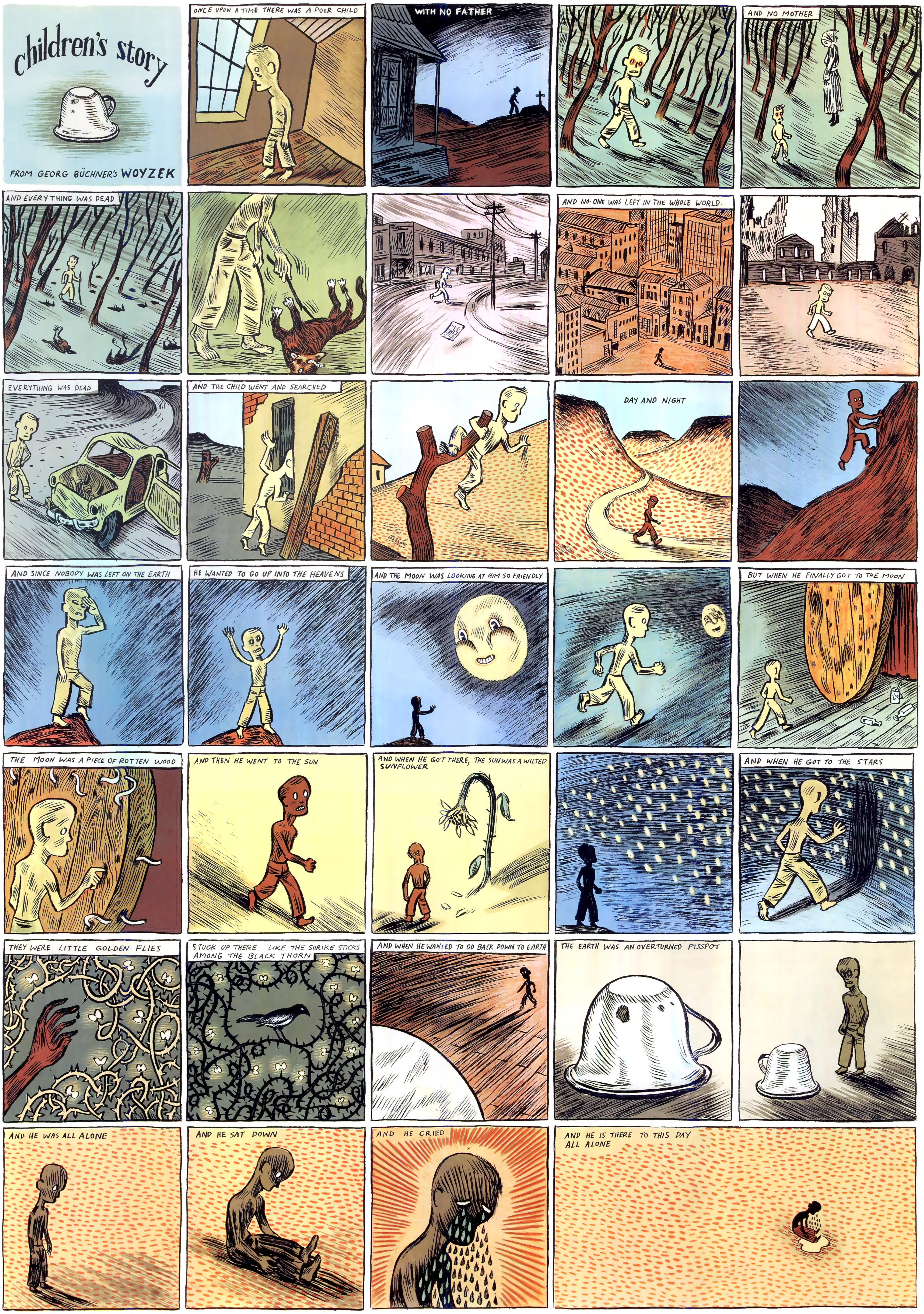
drawn by RON REGÉ, JR.


chrt chrt chrt chrt chrt
ELE TRONIC VER IZON
CHRT
CHRT
flick
flik
flik
CLICK
UMP!
ummmm
bbbbb
z+
MMMMMM
UMP!
umm
Shhh
Shhhrh
Srghshh
Shh
hissshhh
Shaaa
zzzshh
sss
SHUUhhhh
huhhh
ssssh
HISSHH

May 02006 ~ Edendale, Calif.


shhhh
srrshshhh
RRR
TIC
shh
SsZSHHHRSH
URRhR
shrrrrrrr
pip
pip
pip
PIP
MMMRRM
NSSS woosh
NRSS
pip
PIP
inth
ap
mn SSS
shs
SSHHRRR
NSSS woosh
PIP
UR
KRRK
URZZ
buh
wee
HZZ
RRZZZZ
krshh
shh
URAT
WHUNRR
my lact
itsrea motional
hello!
URM SHR
WOOOOM
HZZ
MMKRUUN
when
the energy of Love is
strong in us
sshh
BLUP
We can send it to
being s
in all
directions
RRNNS HHS
we can imagine OUR LOVE
as
being like waves of sound or light, or, like a pure
white cloud that
forms
slowly and
gradually spreads
out to ENVELop the WHOLE
W
O
R
L
D.


ALL MY Dreams COME TRUE
I was on a train heading East.
The man across from me asked for a postage stamp.
he was writing some sort of letter.
Using the glare of the window, the mirror in my compact and my bifocals I was able to discretely read it.
BEWARE THE BEARDED MAN
BEWARE THE BEARDED MAN
He departed at the next station, leaving his briefcase behind.
I tried to follow him but got lost in the crowd.
In a nearby telephone booth I dialed my own number.
WHERE ARE YOU?
I DON'T KNOW, I-
YOU PROMISED TO TAKE ME TO LISBON FOR CHRISTMAS.
A familiar car passed by.
I'M SORRY. I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU.
BUT
LOOK, I'VE GOT TO GO.
I'LL CALL YOU LATER.
I ran into a crowded diner.
DO YOU HAVE A BACK ENTRANCE?
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?
The car circled around the block. I took a job waiting tables.
Things got tense when the til started coming up short.
In the evenings street children came looking for handouts.
I got to know the complex social structure of the children, dogs and cats in the alley.
By the time I was fired for pilfering food I'd skimmed enough money to move on.
In a residential hotel my curiosity got the better of me.
But it was too late.
PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!
Then things got complicated.
NOT SO FAST, SLIM!
As they began to fight, I slipped out the window.
And jumped onto the awning below.
HOTE
VACAN
When they saw I'd disappeared they suddenly burst into laughter.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
The next ship to set sail that night was for Mexico.
In Tampico I frequented a popular club for ex-pats.
I noticed I was being followed.
I decided he would make good protection.
He appeared to be running from something too.
When the men caught up with me we both ran for the back door.
He hotwired a convertible and we headed north.
I left him in a hotel room in San Francisco.
I got a job singing back-up for a popular nightclub singer.
One night I spotted the men in the audience.
After the show I went to my friend Billy.
BILLY, THERE ARE MEN ON THE FLOOR WHO ARE TRYING TO KILL ME!
YOU POOR GIRL! YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD!
NO, I-
YOU NEED TO RELAX!
LET'S HAVE A DRINK!
Billy took me out to a party down in the tenderloin.
She offered me an exotic and sweet tasting hand-rolled cigarette.
Gradually I grew aware that the music was actually a series of shimmering isolated bubbles popping in and out of my body.
It seemed to me I was not in the tenderloin at all but on a long mythical journey.
Me and Billy reclined in a creekbed chatting for what seemed like years.
But when the men entered the room I remembered where we were.
Billy panicked and made a run for it. She was hit just before she reached the stairs.
BILLY
BANG!
She gasped her final breath in my arms.
HACK, HACK!
OH, BILLY.
Then, in a sudden explosion of pain and noise, I was abruptly flung downstairs.
POW! WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! WHU
The last thing I remembered was some children carrying me away.
When I came to I found myself in a vast abandoned subway stop full of children, cats and dogs.
They'd even managed to save the briefcase.
After Billys death I spent a lot of time on the roof of her tenement, tending to her carrier pigeons.
I sent out her best bird, Lucky.
Lucky came back with a note.
725 CHESTNUT STREET
So I headed out that night to Chinatown.
DING! DING!
The address was at an apartment above a Chinese restaurant.
MAY I TAKE YOUR THINGS?
In the drawing room a familiar man greeted me.
WELL! WE MEET AGAIN!
I BELIEVE I OWE YOU A POSTAGE STAMP!
His cavalier attitude drove me over the edge.
SO LET'S SEE HERE...
WHAT IS GOING ON?!
WHO ARE THOSE MEN?
WHAT DO THEY WANT?!
He slapped me!
FOR GOD'S SAKE PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!
IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND IT'S A HYSTERICAL DAME!
Suddenly, everything was clear to me; the briefcase, Mexico, the men, the strange party, the kids, Billy's death, Lucky...
The maid burst in.
SIR, SOME GENTLEMEN TO SEE YOU.
SHOW THEM INTO THE STUDY AND TELL THEM I'LL BE THERE SHORTLY.
He put me in a dumbwaiter.
ASK FOR WONG- HE'LL HELP YOU!
That was the last time I saw him.
Wong met me in the kitchen.
He gave me a bowl of chop suey, a pot of green tea, and a fortune cookie.
As I broke open the cookie I heard shots ring out from above.
PIER 56
Down at the bay the morning fog was lifting.
I flung the briefcase out into the water and watched it float towards the sea. I thought, maybe there is still time to make it to Lisbon by christmas.
The End
Gabrielle Bell


children's story
FROM GEORG BÜCHNER'S WOYZEK
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A POOR CHILD
WITH NO FATHER
AND NO MOTHER
AND EVERYTHING WAS DEAD
AND NO-ONE WAS LEFT IN THE WHOLE WORLD.
EVERYTHING WAS DEAD
AND THE CHILD WENT AND SEARCHED
DAY AND NIGHT
AND SINCE NOBODY WAS LEFT ON THE EARTH
HE WANTED TO GO UP INTO THE HEAVENS
AND THE MOON WAS LOOKING AT HIM SO FRIENDLY
BUT WHEN HE FINALLY GOT TO THE MOON
THE MOON WAS A PIECE OF ROTTEN WOOD
AND THEN HE WENT TO THE SUN
AND WHEN HE GOT THERE, THE SUN WAS A WILTED SUNFLOWER
AND WHEN HE GOT TO THE STARS
THEY WERE LITTLE GOLDEN FLIES
STUCK UP THERE LIKE THE SHRIKE STICKS AMONG THE BLACK THORN
AND WHEN HE WANTED TO GO BACK DOWN TO EARTH
THE EARTH WAS AN OVERTURNED PISSPOT
AND HE WAS ALL ALONE
AND HE SAT DOWN
AND HE CRIED
AND HE IS THERE TO THIS DAY ALL ALONE

RU
BR
FFMC
YAMANA
R-1